VANITY FAIR

APRIL 1930

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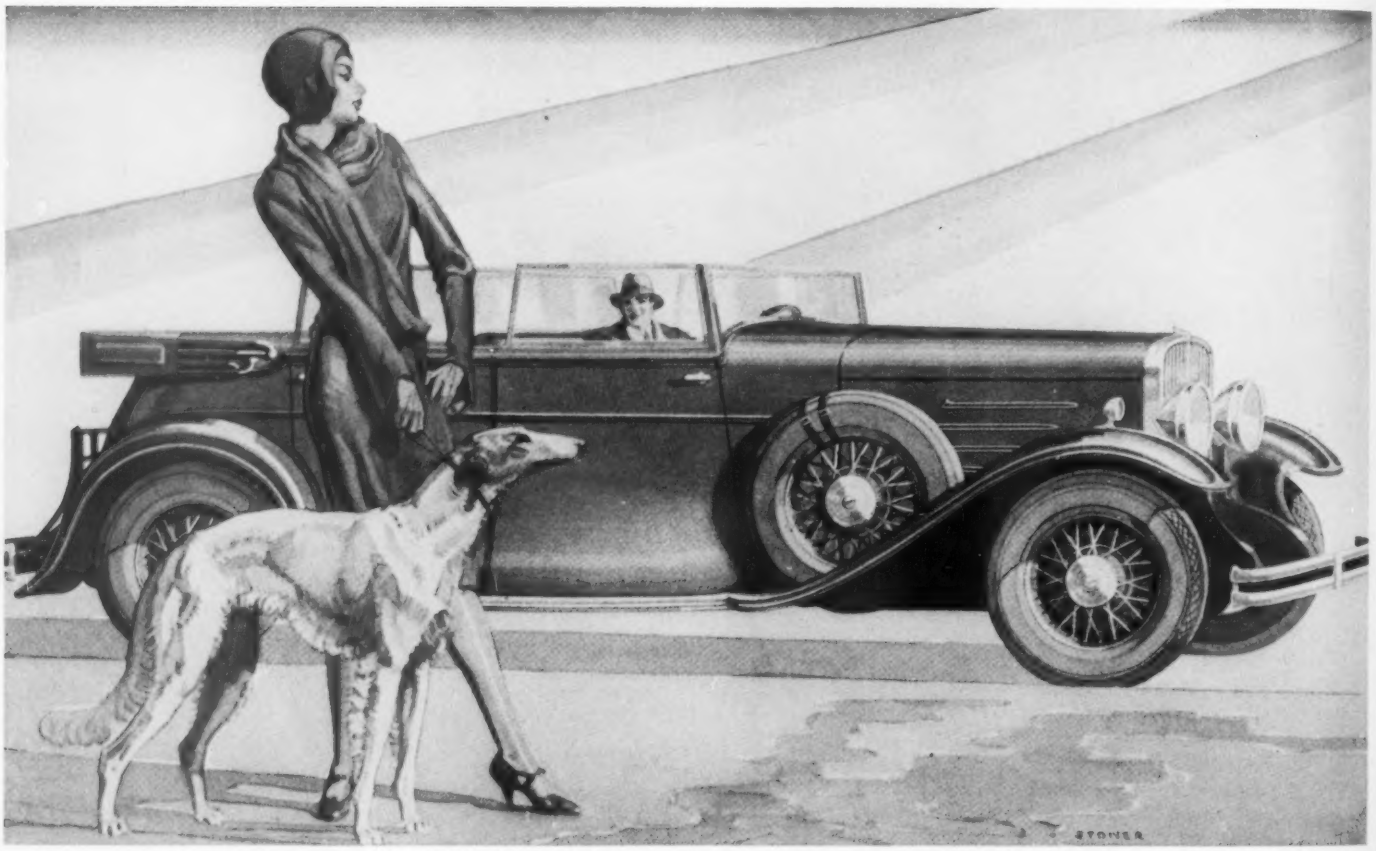
PRICE 35 CENTS

DISTINCTION... The introduction by Franklin of the first airplane-type engine in a motor car—an engine which in tests has flown an airplane—is heralded as a great forward step in the automobile's march of progress. A vision of the future—the turning point of a new era.

Even more important and dramatic is this engine's tremendous power-ability. Delivering the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automotive power plants, it brings air-cooling engineering into undisputed leadership. It sweeps aside all previous conceptions of motor-car performance. Sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour are quickly, quietly and comfortably reached without the slightest engine exertion.



Now riding is gliding. You get a new thrill every time the Franklin does things you thought impossible before. Last year Franklin gained the distinction of holding all major road records. This year many of these same records have been sensationally re-broken by the new Franklin.

Distinguished for its airplane performance, the new Franklin also enjoys nation-wide distinction for its authoritative appearance. Darting-arrow horizontal louvres—modishly fashioned embossed paneling—low hung doors concealing the running boards—gracefully arched hood front, ribbon-wide, with highlighted vertical shutters—the whole exterior ensemble is modern, smart, fleet-looking . . . When you see the car—when you are thrilled by the performance of its airplane-type engine, you will enthusiastically award Franklin highest motor car honors for 1930. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

AIR-COOLED

FRANKLIN

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMOND WATCHES

The Range of Choice
Is Extensive

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

BELLODGIA

Paris CARON *France*

VANITY FAIR
April, 1930

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Vol. No. 34, No. 2

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS

TWEED and GABARDINE!

Never were finer nor longer-wearing fabrics woven for men's sport clothes. Superbly tailored in comfortable four-piece suits, Altman tweeds and gabardines will grow mellow and more desirable with years of wear, $125

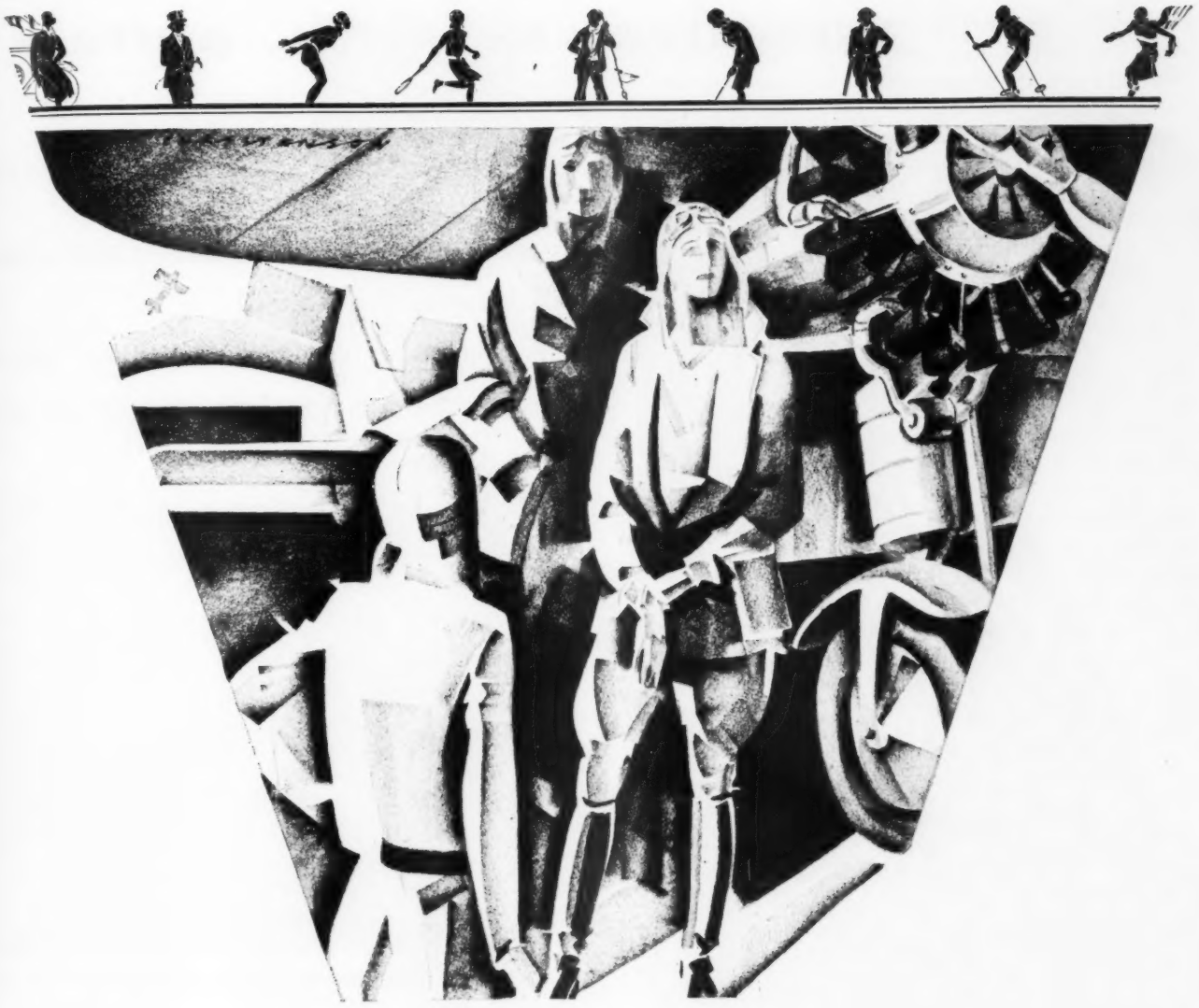
MEN'S CLOTHING—SIXTH FLOOR

ESSENCE RARE

FROM TWENTY-FIVE TO ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS THE FLACON

HOUBIGANT

PARIS



A

SPORTS-EYE VIEW OF FASHION

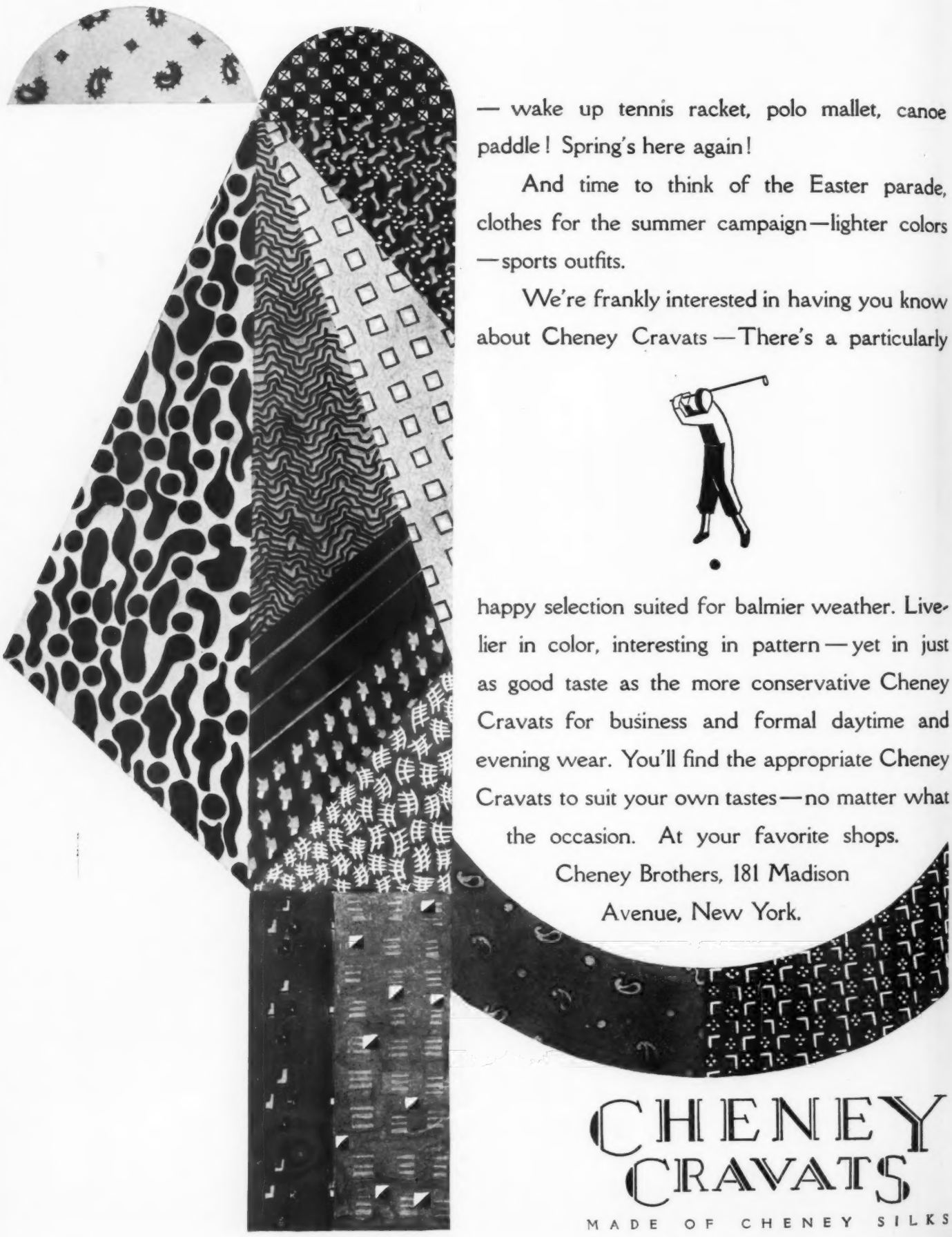
Have you ever worn a flying suit? Among the fascinating new ones shown by Marshall Field & Company is the cleverest little invention you ever saw . . . as feminine as curls, but much less bother. Nothing so adorable should be called efficient, but it's admirably fitted for its purpose. Thus it expresses perfectly the bright, modern spirit of every costume in the new Sports Apparel Room at Field's. Each is so exactly right, and flattering, and fashionable, that one can think only of the short French word for smartness to describe it.

▼ ▼ ▼

All the different, delightful clothes to fly, drive, ride, swim, play tennis, sail, golf, shoot, ski, or skate in are exceptionally well represented in the Sports Apparel Room. Here, too, is shown a complete selection of those charming necessities, "spectator" frocks and ensembles. You are invited to visit this tremendously enlarged section at Field's.

MARSHALL FIELD
AND COMPANY
RETAIL • CHICAGO

Attention, brassies, putters!



— wake up tennis racket, polo mallet, canoe paddle! Spring's here again!

And time to think of the Easter parade, clothes for the summer campaign—lighter colors —sports outfits.

We're frankly interested in having you know about Cheney Cravats—There's a particularly

happy selection suited for balmier weather. Livelier in color, interesting in pattern—yet in just as good taste as the more conservative Cheney Cravats for business and formal daytime and evening wear. You'll find the appropriate Cheney Cravats to suit your own tastes—no matter what the occasion. At your favorite shops.

Cheney Brothers, 181 Madison Avenue, New York.

CHENEY CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS

Ostrich skin . . . no other leather is so difficult to work . . . few other leathers are so beautiful

ONE of the most striking aspects of the modern mode is the increasing vogue of ostrich skin. . . . C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., enjoy the distinction of having been the first to adapt this luxurious leather to practical use. Today one sees an ample affirmation of its influence when a smart bag is clasped against a supple black kasha suit . . . when cigarettes are proffered from a monogrammed case . . . when a bill is removed from a soft, tawny folder.

It is perhaps not generally known that articles of ostrich skin are most difficult to manufacture. Only men with years of experience can be entrusted with this slow and tedious work . . . only those few who have a thorough understanding of this delicate, yet stubborn, material. In the very nature of things, ostrich skin is frankly expensive.

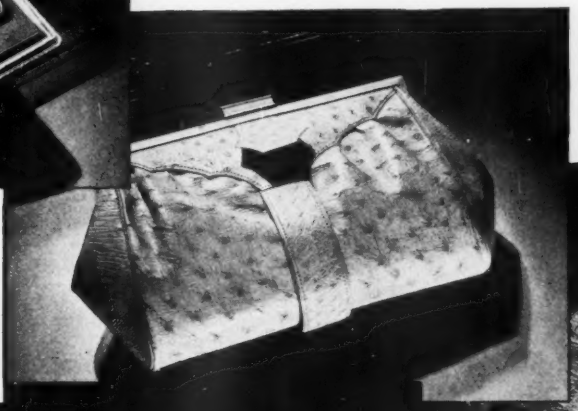
But to people of taste and judgment, quality and not cost must be the ruling consideration. And to such people, the presence of the tiny golden keystone R on every article of ostrich skin governs their careful selection. That imprint is placed upon each piece of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc.

It was the insistent wish of the founder, eighty years ago, that later development of the business should be based upon foundations of uncompromising quality, of fair and honest dealing, of straightforward relationship between this establishment and its customers. . . . And today, members of the family actively maintain that gracious tradition.

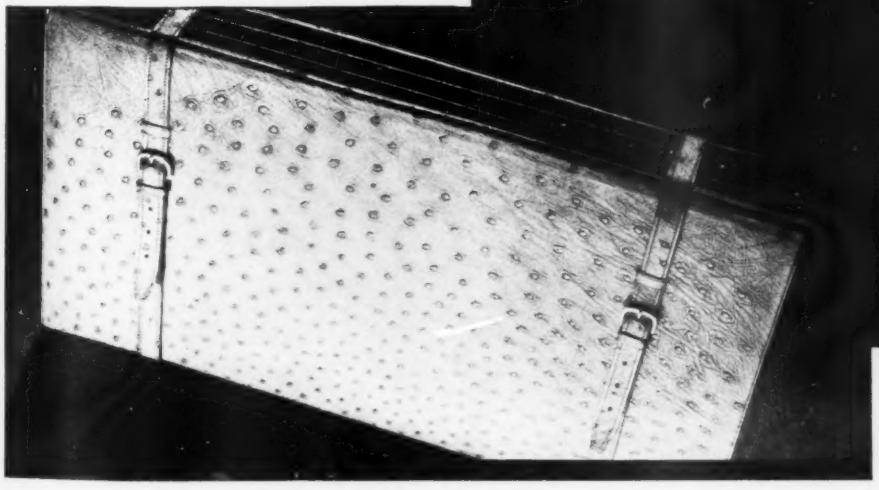
C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and stationers.

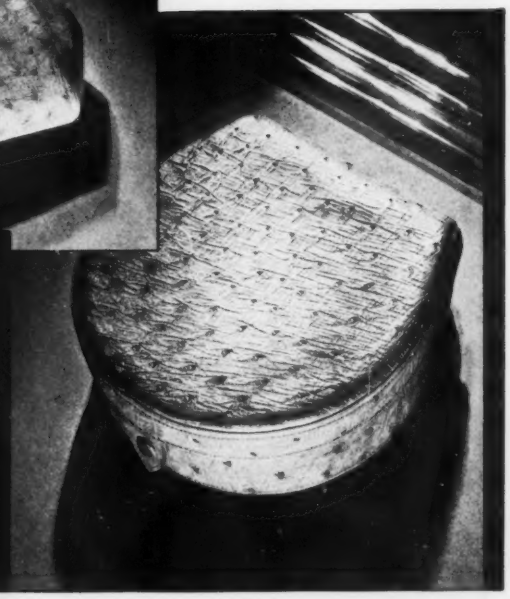
A billfold for the new currency, a cigarette case, and a cigarette lighter, all in ostrich, gold mounted. They may also be had in black seal, pigskin, and other leathers, in varying sizes.

A man's shirt case, in ostrich, lined with moire silk. The case, which accommodates six shirts, is available in goatskin, and in pigskin.



A smart bag, in ostrich, lined with calfskin, which includes a divided change compartment and a mirror.





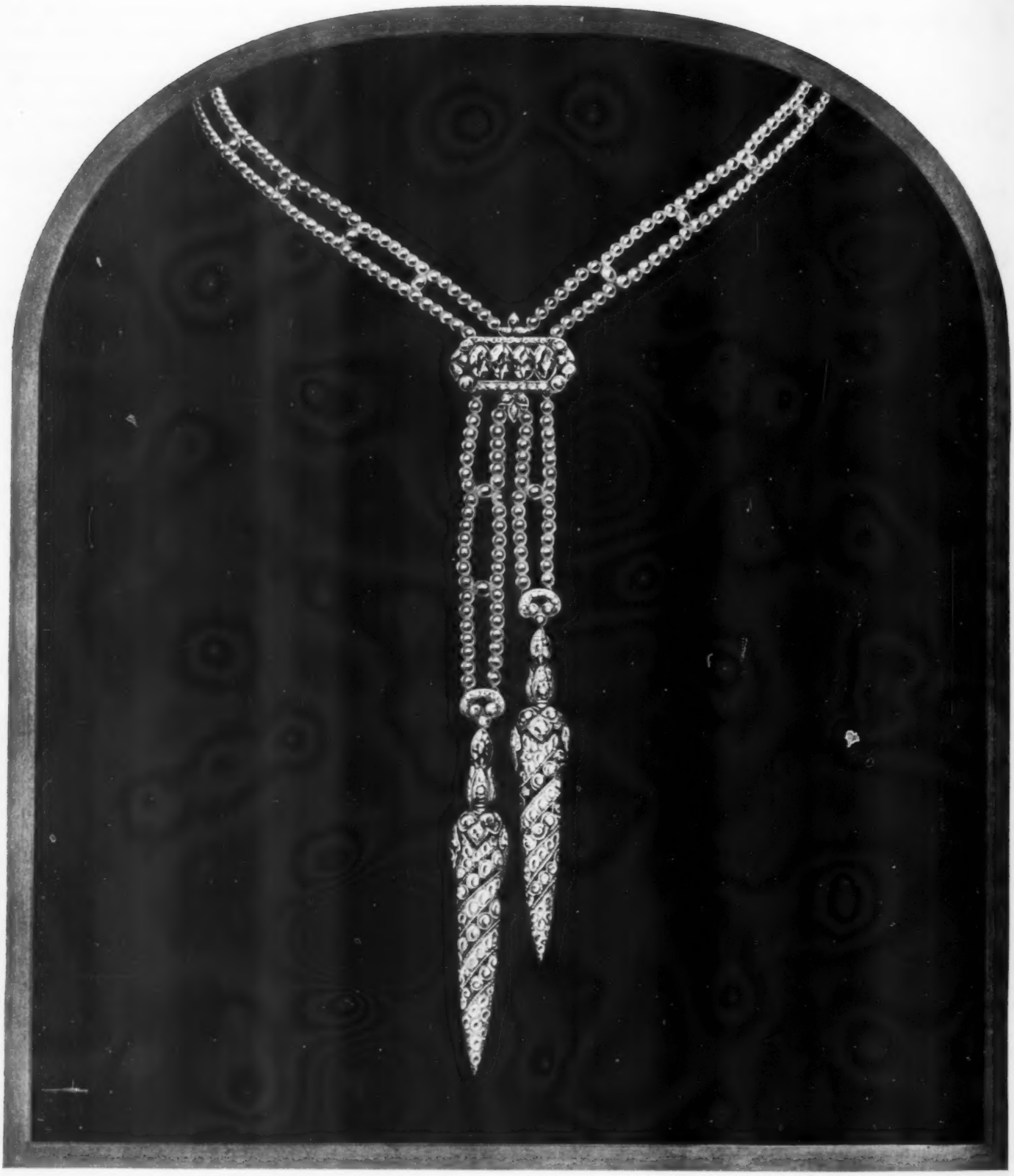
A man's collar box, in ostrich, lined with moire silk. The clamp, though firm, may be easily and quickly released. The box comes also in pigskin, and in goatskin.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1850



The Jeweled Necklace—Caldwell artists are creating many beautiful designs—modern in conception, adding youthful charm to one's appearance.

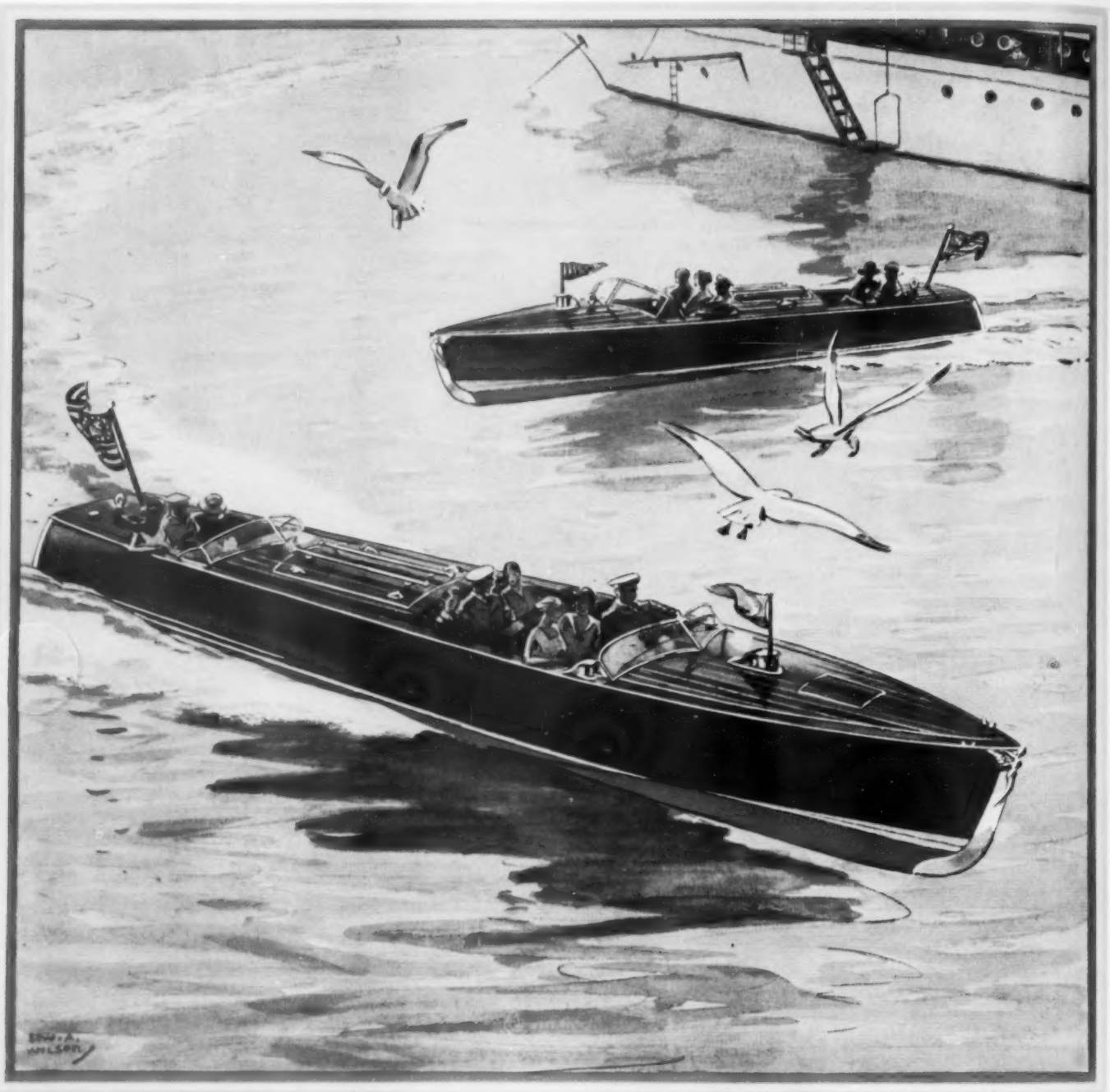
J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

FISHER designs, engineers, and builds motor car bodies of such surpassing beauty, comfort, durability and value as to win for Fisher Bodies almost universal preference. The superiorities of Body by Fisher include such important features as the Fisher Non-Glare Vision and Ventilating Windshield which affords all the advantages of clear vision, adequate ventilation and reduces annoying windshield reflection; the adjustable front seat and form fitting cushions which add so much to riding and driving comfort; the Fisher wood-and-steel construction which makes a motor car body so strong and so satisfactory; the clarity and beauty of the genuine plate glass; the Protectalok door handles; the convenience of the appointments; and many other advantages of equal significance. The final result is value so much greater as to be unmistakably plain to everyone. This Fisher Body value establishes a leadership in every price field for General Motors cars, which are the *only* cars that enjoy the advantages of Body by Fisher. Make certain of these Fisher Body attributes by selecting a General Motors car.



16-FT. RUNABOUT SEATS 5 ⅋ 40 H.P. ⅋ 25 MILES AN HOUR ⅋ PRICE $945 ⅋ 28-FT. RUNABOUT SEATS 10 ⅋ 300 H. P. ⅋ 45 MILES AN HOUR ⅋ PRICE $4500

EVEN the proudest yacht may condescend an approving nod to the new Dodge Sixteen-Footer ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ Like other gems it differs from its larger counterparts in size alone ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ As tender for the haughty yacht it adds trim beauty and a proud prestige ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ To those whose only yacht it is it gives staunch luxury outrivalled only by its sisters in the new Dodge Fleet ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ Of all-mahogany planking—bottoms double-planked—it is completely equipped from starter button to soft upholstery ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ And yet its cost is well within the reach of those whose love for boats has had to be content with a bare hull and outboard motor ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ It is but typical of all the values in the new Dodge Fleet ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ a great new factory on tidewater can now produce boats of Dodge quality at startlingly low prices ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ Modern mass production methods have at last been given to the boating industry by Dodge ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ Write for the new catalog that illustrates in colors the new Dodge Fleet ⅋ ⅋ ⅋ from the 16-foot runabout at $945 to the 45-foot cruiser at $27,500.

DODGE BOATS

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT & PLANE CORPORATION. WORKS: NEWPORT NEWS, VA. SALES OFFICE AND SALON, 21 W. 46th ST., N.Y.C.

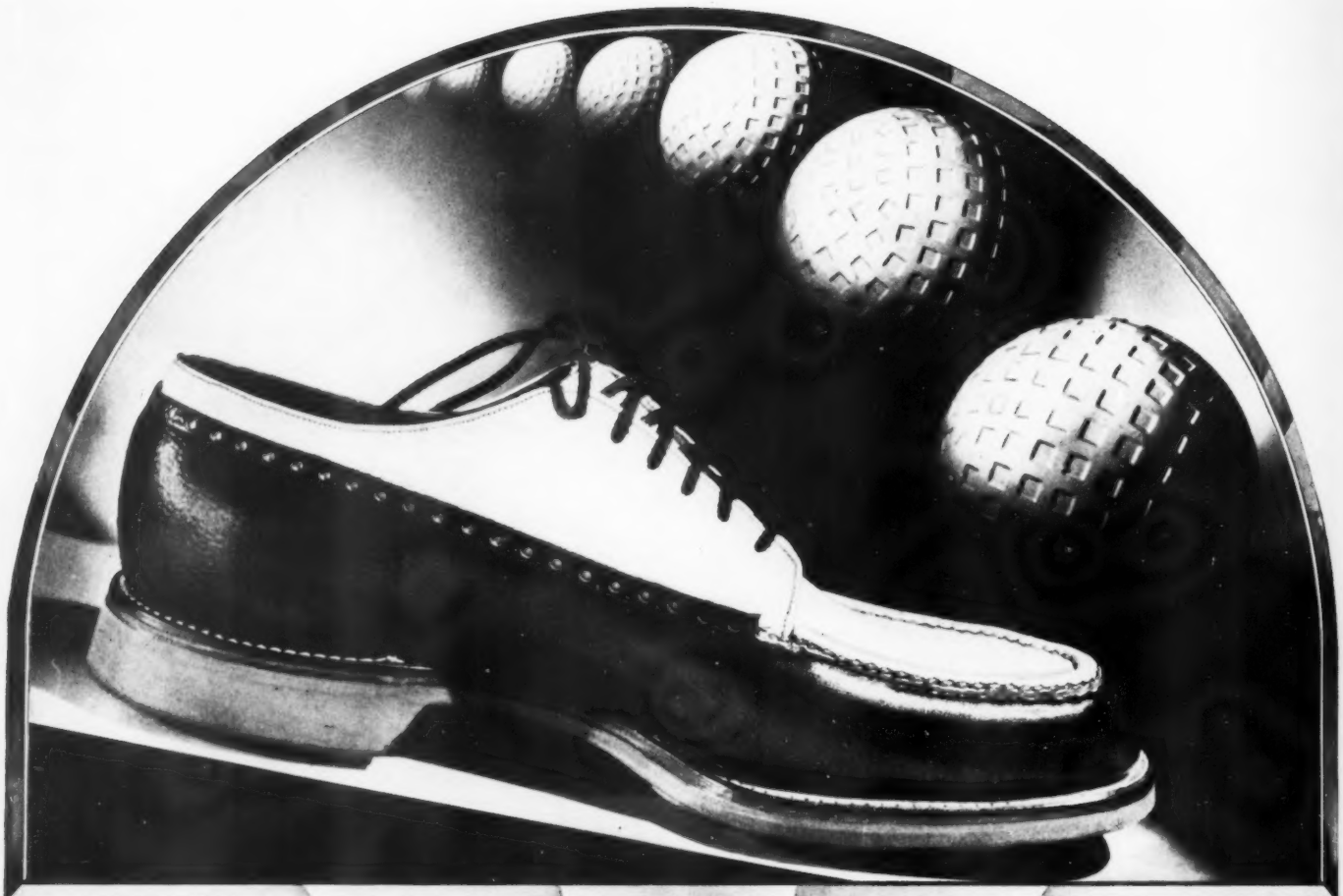
When a woman looks at a man

WHAT a way these women have of taking one in at a glance! . . . She had thrown you only one fleeting look, a trifle haughty, but very obviously interested . . . and her smart, little, erect figure had swept quickly past. But somehow you had a feeling that those sparkling eyes had seen directly through you . . . had appraised every article you were wearing. Your shoes were shined. Your cravat was straight. You were wearing your newest Stetson. So . . . why worry! • It's comforting to wear a Stetson hat. Its smart lines, the slightly jaunty flare to it, its comfortable feeling of "belonging" . . . all are so characteristically Stetson that no other reminders are necessary of the well-known Stetson traditions. You know, and so does everyone else, that Stetsons have style. Their quality is in a class by itself. With a Stetson you feel confident of passing the inspection of even the most critical eyes . . . male OR female!

• • •

John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, leghorns, panamas, silk top hats, opera hats and caps

Stetson Hats



The ALL WEATHER waterproof Sportocasin. A genuine moccasin with double construction. The Aristocrat of Golf Shoes.

SPORTOCASINS

For that "Last Hole" feeling

To the veteran golfer the "last hole" is often the last word in physical weariness. Many of them have learned to what an amazing degree this "last hole" feeling comes from the feet. They have learned this through the relief gained from wearing Sportocasins.

Sportocasins make for effortless carefree golf. It is no accident that half the ranking American players wear them regularly. Or that seven of the last 16 major championships in England and America were won by Sportocasin wearers. Best of all, thousands of players who couldn't win a championship with the winged sandals of Mercury are having more fun out of golf because of Sportocasins.

WARNING: Sportocasins (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) are sold only through a selected list of dealers. The popularity of these genuine moccasins for golf has induced other merchants to offer imitation moccasins which resemble Sportocasins only in appearance and are of cheaper construction. For your own protection insist upon genuine Sportocasins. You can always identify them by the Pine Tree Trademark.

Abbott Canoe Oxford

Made of Eisendrath-tanned, imported French veal. Genuine moccasin construction. Water shedding. For both men and women.

Abbott Wading Boot

Designed by men who know their fishing. Uppers of brown retan and extra heavy tan duck. Soles of leather or piano felt with Swiss hobnails.

THE

ABBOTT

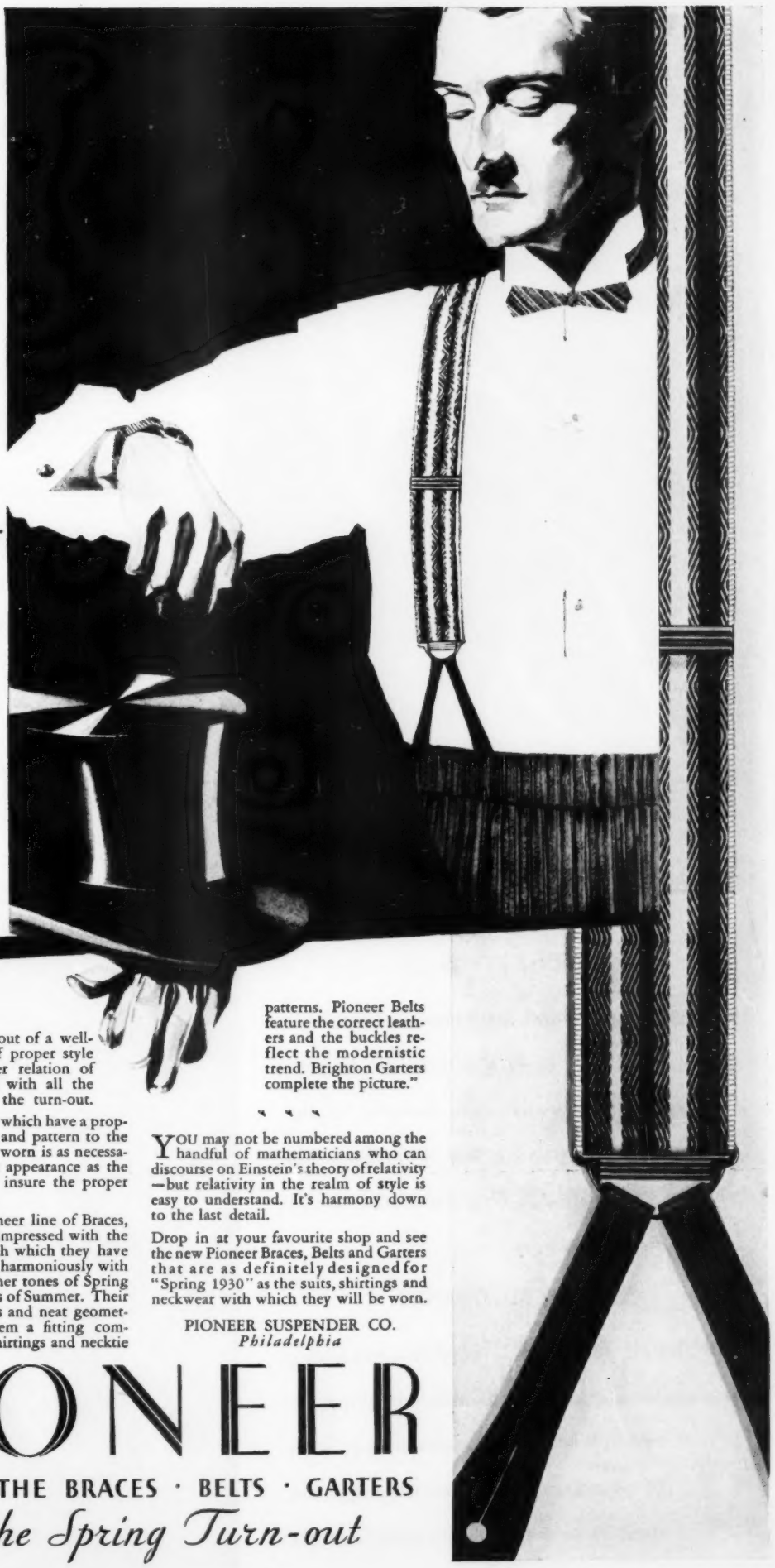
COMPANY

Yarmouth Maine

ORIGINATORS OF AUTHENTIC FOOTGEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

A new theory of relativity

by SCHUYLER WHITE
formerly Men's Fashion Editor
VANITY FAIR



The correct accessories for the
FORMAL DAY TURN-OUT

HAT: *Silk top hat.*
COLLAR: *Wing collar with deep V opening and bold wings, with Ascot or bow tie.*
Low, turn-down collar with four-in-hand.
NECKTIE: *Grey silk in solid colour or combinations of black and white, black and grey, or black, white and grey in striped patterns or neat geometric designs.*
SHIRT: *White with plain or pleated starched bosom. Shirts with grey and white or black and white horizontal striped bosoms are also correct.*
COAT: *Cutaway in black or Oxford grey cheviot.*
WAISTCOAT: *To match coat or of fawn colour or grey cloth or white linen.*
TROUSERS: *Black and white or black and grey striped worsted.*
BRACES: *Black, grey or white in solid colour. When necktie is of neat geometric design, it is considered smart for the braces to be of similar pattern. Black and white striped braces are smart with striped ties and striped trousers.*
SHOES: *Black patent leather or calf.*
SOCKS: *Black, or black with white clock.*
GLOVES: *White doeskin, grey suede, buckskin or chamois.*
HANDKERCHIEF: *White linen.*
STICK: *Straight stick with silver or gold top, or Malacca with crook handle.*

"THE turn-out of a well-dressed man is one of proper style relations—the proper relation of each accessory worn with all the other accessories of the turn-out.

The wearing of braces which have a proper relation in colour and pattern to the shirt, necktie and suit worn is as necessary to achieve a smart appearance as the wearing of braces to insure the proper hang of the trousers.

In reviewing the Pioneer line of Braces, I have been greatly impressed with the uncanny accuracy with which they have been styled to blend harmoniously with the blue, grey and other tones of Spring and the sun tan shades of Summer. Their novel striped patterns and neat geometric designs make them a fitting companion to the new shirtings and necktie patterns. Pioneer Belts feature the correct leathers and the buckles reflect the modernistic trend. Brighton Garters complete the picture."

YOU may not be numbered among the handful of mathematicians who can discourse on Einstein's theory of relativity—but relativity in the realm of style is easy to understand. It's harmony down to the last detail.

Drop in at your favourite shop and see the new Pioneer Braces, Belts and Garters that are as definitely designed for "Spring 1930" as the suits, shirtings and neckwear with which they will be worn.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

PIONEER

PRESENTS THE BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS
for the Spring Turn-out

WALK-OVER *Foursome for*

THE true sportsman is an exacting individual. When he turns out to swing an iron or judge another's swing, his apparel must not only be timed to the niceties of the prevailing mode but must give him ease and service. In these four shoes by Walk-Over...for golf or general

WALK-OVER

VERSATILE

ON the golf course its ingenious gristle rubber sole steadies the stance for down-the-middle play. It is equally appropriate with flannels for the aftermath of the game. Genuine White Buckskin with Brown Calf saddle. New BRISTOL last $10.

SPIKED MOCCASIN

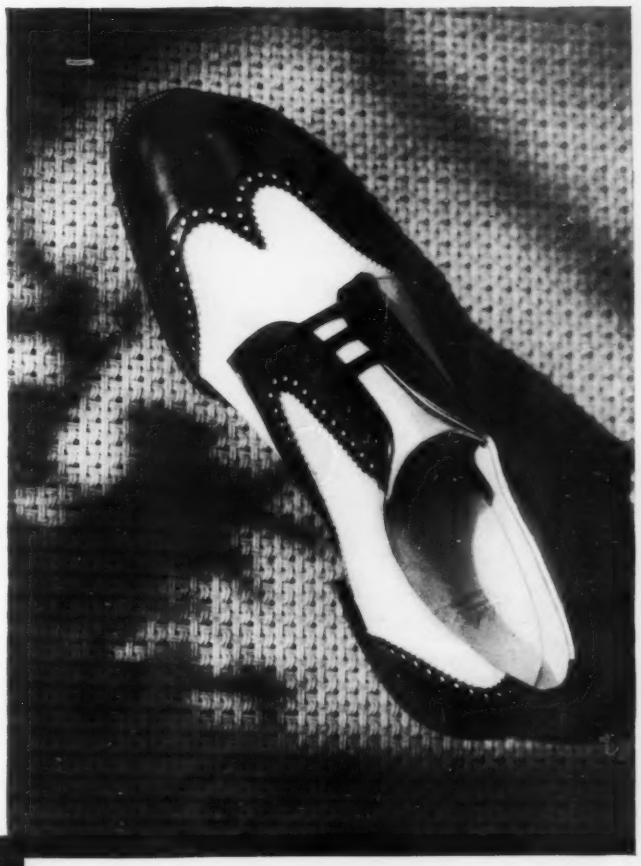
FOR the serious business of golf—combining comfortable efficiency with immaculate appearance. White Norse grain top with Black grain vamp. Firm gripping, twin studs in sole and heel. CLUB last $10.

the Golfer and his Gallery

sports wear . . . he will find well-bred, luxurious comfort. And because of their sound workmanship and honest choice of leather, they will withstand with spirit the rigors of many a campaign. Your Walk-Over dealer is prepared to give you an expert fitting.

SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Campello, Brockton, Mass.



BLACK-AND-WHITE

THERE'S a certain amount of mental stimulation in slipping on a fresh pair of black-and-white or brown-and-white oxfords. Above is a new pattern on the new BRISTOL last. Genuine White Buckskin with perforated Black Calf $10.

BROWN-AND-WHITE

THE cool candor of this new COLFAX oxford is accelerated by the wing tip which curves back into a long graceful point. Genuine White Buckskin trimmed with Willow Tan Calfskin $10.

1930 NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT SEDAN

DEMAND "SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE"

WHEN you are ready for your new car, Nash is ready to show you the best that money can buy. Nash engineering has created three new cars which demonstrate their superiority in a single ride. The new Twin-Ignition Straight-Eight motor, with its 9-bearing, integrally counterweighted, hollow-crankpin crankshaft, aluminum pistons and connecting rods, is so superior to other straight-eight and V-eight motors you will recognize it instantly. Likewise, the Twin-Ignition Six motor surpasses anything in its particular field. And the Single Six, high compression, 7-bearing motor is far superior to any other motor in the low priced field. ¶ Each of these cars—even the very moderately priced Single Six—has centralized chassis lubrication, built-in, automatic radiator shutters and the world's easiest steering. ¶ The Twin-Ignition Eight and Six introduce lifetime-lubricated springs with steel spring covers. And the Twin-Ignition Eight has Duplate non-shatterable plate glass in every door, window and windshield—priceless protection *at no extra cost!* ¶ Any Nash dealer can show you still more reasons why there is more value and superior performance in a Nash "400." Any model you select may be purchased on the convenient Nash monthly payment plan.

(1697)

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT • TWIN-IGNITION SIX • SINGLE SIX

Men who wear Resilio Cravats are always well dressed. Inspect the fresh Spring colors in Foulards . . . bright lemons, canaries, oranges, blues . . . in new Resilio styles. Of course, there are no wrinkles in a Resilio. The patented resilient construction assures that. Be sure and look for the little loose silk thread inside . . . holding lining and fabric together. Sold at all smart shops.

RESILIO CRAVATS

Made by FRANC-STROHMENGER & COWAN, INC. • 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Invest $5 in the magazine of artistic America

VANITY FAIR

Special offer . . . 2 years $5

IT costs you only $5 to get two years of Vanity Fair. You get for your money the new work of the most intelligent and original minds in the world.

You get the most scintillating witticisms of the younger humourists and satirists.

You get intimate glimpses of the most interesting personalities on the stage and screen.

You get excellent reproductions of the finest creations of modern European and American art.

You get new photographs and critical analyses of all the outstanding figures in the intellectual world.

You get bright satirical sketches of the foibles and fantasies of our times.

You get notes on women's sports clothes and the trend in men's fashions, with reports from leading New York and London tailors.

You get new developments in motor car and airplane designs. You get searching and expert articles on bridge.

In short, you get for your money the last word in everything that differentiates the cultivated person from the uninformed nobody.

CONTRIBUTORS

Sherwood Anderson, Claude Anet, Michael Arlen, Thomas Burke, G. K. Chesterton, Corey Ford, Louis Golding, Percy Hammond, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, Walter Lippmann, Ferenc Molnár, Paul Morand, George Jean Nathan, Ernest Newman, Harold Nicolson, John Riddell, Deems Taylor.

Isn't That Worth the Money?

Just think over how much it would cost you to buy in book form all the new literature of America . . . to go to all the shows . . . to visit Paris, London, Vienna, Moscow and see the new works of art . . . to attend all the great sporting events . . . to confer with all the leading tailors . . . to arrange for demonstrations of all the latest cars and 'planes . . . to learn by bitter experience the inner secrets of bridge . . . to know what's what about everything interesting and modern.

Think of all this, and then realize again how very much entertainment and information you get for your money in Vanity Fair.

Sign, tear off, and mail the coupon now, for this special offer

2 years of Vanity Fair $5

regular price $4.00 a year

VANITY FAIR, Graybar Building, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $5.00 for which send me **TWO YEARS** (24 issues) of Vanity Fair.

☐ Enclosed find $3.00 for **ONE YEAR** (12 issues) of Vanity Fair.

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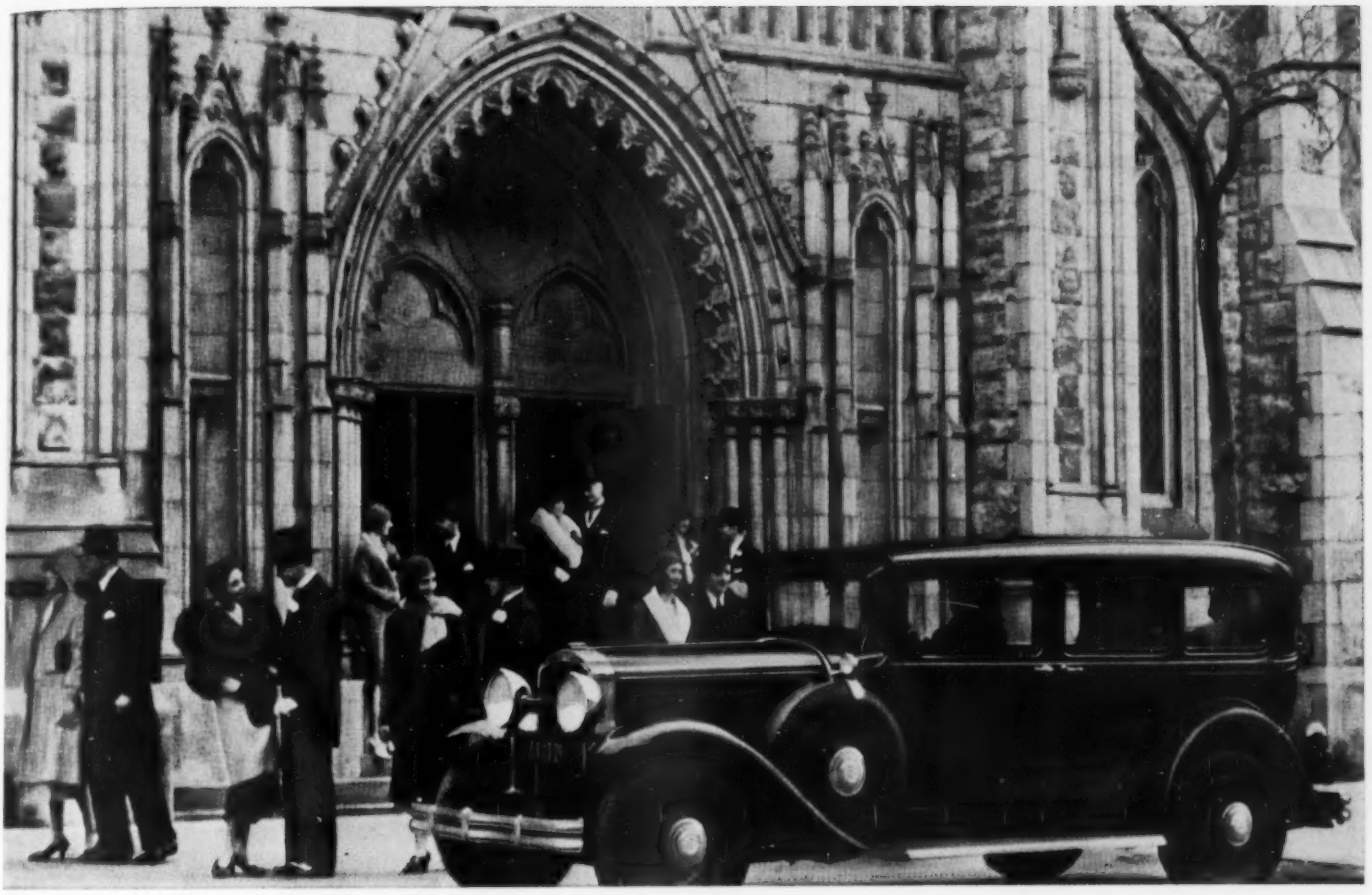
Bought singly, at 35 cents a copy, these 24 issues would cost you $8.40. Through this special offer you get them for $5. A saving to you of $3.40.

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS, INC.

BUICK



The choice of many of America's finest families

The superb 132-inch Buick models

An ever-increasing number of men and women who formerly purchased more expensive cars now are turning to the 132-inch Buick models.

The trend to these de luxe Buicks with Body by Fisher is apparent in every section of the country. Many of America's finest families are making Buick their choice and many own from two to five Buick models.

Naturally, Buick value is one reason. But these discriminating buyers are not influenced nearly so much by Buick prices as by the conviction that Buick provides beauty, performance and comfort fully on a par with costly cars.

The seven de luxe Buick models—a Limousine Sedan, two Coupes, a Phaeton, two Sedans and a Sport Roadster—are, from every standpoint, ultra-luxurious cars.

Inspect these body types at the nearest Buick showroom. You will readily understand why more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other fine car, when you see how much more Buick offers in value and in real motoring satisfaction.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

In addition, Buick offers eight other modish body types, as well as six handsome Marquette models—a wide range of selection whether you desire master car, family car or sport car for son or daughter.

Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Bright Spring time indoors with decorative Ret-Rac Rugs

NEW colorful rugs will do so much to freshen up your home for Spring and Summer! Ret-Rac has sets and rugs in lovely pastel colors for bedrooms, bath room and sun parlor . . . others that are appropriate to take the place of heavy Winter rugs in living rooms and dining rooms and are perfect for every room in a Summer cottage . . . All Ret-Rac Rugs and Sets may be sent to the laundry again and again. They'll come back with their colors undimmed and with their soft deep pile even fluffier than ever. They never shrink, won't slip or buckle on the floor—the pile can't ravel or work out.

Ret-Rac Sets in all-cotton for bath rooms include rug, mat, lid and stool covers. Car-Tex Rugs have rayon motifs on a cotton field. The Diana Rugs are all rayon. New this year—Car-Shah Rugs with an all-wool pile! The wool used in the pile is the highest grade that can be obtained. They wash the same as other grades of Ret-Rac Rugs and also guaranteed fast to washing and light.

RET-RAC
REG. TRADE MARK
RUGS & BATH ROOM SETS
ALL COLORS
GUARANTEED FAST TO
BOILING and SUNLIGHT

The beauty and high quality of the materials in Ret-Rac Rugs and Sets account for their use in many luxurious hotels as well as in homes. If you do not find the type and size of Ret-Rac Rug you want, write us at Chattanooga for name of nearest dealer and descriptive booklet.

Wholesale Office—295 Fifth Avenue, New York

CARTER BROTHERS . . . CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

© E. G. C., 1930

ACCELERATION..

ANYONE who has seen wild ducks rise from the water and speed away knows what real acceleration is.

And there's real acceleration in the Ethyl-driven car, which moves smoothly ahead when the traffic sign says, "Go." That's because, when you buy Ethyl Gasoline, you give your car *two* things it needs: good gasoline *plus* the Ethyl anti-knock compound developed by General Motors Research Laboratories, after years of research to create a better motor fuel.

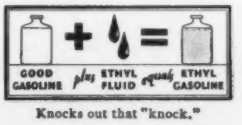
Try Ethyl on your steepest hill—see how much longer you stay in high. Try it on your next hard drive—see how much fresher you are at the end of the trip. Try it this week end. Stop at an Ethyl pump. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City

ETHYL

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Ethyl emblem, wherever you see it, always says, "Here is good gasoline of high anti-knock quality."



Knocks out that "knock."

SUCH SUPERB SHOES!

NATURALLY THE

FIRST COST IS MORE

Yet—they seem not high priced to the many well-dressed men who wear them and who know of their lasting good looks and sound value. » Custom grade shoes from the work-bench of Stacy-Adams bear the distinguished look that comes from the fashioning of finest leathers by expert craftsmen. Their matchless fit is due to exclusive Stacy-Adams lasts. » Clearly they justify the prices of $14 to $18 which most dealers charge for them. Stacy-Adams Company, Brockton, Massachusetts.

STACY·ADAMS

Custom Grade Shoes for Men

Stacy-Adams Bench made shoes (hand made throughout) represent the extreme of foot elegance and value. A number of exclusive shops sell them at $25 to $35 the pair.

A MARK OF QUALITY
FOR FIFTY-FOUR YEARS

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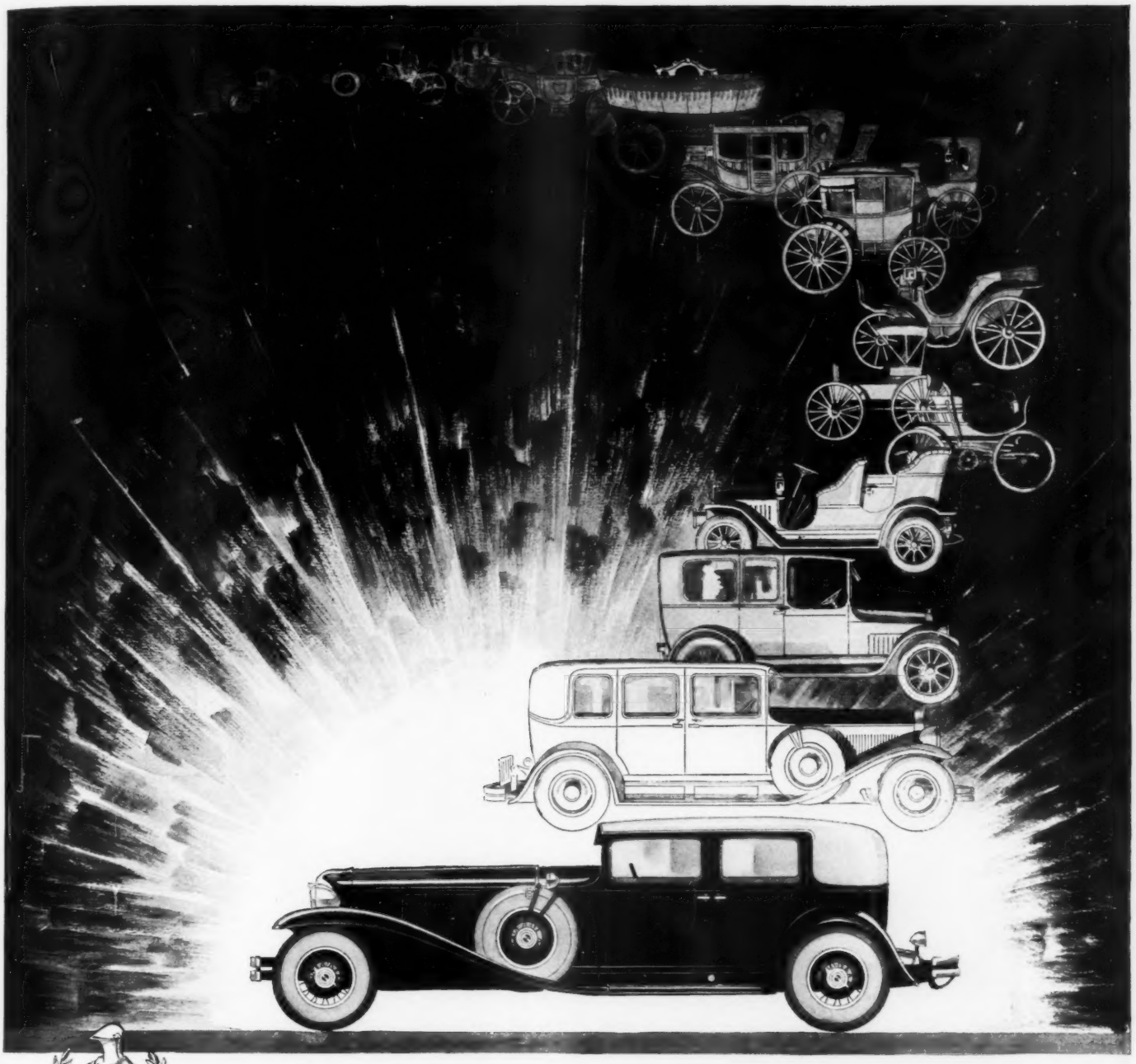
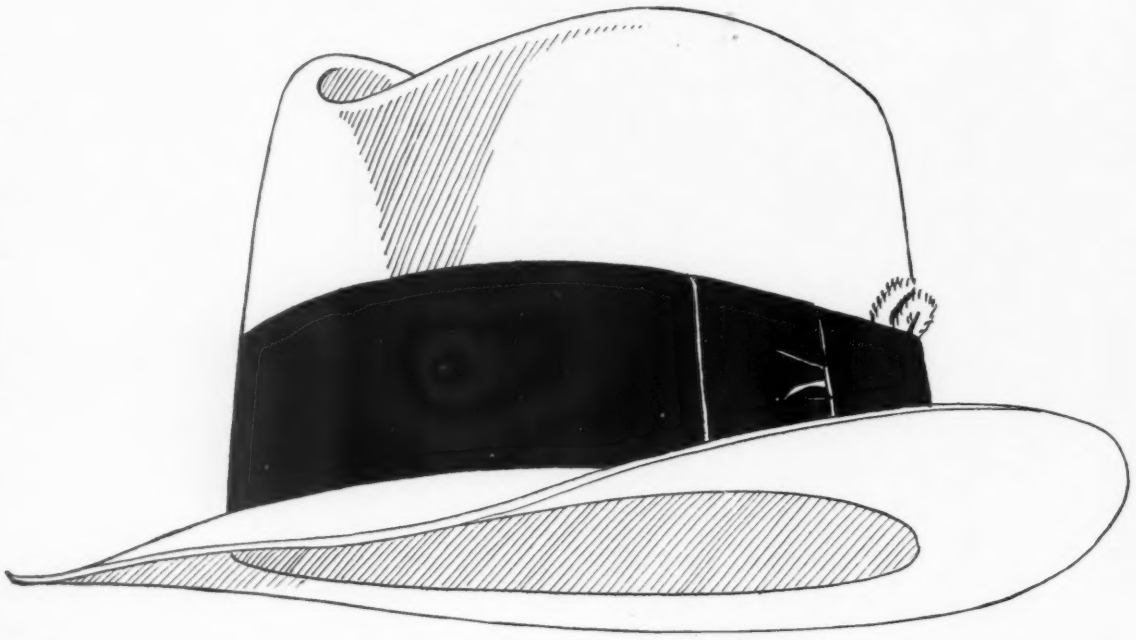


It is our belief that the most important "specifications" of the Cord front-drive are: Do you like its design? Does its comfort appeal to you? Does it do what you want a car to do better and easier? When a car, built by a reputable and experienced company, meets these three requirements, you can safely depend upon that company to adequately provide for all mechanical details—E. L. CORD.

CORD FRONT DRIVE

SEDAN $3095 . . BROUGHAM $3095 . . CABRIOLET $3295 . . PHAETON $3295 Prices F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · AUBURN, INDIANA.



THE FINCHLEY HAT

MODELED FOR GENTLEMEN WHO FAVOUR A HEADPIECE WHICH ABOUNDS IN EXHILARATING ATMOSPHERE AND LENDS ITSELF GRACEFULLY TO ANY ADJUSTMENT OF THE BRIM OR CROWN MOST LIKELY TO ADD TO ONE'S PERSONALITY AND ATTRACTIVENESS. RIBBONED AND TAILORED WITH INCOMPARABLE TASTE AND OTHERWISE PRODUCED IN THE MOST DESIRABLE MANNER.

PRESENTED IN SPRING COLOURS SET-UP AND PERFECTED BY FINCHLEY.

TEN DOLLARS

OTHERS FROM SEVEN TO TWENTY

AGENTS IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES

Photo by Edw. E. Jacobsen

Nurotex Sport Suits add a modern joy note to spring. Nurotex is a de luxe wash fabric, with the fine tailoring characteristics of imported woolens and worsteds. Woven in exclusive white weaves—definitely different—definitely smart. Made in sporting patterns; tans, and grays, and browns. New over-plaids as well as solid effects. Suits with vests—suits with knickers—bearing the genuine Nurotex label .... at clothiers who cater to the modern trend of fashion .... If you cannot get suited, consult us. Palm Beach Mills, Goodall Worsted Co., Sanford, Me.

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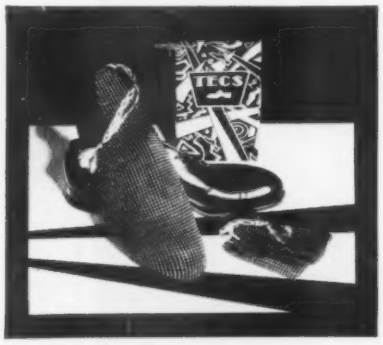
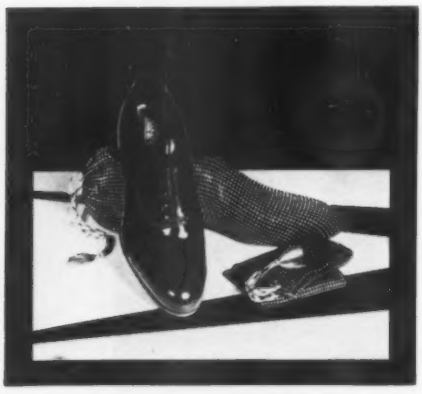
NUROTEX

When a-travelling you go

Take these shoes along—in T E C S



• A medium weight shoe of ultra conservative lines in black calf (Stetson)

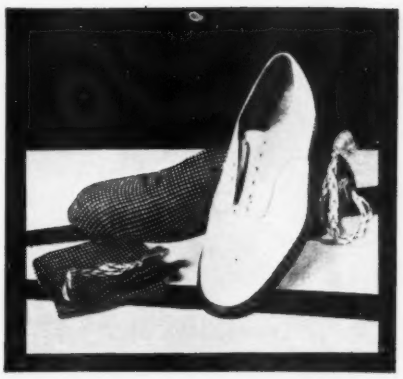


• Patent leather — unequivocally correct for formal evening wear (Hanan & Son)

• Fine shoes, such as these, made by today's leading style authorities in men's footwear, should be equipped with TECS so that they will neither soil clean clothes when packed for travel nor collect dust and dirt when put away for future use.

• The wardrobe of a gentleman must contain many fine shoes. When he travels several pairs must accompany him and TECS become a welcome necessity. These clever shoe jackets fit snugly over man-sized shoes. No bothering with paper wrappings. No footprints on clean shirts. Shoes protected from rubbing and chafing each other when packed in shoe compartments of luggage. Packing made easier because TECS jacketed shoes can be put anywhere.

• TECS are made in six color combinations: Lapis—dark blue and gold; Opal—blue and gold and white; Prase—green and gold and white; Suntan—beige and orange; Onyx—black and white; Zircon—orange and black. You may choose all one color to suit your taste or select a different color for each pair of shoes to make them easily distinguishable. You will want at least a dozen when you know that the price is so moderate—75 cents a pair. Besides, a friend will appreciate so thoughtful a remembrance.



• This genuine all-white buckskin with black rubber sole finds a deserved place in the wardrobe of every well-dressed man (Heywood)

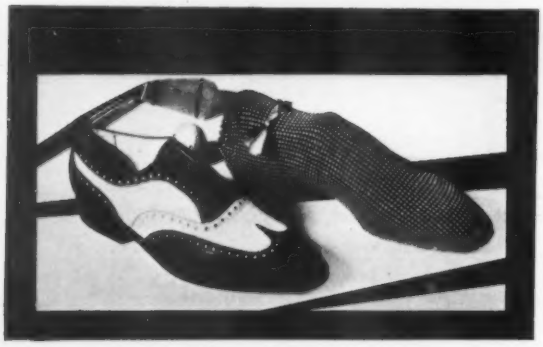
• For modest gifts or bon voyage remembrances, TECS are smart, practical and unusual. Keep a supply on hand for the unexpected occasions when a token of appreciation is desirable.

• Ask for TECS, size B, at leading luggage shops, shoe stores, men's wear stores, department stores and specialty shops. If your own favorite store does not have them, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Knit Goods Specialty Co., Dept. F-1, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

• N.B. TECS are also made in a dainty size—just right for milady's footwear. Ask for TECS, size A, and select a favorite color combination.

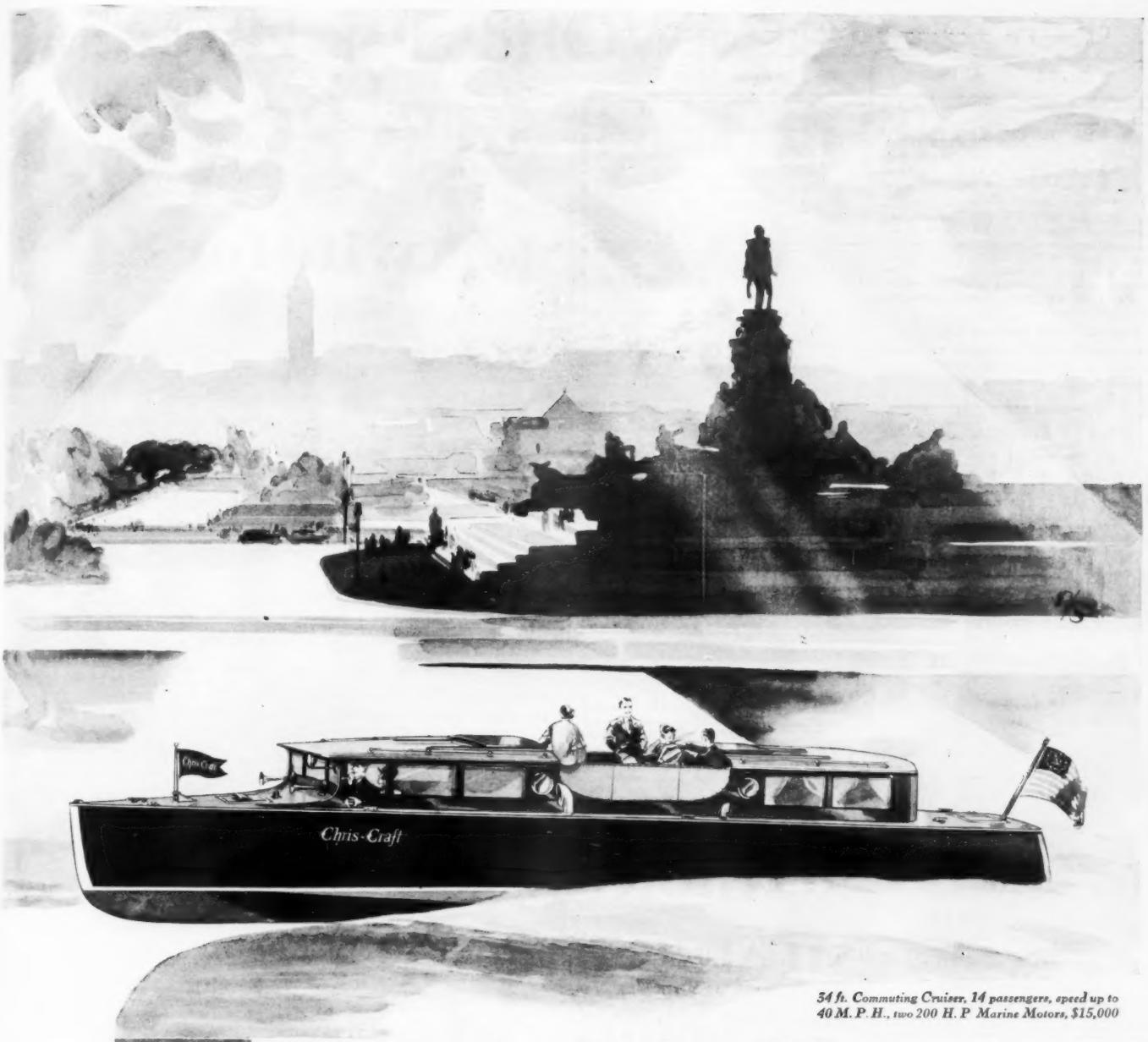
TECS

smart new jackets for shoes



• This white buckskin with black, tan or blue calf trim is a sport shoe that is indispensable (French Shriner & Urner)

A model for town and country, with English cut wing tip, in rich brown viking (Nettleton) •



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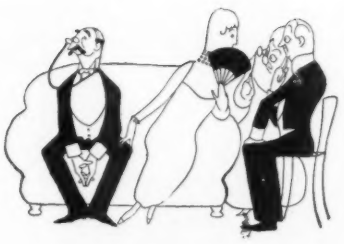
You will confer a favor on Vanity Fair by mentioning its name when addressing schools or camps



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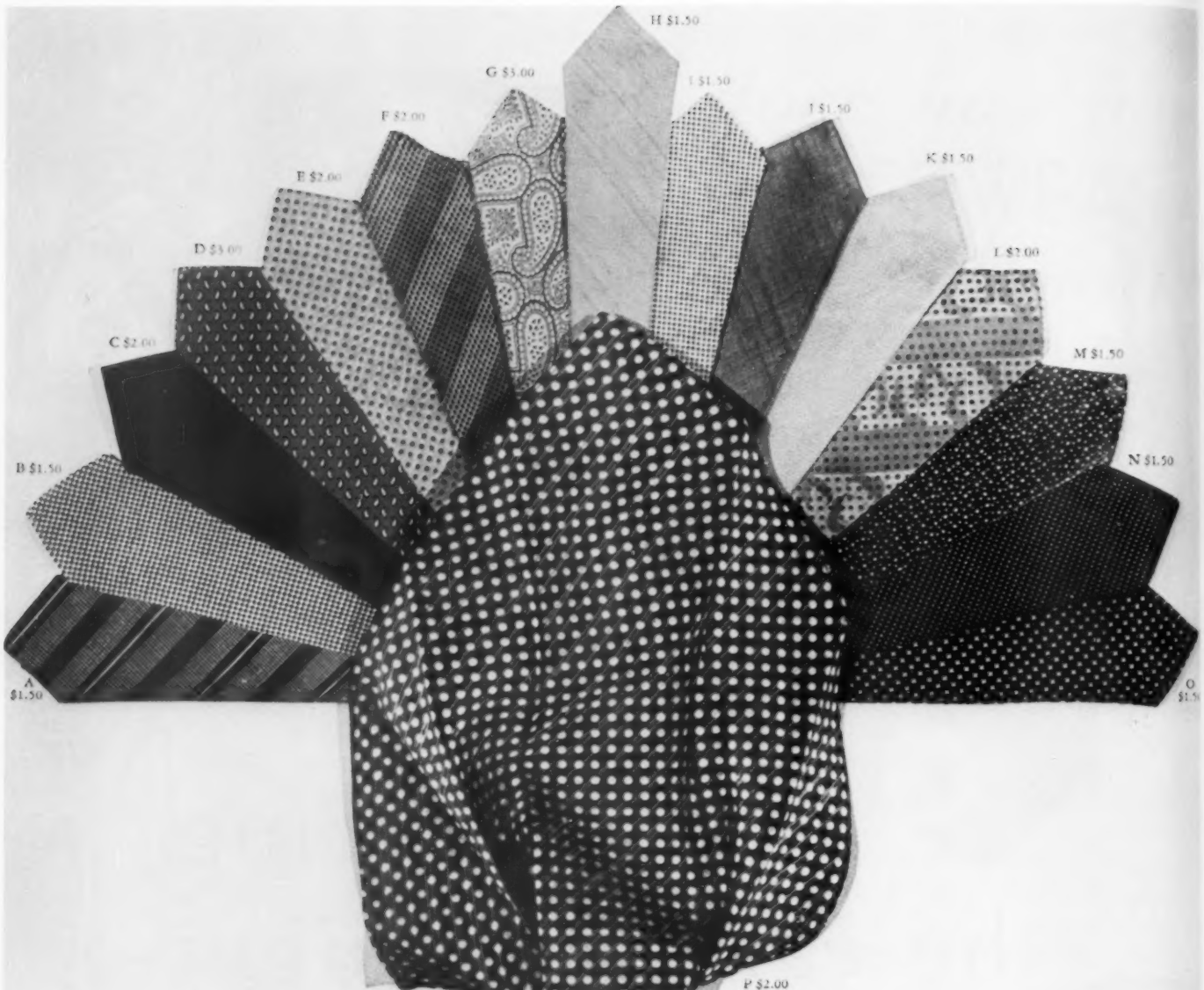

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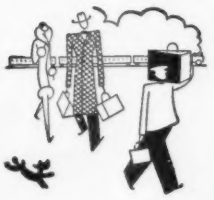

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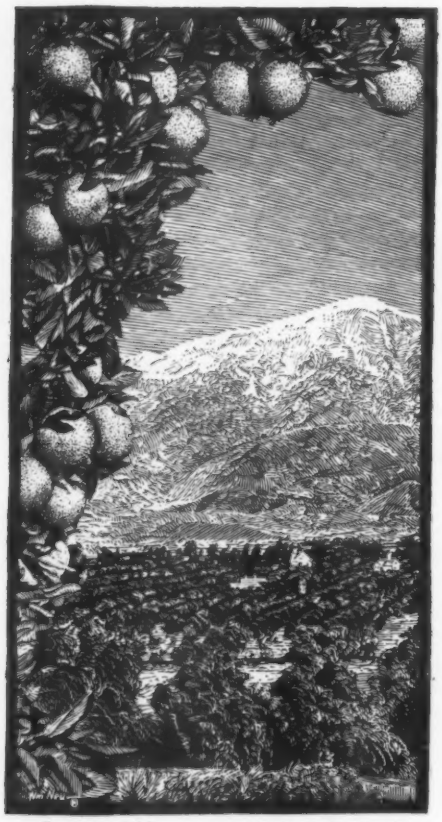

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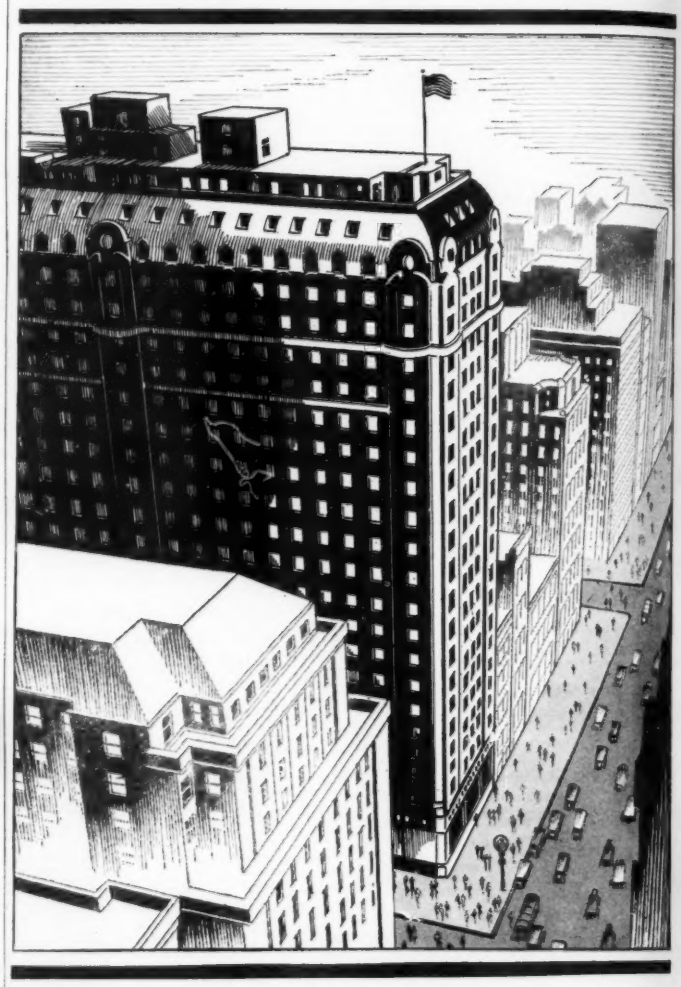

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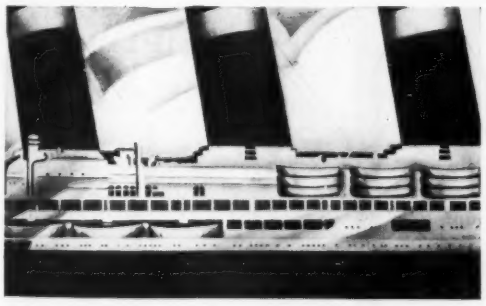

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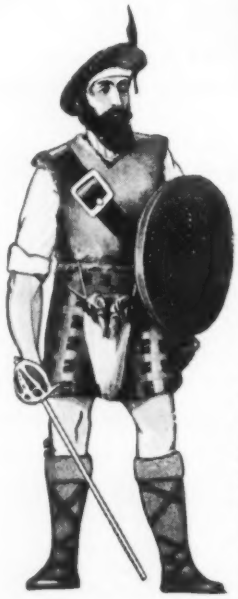

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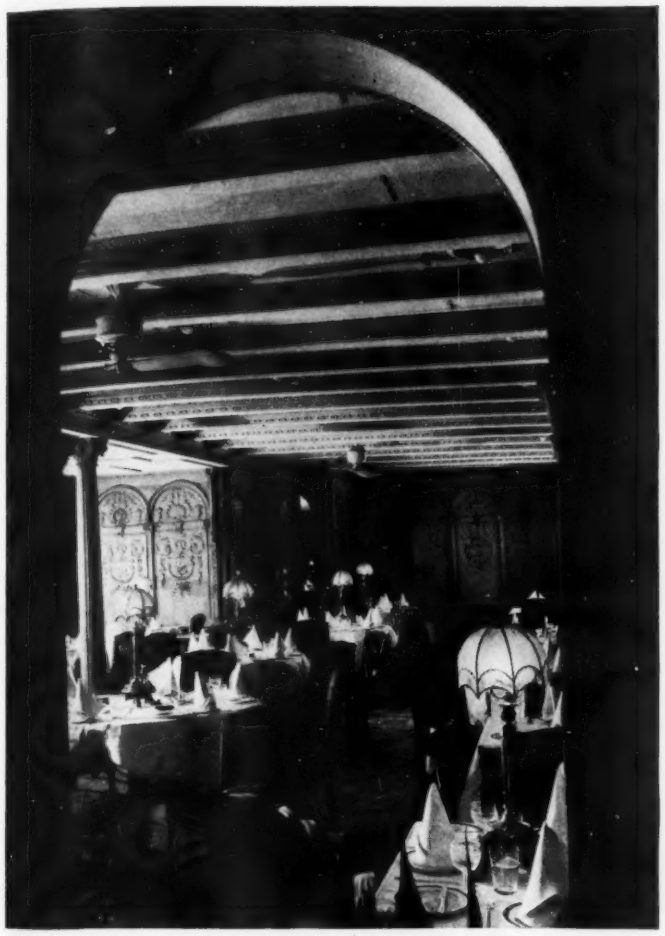

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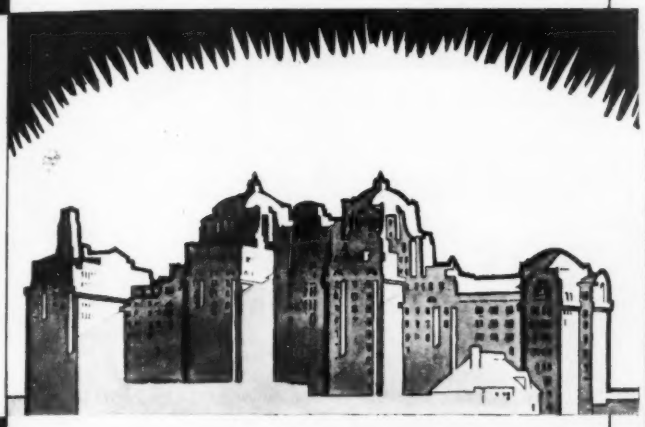

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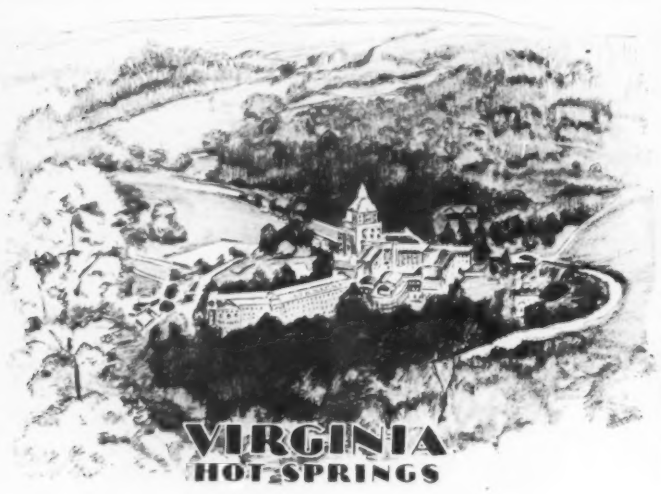

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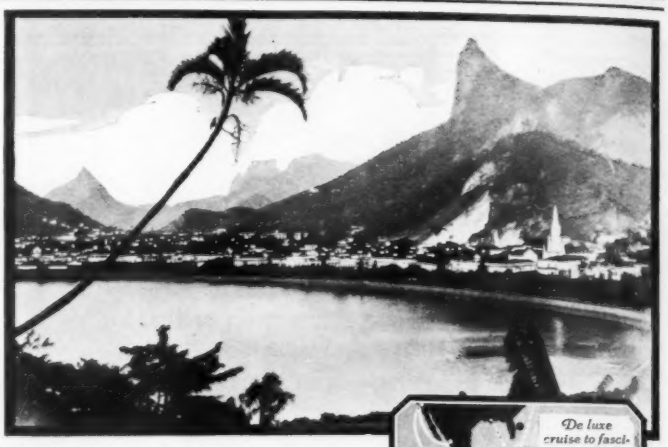

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"EVER SHOP IN PIG ALLEY?"

Thursday—Landing day! What a revelation, is Shanghai! No wonder all the world is curious about it. It's as cosmopolitan as Vienna! Wide European streets—in the center of town—branching off into rabbit-lane by-ways. Chinese swarming the place. In brocaded coats—and coolie cottons. Ricksha bells clanging. Funny tram cars with no rails. Foreign motors. And the traffic cops!—they're giant Sikhs in khaki. With beards, and huge turbans on their heads.

It's frightfully *interesting!* Just to walk the streets here. For twenty coppers, we hired a ricksha this afternoon. Ambled along Nanking Road. Past ten thousand great shops. (We were searching for *bargains!*) Off to the edge of town—to a rag-tag-end of a street—called "Pig Alley." Here everything's antique. And hand-made. Even the pewter. And what ridiculous prices! Oh, such a *lovely* pewter boat, a junk model. What a stunning dinner center-piece! And only five Mexs. (A Mex. is about 50c in our money. Ho, our shopping pin-money goes twice as far on this exchange.)

An antique lover would go *wild* in China! Old carved woods. Ming China. Cunning snuff bottles, once belonging to a Pekinese princess. We had to hire an extra ricksha to take our "vagabond loot" back to our ship.

On we went. To the Native City. Narrower and funnier streets. Music Lane and Bird Street. Chinese flutes playing. And food stalls cooking right on the street. Ate water-chestnuts on sticks for a copper.

We must have tea. So we wandered over a little zig-zag bridge. To the Willow Pattern Tea House (like the design on our plates at home.) Piping hot tea—poured out of a little pot, shaped like a bird. Jasmine buds in our thimble of a cup. As fragrant as a Chinese dream!

Five o'clock!—Dashed back to our President Liner to dress. Big dinner party tonight at the Majestic.

What a surprise—these gorgeous hotels in Shanghai. They'd make Manhattan sit up and stare. The Majestic used to be a private Chinese palace. There's an ivory room—a pearl room.

And the royal suite was once a Mandarin's *harem!* It's really a museum. They served our appetizers in a rock garden grotto. All ferns and shaded lights. Talk about swank!

And a sunken dance floor (of course we danced during our lavish dinner. Twenty-piece American jazz.) Oh, what an evening!

I'd like to stay in Shanghai a whole year!

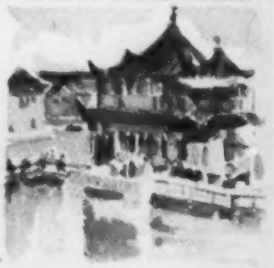
Friday—More new people on board. Bound for Hong Kong and India. Never get bored meeting different people in every port. That's the great advantage of the President Liners—always taking on new passengers. We meet globe-trotters who've done the world in every fashion. They say we're wise to do the Orient first. Then Europe will mean more.

This afternoon—out to the big Shanghai Sweepstakes! First purse a cool ¼ million. Whoops! I won—a little. Anyway, it was enough to buy my heart's desire. A mother-of-pearl make-up box with tiny secret drawers for jewelry. And a set of exquisite lingerie from Yates Road!

Can understand why the women dress so beautifully. With Chinese handiwork so cheap. And Frenchtown shops carry Paris models, as well. They say you can buy everything in the world in Shanghai. I believe it!

What do you think we ate at the Races? *—Eskimo pies!*

In the evening to the New World. All of young China there. Can you imagine a Coney Island 10,000 miles from N. Y. *a la Chinese?* It's a roof garden. They charge the Chinese 2 coppers to ride up in the elevators. (It's part of the amusement, if you please.) There are 4 Chinese vaudevilles going at once. Games and side-shows.



We laughed until we were hungry. Then we tried a pair of chopsticks. Never knew fried prawns were so *delish!*

"Home" to the ship by midnight. Grand, comfortable white bed!

Saturday—Today was a Russian Day! Could just as well have been Moscow. We met Stepanova. A Russian dancer, the idol of Shanghai. Our party grew and so, to the Russian Cafe in Range Road. Peasant music there. And what *hors d'oeuvres!* On a huge tray like a barge. I counted 24 kinds—Oh, what tempters! They're called "Sakushka."

All my life I've wanted to go these places. What a dream come true!

And now there's Hong Kong and Manila ahead. And Java and India . . .

Note: This is the second of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing to Dept. 2-C of the nearest Passenger Office listed below.

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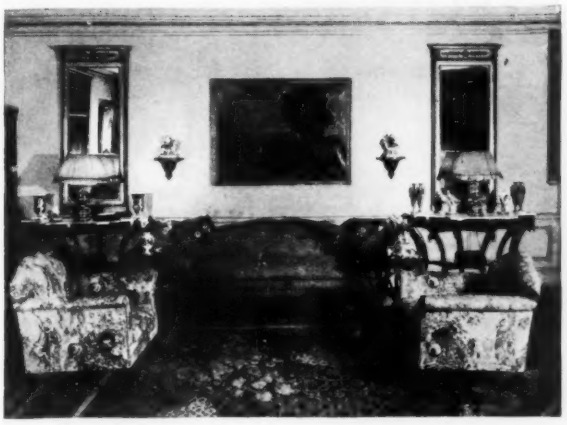

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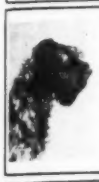

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VANITY FAIR

The mystery of Stroppingwallingshire Downs

How an explanation was suddenly provided for the ghostly manifestations in a gloomy old castle

• I shall never forget my first glimpse of Wipping Castle, caught as I bicycled across Woppingham Tufts, that lonely marl of peat between Little Downing and Hemps. So ancient is it that I could almost catch the clang of armour over the sere and treeless mere which lay with a weird composure under the shelves of mist.

Battersea himself opened the door and the instant I saw him I knew that he was a man suffering from some deep-seated concern. His face was marked with deep furrows. His broad shoulders were bowed. He spoke in a hollow, sepulchral voice. "Welcome to Wipping Castle."

The ominous words chilled me. Even then, I thought, I could turn my cycle back and avoid a forbidding adventure. Then I heard the portal slam behind me and I realized that no Englishman, however frightened, could make so untoward a move.

A grave and it seemed to me agitated butler conveyed me to my rooms in the older wing of the castle. I changed and descended to meet the other guests.

The game of bridge in progress continued with a strained effort, as if each of the players was uneasy. I stood behind Mabs Middlebay until dinner was announced. I felt a short-lived relief at the change it brought, but even over Battersea's rather staggering cuisine hung the same morbid repression I had perceived earlier in the evening.

• Dinner ended at last with something like a sigh. With coffee the conversation gained a heavy momentum but it was not until my host entered it that it took a revealing turn.

"Speaking of natural phenomena," he began with a purposeful languor, "did any of you ever hear of the Wipping Spectre?"

Mabs Middlebay dropped her cup and it broke in two halves. "Yes," she said. "Well," he said, "it's loose again."

"Loose?" I enquired with a casualness I did not feel. "Then it must have been chained up?"

Battersea nodded. "With shackles on its bony feet and a stake through its heart."

"Goodness. And how do you know it is loose?"

Battersea spoke cryptically, "You were his friends. That is why you are all here tonight. See for yourselves that Wipping Spectre is loose." His finger touched a button. There was a distant groan and a portion of the drawing room wall slid back revealing the most dreadful thing I ever beheld. It was the body of Lord Dreweringham and through his heart was a dagger. Lady Battersea fainted.

Save for the sound of Lady Battersea's fall, no one stirred. "Dreweringham," I gasped.

"And Wipping Spectre got him. It's the Wipping dagger."

No need to tell me that. Dreweringham was one of six—the last of the line. The Spectre was said to be the ghost of an ancestor who had sworn to obliterate his descendants. Wickwire was a cousin. Caspar Hoyt another cousin whose forefathers had colonized America. I saw the thing like a flash. And Betts—beautiful Betts—she, too, would be a victim of the machinations of the monster.

• That thought had scarcely crossed my mind when the very stones of the castle were rent by a piercing scream. It rose soprano and dreadful and seemed to say something about, "In the garden—oh!"

I leaped through the French windows. The thing was probably out there. My leap propelled me onto the lawn. Blackness swallowed me. At that instant the corpse of a musty moon slid from behind a veil of clouds. The scream was repeated, and I was in the nick of time to see a human hand vanish under the murky waters of the moat.

I am not a brave man. When I used to go down to Oxford I was, in fact, known rather as a timid man. Yet, impelled by a sort of magnetic force I plunged into the weedy mere and grasped a form. For an instant I fought and blundered with it. Coming to the surface I caught sight of a figure and knew that Battersea would be with me in a moment. Presently I felt his arm pawing the air for mine. Together we hauled the unconscious Betts onto the sward.

I shudder to recall what happened then. Even in my most careless instants I shall remember it. Out of the nearby bush came a peculiar call. Chilled by the pond, clammy with dread, I felt my very blood run cold. The whole scene was illuminated by an eerie, lurid light and I saw with my very eyes a human skeleton swaying on a rack of ancient timbers that resembled a gallows. Madly I rushed toward it. With loathing I grappled the thing. I tore it down and it fell in a clatter that was music to ears that had expected to hear nothing.

Perhaps two hours later we were sitting together again in the drawing room—a pale but wholly composed company. Explanations were in order and we looked toward Battersea. He smiled and spoke.

"I was afraid this little week-end was going to be a failure. When the postman did not arrive, I knew it. So I invented the ghost and bribed Betts and Dreweringham here to assist me. It rather surpassed my expectations. The skeleton was rather neat for a man who isn't handy with paint and tools, what? But I'll never try it again. I'll just rely as usual for the entertainment of my guests on my annual subscriptions to a dozen copies of VANITY FAIR."

—P. G. WYLIE

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In this number

The Descent of the Sultan of Khash . . . . . LORD DUNSANY
Critics Behind Bars . . . . . GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
Fragments from Oklahoma . . . . . GEORGE MILBURN
Music and International Amity . . . . . ERNEST NEWMAN
Hoover's Remote Control . . . . . JAY FRANKLIN
Two-time . . . . . MARGARET CASE MORGAN
Prague, Queen of Bohemia . . . . . PAUL MORAND
The Conjugal Speakeasy . . . . . ELISABETH COBB
Raising Chicks for Profit . . . . . COREY FORD
We Obey the Conventions . . . . . HAROLD NICOLSON
The People's Joyce—By John Riddell

Complete contents of this issue—April 1930

Cover Design by Maurer

IN AND ABOUT THE THEATRE

Mei Lan-Fang—Photograph 40
Helen Menken—Photograph 45
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone, Dorothy and Paula—Photograph . 48
Tilly Losch—Photograph 52
Clark and McCullough—Photograph 60
Critics Behind Bars—By George Jean Nathan 70
Tallulah Bankhead—Photograph 75

CONCERNING THE CINEMA

Anita Page—Photograph 56
Behind the Screen—Photograph 67
Marian Nixon—Photograph 79

THE WORLD OF ART

Engravings by J. Laboureur 43
A Painting by Jules Pascin 50
Portrait of a Lady—By Ivan Meštrović 63
Art and the Obvious—By Aldous Huxley 64
Russian Peasant—By Savely Sorine 71

THE WORLD OF IDEAS

Hoover's "Remote Control"—By Jay Franklin 41
We Obey the Conventions—By Harold Nicolson 42
Make Me Love Mother More—By Louis Golding 46
The Conjugal Speakeasy—By Elisabeth Cobb 49
Music and International Amity—By Ernest Newman . . . 55
Exit the Swell—By Henry Morton Robinson 66
Prague, Queen of Bohemia—By Paul Morand 68

LITERARY HORS D'ŒUVRES

The Descent of the Sultan of Khash—By Lord Dunsany . . 44
Raising Chicks for Profit—By Corey Ford 51
The Dance of Disillusion—By Frédéric Boutet 53
Two-time—By Margaret Case Morgan 57
My Severe Attack of Whimsy—By Roger du Béarn 59
The Enchanted Coffer—By Claude Anet 61
Un Chaste Poète—By Henri Duvernois 62
The People's Joyce—By John Riddell 73
The Writing Table—By Margit Bethlen 74
Fragments from Oklahoma—By George Milburn 78
Is There No Devil?—By Frederick Packard 82

SATIRICAL SKETCHES

Dog Fanciers of Fancy Dogs—By Covarrubias 46
Heavy, Heavy Hangover My Head—By Lavererie 65

MISCELLANEOUS

A Momentous Musical Event 54
Four Great Irish Contemporaries—Photographs 58
Hall of Fame—Photographs 72
Some Practical Hints on Putting—By Robert T. Jones, Jr. . 76
Honesty Is a Poor Policy in Contract Bridge—By Lelia Hattersley 80
Spring Suits for Town and Country 81
Presenting European Motors 83
Our London Letter 84
For the Well-Dressed Man 86

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STEICHEN

MEI LAN-FANG

The greatest of Chinese actors who has met with conspicuous success on his first American tour

■ Occasionally, and all too rarely in this or any other age, there appears an artist so illustrious in his sphere that he is at once ranked with the great ones of the past. Such a one is Mei Lan-Fang in the ancient theatre of his country. Like the most revered of his predecessors, he is a *tan*, a player of female rôles,—for until most recently there were no actresses in China. The manner of the *tan* is remote from that of the Occidental female impersonator. It is an art of its own, founded in an aged and honorable tradition of strangely graceful set gestures. Mei Lan-Fang, descendant of a celebrated theatrical family, is its greatest living exponent and, as such, the idol of the Chinese people. Bearing the honorary titles of Foremost of the Pear Orchard and Grand Abbot of the Ching-Chung Monastery, he is now on tour of the world, not to enrich himself, for his income at home is said far to exceed anything he could hope to earn in our theatres, but to familiarize Western civilization with Oriental dramatic art at its best

VANITY FAIR

HOOVER'S "REMOTE CONTROL" • BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ Back in the dark ages when Al Smith was the wet hope of drinking people and when Herbert Hoover was reluctantly announcing that Prohibition had been a great social experiment noble in motive, one of the political engineer's secretarial safety-valves outlined the Republican nominee's scheme for running these occasionally United States.

"The Chief," he said, "is going to run this country just as though it was a great big corporation. None of this hand-shaking stuff for him."

"And the Senate?" remarked his interviewer cynically.

"Hoover's going to use public opinion to make the Senate do as he wishes," was the astonishing reply.

In view of the large political X which marks the spot where Woodrow Wilson exceeded the Senatorial speed limit, the interviewer observed that he didn't believe in Santa Claus. The secretarial safety-valve shortly thereafter did a nose-dive out of politics into Big Business and the interviewer thought no more about it until a year later he heard a press agent for what was left of the Democratic Party complain bitterly that no matter what happened, Hoover's friends always claimed it was exactly what Hoover wanted.

The fact is that the engineer-in-politics is running his Administration as though it were a big business and he has as his model, not Judge Gary's steel monopoly, but Sam Insull's utility combine. Hoover has imitated the latter's pervasive publicity machine until now he has actually outflanked the Senatorial opposition which makes every President's career a cross between a sword-dance and a paper-chase.

■ The Senate naturally feels pretty bitter about this and holds to the fond hope that the public is tasting wormwood too. The people who voted for Hoover thought that they had chosen a man who would make Borah stand up on his hind-legs and bark for his biscuits and who would put Hiram Johnson through the hoops. People like a sporting element in politics and no small part of the Senate's prestige is due to the fact that a good dog-fight between the executive and legislative branches requires a strong Senate.

As American politics are constituted every Republican Senator carries the Presidential baton in his political knapsack. This means that the Senate spends the greater part of its time setting booby-traps for the existing Executive. To combat them the latter has two great weapons. The first is unity of command. He operates on interior lines and can act while the Senate argues for the record. The second is patronage. The offices (post-offices, collectors of internal revenue, collectors of customs, collectors of Prohibition enforcement, Federal judgeships, attorneyships and such) are the life-blood of politics. A skilful President can play Senators with patronage like a xylophone and croon happily at the same time. The only trouble with this political orchestration is that when election time comes around there is no overwhelming clamor for an encore. So the President has to sell himself to public opinion at the same time he is playing hot-hands with the Senate.

■ This is a problem which every President must solve for himself. Not even his best friends will tell him. Roosevelt did it by waving the Big Stick, using "short, ugly words" and behaving generally like a hook-and-ladder company en route to a five-alarm fire. Bill Taft just kept beaming along, singing in the political deluge which left the Republican Party water-logged for eight years. Wilson referred every issue to the moral sense of the American people. He preached infant damnation in politics and we were still close enough to Fundamentalism to prefer sermons to statesmanship. Harding got on with the Senate because he was a Senator at heart and gave away his political shirt to the neediest Senatorial cases. Coolidge got on with the Senate by keeping out of its way and laying a veto every so often in the political henroost just for the sake of the record.

Hoover's problem is more difficult. He lacks Roosevelt's magnetism. He lacks Taft's geniality. He lacks Wilson's moral self-righteousness. He resembles Harding in nothing except his literary style, which is a peculiar blend of Vizetelly and sentimentalism. He does not resemble Coolidge in any respect. He is respected, he is trusted, he is admired—and he excites about as much enthusiasm as a derrick.

His solution of this problem has been masterly. Unable to achieve popularity, he has set out to create public opinion. Unable to command political loyalty, he has set out to enforce it by means of world-wide publicity. Faced with rebellious party leaders, he has revived, unofficially, the Committee on Public Information, an institution which changed Woodrow Wilson from an academician to a Messiah and America from a nation to a moral epidemic. Hoover has organized publicity in behalf of his policies as adroitly as Insull did his propaganda for the private ownership of public utilities; he has invented a new technique of political leadership by "remote control" which has baffled the neolithic Senators who want him to come out and fight like a man.

The elements in the Hoover Committee on Public Information are simple. The first, though not the most important, is the team of pet journalists who went dry with Hoover in more ways than one, who play medicine ball with the Chief, and broadcast over syndicates and radios the Hoover policies. Hoover picked them for their independent following, they are on the whole men who did not have to take orders from any central office, men whose work had authority: Bill Hard, the bad boy of the fight against the League of Nations, the savage independent whose Hooverism has left an empty niche in *The Nation*; Frank Simonds, the best of our publicists on foreign relations and the most virile of Yankee nationalists; Mark Sullivan, the author of *Our Times*, dean of Washington correspondents, the reporter who swallowed the Washington Conference hook-line-and-sinker, the best political forecaster in America; Wilmot Lewis, the lanky correspondent of the most important paper in the world, *The London Times*, the man who did more than the British Embassy to keep Anglo-American relations on an even keel during the Geneva Naval Conference, the man who can do most to give Hoover a good press in the British Empire. On a slightly lower plane stand such figures as Dick Oulahan, the supple correspondent of *The New York Times*, who walks the daily tightrope of Hooverism on a Democratic daily and Alva Johnson, the interchangeable reporter of *The New York Herald-Tribune* who has been given the tough job of explaining away the "I will appoint a Commission" business which is to Mr. Hoover's technique what "May I not?" was to Wilson's oratory.

■ This Commission business is a difficult thing to explain because the fact-finding commission is the key element in the Hoover propaganda. It prevents committing him on controversial questions while it supplies the public with talking points for a political free-for-all. This enables Mr. Hoover to congratulate the winning side in any quarrel and to tell the loser that he put up a fine fight. The third element in the new "Compub" is exerted through the recently established Business Council, set up as the secular arm of the Chamber of Commerce. Instituted to combat economic defeatism in the dark days when Wall Street went *(Continued on page 112)*

We obey the

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

A drifting dissertation proving several points, though not conclusively enough to be boring

■ "My dear young man," said the Latvian Minister, "unconventionality is the supreme form of affectation." He leant forward as he made this remark, picking his teeth with a quill held in the left hand. With his right palm, a manicured but knotty object, he concealed the operation from the gaze of the curious. "An affectation," he repeated, laying the tooth-pick beside his plate and wagging at me a finger of his now mobile right hand. Having reached the age of forty I am always grateful to people who say *"Mon cher jeune homme"*—it gives me that Ninon de Lenclos feeling. But I did not agree with the Latvian Minister. I asked him to be more precise.

"Précisez," I said, *"Excellence."*

■ He then embarked upon a defence of the conventions. Man, he said, was a social animal. This was scarcely an original remark, having been made several years previously by Aristotle,—but I let it pass. The herd instinct, he continued, was natural to man, and man's efforts to organize (*canaliser* was the word he used) to organize that instinct were an important part of evolutionary progress. The first stage of such organization was law, —the prevention of crime. The second stage was convention,—the prevention of. . . . The Minister hesitated at this, and to help him I suggested the word "individualism". He didn't like that word and slid off on a tangent. "Your great Philosopher O. Bess" . . . thus did he begin. "Who?" I asked. "O. Bess," he repeated firmly. "Your great philosopher has stated that without conventions man would become *homo hominem lupus*—a wolf to every other man." "Oh you mean Hobbes," I interrupted, "and incidentally, it's *homo homini*—dative you know." He waved me aside: intoxicated by his own eloquence, by the glamour of the University of Riga, he embarked upon a long discourse on civilisation, the works of M. de St. Simon, the essentials of the *vrai gentleman anglais*, the iniquity of the Slav races, the charms of the Casino at Riga,—and after this long detour he came back to the point. "So you see," he concluded, "that all unconventionality is a form of affectation." He flung himself back in his chair, regained his tooth-pick, and looked at me over his veiling palm with a mixture of triumph and uncertainty,—like a boxer watching his opponent struggling to recover from a knock-out blow.

"If you will allow me," I began, "I shall explain to you the exact reasons for which I disagree with your contention. In the first place . . ."

But he did not allow me. *"Tiens,"* he exclaimed, *"la belle Madame X."* It was true that the wife of the Rumanian Consul had at that moment entered the restaurant. The Latvian Minister rose and left me. I lit a cigarette and watched him dancing languorously and unctuously with the lovely Madame X. And as I sat there I thought of what, had he not left me, I should have tried to say. It would have been more or less as follows.

I admit, in the first place, that conventions are in principle necessary. They save time. There can be little doubt that one's automatic reactions are quicker than those that are not automatic. I would go further. It is easier and quicker to act in a stereotyped manner than in a manner which has to be devised to fit every given situation. It is easier, for instance, to accept a dinner invitation than to write and thank your hostess for a Saturday to Monday party: in the former case the shape of your letter is already laid down by convention: in the latter case you have to think of something bright and original to say.

I admit also that social conventions help one to avoid misunderstandings. They carry their own currency, and their purpose and value are at once recognised. It is simpler, for instance, to say that one is not at home, than to say that one really does not want to see Mr. Carruthers in the least. Mr. C. is not hurt very much when one says one is not at home: he is, however, wounded to the soul if one says that, although at home, one does not, in any kind of circumstances, wish to see him. Obviously, therefore, there must be some sort of conventions, the point to discover being what sort of conventions must there be?

Admittedly one's relations with any other person cannot be so starkly intimate as they are with oneself. Even in the most perfect intimacy between two human beings there must be wide areas of secrecy and reserve. The inherited experience of our race has taught us to respect these reserved areas, and there exists between civilised people a tacit understanding on this point, an implicit treaty, —in a word a "convention". From this aspect conventions are the recorded experience of ages. They are civilised and noble: and yet, and yet . . .

For at that moment the Latvian Minister had finished dancing with Madame X. He escorted her back to her table in the corner, and stood there a moment making movements indicative of pleasure, gratitude and concupiscence. In other words the Latvian Minister, according to his conventions, was being polite; Madame X. was evidently of the same opinion: she smiled up at him in a roguish fashion. He returned, beaming with flattered virility, to my table. "A delicious little lady," he panted. He tugged a large silk handkerchief from the recesses of his trouser pocket and started to mop the back of his neck: which was, undoubtedly, in need of such assistance.

"Delicious," he repeated and drank a glass of Brauneberger. My dislike of the clammy little man seized me by the throat.

"You see," I began coldly, "whereas you call all unconventionality an affectation, I call all conventionality a lie."

"Parfaitement, mon cher ami, parfaitement. . . ." He was not listening to me. With one silk-encased finger scraping round inside his collar he was still beaming across at Madame X. He raised his glass towards her and bowed elaborately in her direction. He then shut off his smile suddenly like an opera hat and

DINNER AT THE INN

YOUNG WOMAN WITH BOTTLE

conventions

turned to me. After all, he was the envoy of his country: it was in the best tradition for important diplomatists to flirt with lovely ladies: but they must show also that they are made of sterner stuff: so he assumed his elder-statesman manner and turned to me almost sharply:—

■ "You were saying, my dear Sir?"

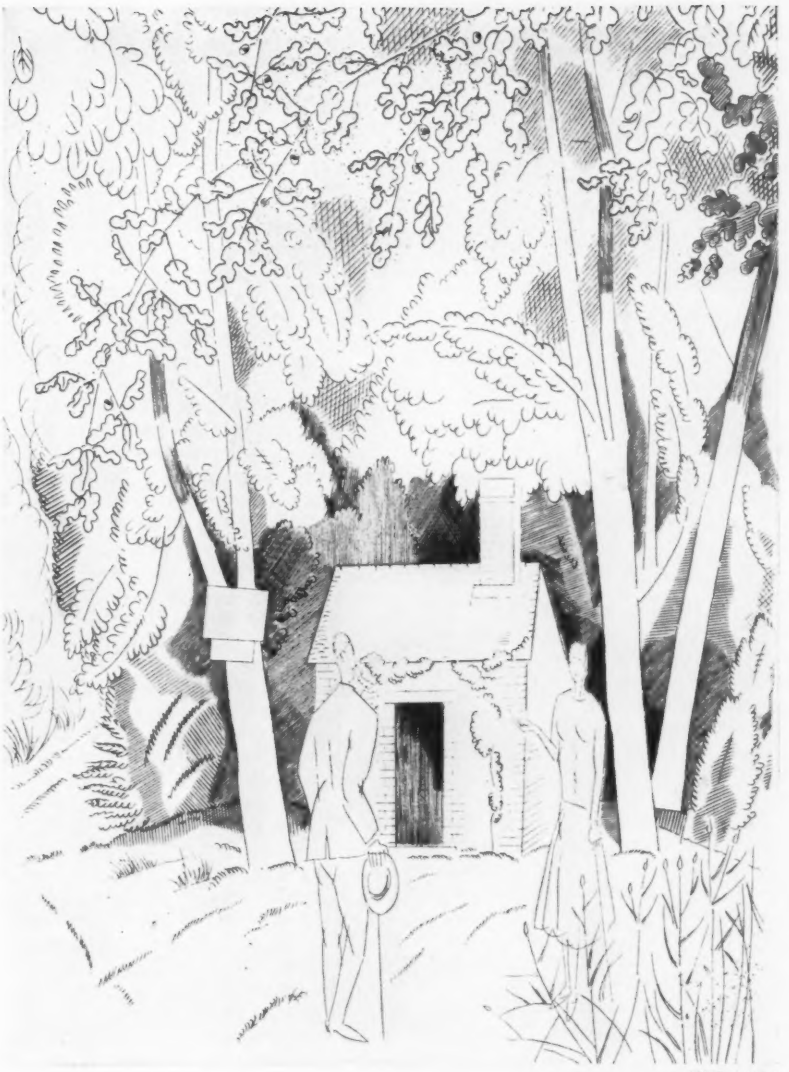
"I was saying that all convention was a lie."

He leant towards me adopting a confidential tone. I realised that he wished to convey the impression to Madame X. that we were discussing high affairs of state: the Eastern Corridor or the port of Memel: he started wagging his finger impressively. He was not thinking so much of what he said as of the effect produced across the restaurant to where the Rumanian Consul was endeavouring to attract the passing attention of the man who played the saxophone, while his wife (unaware to all appearance of the Latvian Minister) was talking brilliantly to Baron Ploms.

"You see," thus did I interrupt the Minister,—"You see it is a convention that you should pay outrageous compliments to Madame X. It is a convention that Madame X. should receive these compliments with pleased embarrassment. It is a convention that Monsieur X. should appear to resent the attentions you pay to his wife. It is a convention that she, in order to stimulate you and soothe her husband, should pretend an interest in the ineffable Ploms. It is a convention that you should try to convey the impression that we are talking politics whereas we are discussing a subject of which you have little knowledge, for which you have little aptitude, and to which you have given scant attention."

"*Mais voyons donc, mon cher ami . . .*"

"The truth," I continued relentlessly, "is far otherwise. You are *(Continued on page 102)*



CABIN IN THE FOREST

WEYHE GALLERIES

Engravings by J. Laboureur

Interiors and exteriors by the French illustrator and gourmet, who matches a fine palate with a finer line

■ These delicate and agreeable engravings are the work of the modern French illustrator and draughtsman, J. Laboureur who is no less distinguished as a formidable gourmet and illustrator of cookery books. His subjects are civilized people gravely pretending to be artless and pastoral-minded, and his landscapes carry out the pretense, so that the trees are stage-trees and the hills are an illusion on a back-drop

THREE FISHERWOMEN

THE ESTAMINET

The descent of the Sultan of Khash

BY LORD DUNSANY

■ "The trail of modernism is over everything" said the Supervisor of Worship.

They were a party of four about a table, in a room that was all carved wood from floor to ceiling, with only two windows in it, small and high, and the dinginess lightened here and there by bright blue and gold on the carving. The other three were the Warden of the Treasure, the Commander of the Armed Men, and the Buyer of Horses; all high officials of the Dominion of Khash.

And they sat at that table because the Sultan of Khash had appointed them members of a commission to determine whether he was in truth descended from the Moon, as all men there believed, and to report upon it.

"His Translucency has been to Paris" said the Commander of the Armed Men.

"May God favour his expectations" said the Supervisor of Worship. But the tonelessness of his voice showed the phrase to be one of those so worn by antiquity that it no longer carried meaning. And the answering phrase of the other three came too swift and sleek to be audible.

They all turned then to the papers that were before them, and passing them from hand to hand, they set them together with the sighs of men for whom tedious work is concluded. Nothing now remained but to set great seals to the papers, and to sign them with the names of those four, their appellations and epithets.

And this was written on the papers and sent to the Sultan, and was put in his Iron Box.

■ "His Most Serene Translucency, the heaven-wise, the dawn-featured, the elephant-strong, the Sultan of Khash, having ordained as a commission to enquire these worthless and unwise men, to wit Sri Kahan, Supervisor of Worship; Lo Hatara, Master of Armies; Lo Hi, the Bringer of Horses; Hata Dundara, Warden of the Treasure; and these unworthy ones becoming, by this ordaining, instantly a commission, do now enquire as commanded, which is to enquire into the verity of that truth that all men know, the very veracious and undoubted descent of the said Most Serene Translucency from the Moon. And for this purpose first we have all of us, all we four unworthy, examined the tablets in the treasure-house, which record the lineal descent of the House of Khash from the first dawn-featured Sultan, His once-serene Translucency Lo Ling To, with all attestations and evidences bearing on that descent; and to the contrary we have found neither evidences nor rumour. We then investigated with scrupulous curiosity the parentage of his once-serene Translucency and found, as all records tell and none deny, and none have ever questioned, that his mother was La Ling Ting, the daughter of the prince of that forest that stood once by Tana-o. And we find in unquestioned history that at such and such a period before his birth she went alone to the forest, and, as all histories tell and the astrologers of this day most surely compute, the Moon deigned to arise that night in all his fulness. They tell how he arose with a special glory, so that watchers far off believed that the prince's forest was golden. We discredit utterly such tales as there be, if tales such idle prattling may be called, pretending that the hunter prince, the young archer, called Lord of the Vale of Lilies, came ever on that night to the forest of Tana-o. Our reasons are sevenfold, all strong in themselves, and multiplied in their validity by the power of the sacred number. For firstly it is told, and clearly recorded in the papers of the Prince of the Forest, that that prince nigh a year before had forbidden his daughter's hand to the Lord of the Vale of Lilies. And secondly we find that the reason of this forbidding was a just and good reason, such as would have been binding upon both princes, for their states had been at war with each other only a hundred years previously.

■ And thirdly we find that the forest was guarded by a paling so high, and at the top so spiky, that none had ever been known that was able to climb it; and a warden went past his portion every night to see that it was not broken, there being four wardens, each watching a quarter; and to the popular rumour, the coarse jest of the market-place, that irresponsibly says he burrowed beneath it, we reply that a prince so dainty, so much a mirror and model to proud young men, as many a portrait shows us to this day, would never have so demeaned himself as to borrow for this occasion his lowly art from the coney. Fourthly we find that there was an inner paling, and that here the stakes were all driven in to rock, so that not the coney himself could have gone below them. A gate there was, but this was guarded by a defender at whose very beard men trembled; and whose spirit was as impregnable against bribery as his beard was untamed by the comb. And fifthly, if we may be permitted to go backward in fancy, as all men did in fact, away from that terrible beard, and so come again to the outer part of the forest, that lay between the two palings, we find it recorded in books (and intensified by the art of the painter) that most fearsome leopards roamed by night in this space. And sixthly we have the word of the Lord of the Vale of Lilies, which he gave to his father when questioned, that he spent all that night in the temple. While for our seventh reason, on account of the sacredness of so solemn a number, we reserve the story of His Most Serene Translucency's blessed grandmother in the thirtieth degree, which was written down upon parchment, and placed by the Supervisor of Worship of those days amongst the sacred writings. Now this story tells that on

A delicate genealogical problem is settled by a process of reasoning too subtle for Western minds

this especial night she strayed to the forest away from her maids and her bower, she being as she said forlorn, but saying not for what reason. And a wind came over the forest out of the East, so gently that at first it made no sound, although the leaves were moving. Then one by one the little leaves were whispering; and the whisper spread till they all were sighing softly, murmuring a song among them, which was not a myriad songs as when birds are singing, but was the song of the whole forest in which each leaf whispered its part. And the song came up from the East. And from the sound of leaves singing in whispers that music grew, until there arose far off, between the song and the silence, a melody as from flutes, but from flutes upon which musicians merely breathe, being nearly adream with enchantment. And perhaps for a moment, but for no longer than that, the gracious lady, the Princess La Ling Ting, would seem to have fancied, or no more than supposed, that the melody came from the flute of the Lord of the Vale of Lilies, which it had been his wont to play. But it was all fainter than the breath of man, and lovelier than man can make, so that she knew immediately, turning from fancy to reason, that the melody was the music of some god, that he played thus faintly lest mortal hearts should shrivel, and drift away like leaves on the tides of his music, were he but to play one murmur more than a whisper. And even now, as she turned to the East to see what thing should come, she felt her reason beginning to float away and all her senses slowly drifting westwards. She tells how the East was now serenely aglow, as tho' gold and silver had been melted together to bathe the evening sky.

■ And suddenly she saw the Moon and the face of the god in it, and he came over the trees with unwonted haste, enchanting all the forest with his glory, till every leaf was golden, not in appearance only, but actual metal of pure pale gold for that one night alone. And the wonder of him, and the glory that was about him, and the magic of that faint music that went before him all overcame her at once, and she fell asleep in the forest, yet lost no sight of the moon-god for her sleep, for he daintily walked in her dreams; and she knew him there for the moon-god by his more than human beauty. Of this she said nothing at first, not guessing the significance of *(Continued on page 100)*

Helen Menken

Miss Menken contributes an excellent performance to the leading rôle of "The Infinite Shoeblack"

Make me

MUSTARD IX, POSED FOR SHOW, IS NOT SO TIRED AS TAIL-CONSCIOUS

• When I first landed in America a year or two ago, some pleasant people met me and there was a little excitement. That's why I can't quite remember which was the downtown building they first pointed out to me, and whether it was an insurance building or a newspaper building, or what it was. But I remember the pang of disappointment that pierced me when the car was held up at the front door of that noble edifice and there weren't any roses 'round it.

"Where, where," I cried, "where are the roses 'round that door?"

They all looked at me and looked at each other and then hurriedly talked about Eugene O'Neill and the Prince of Wales and fried chicken. I pretended to be interested because, on the whole, they were nice people and I hadn't seen some of them since I was two and I wanted to be friendly. But it was evident to me that they wanted to steer clear of any reference to roses growing 'round the door for one of two reasons: *one*, because roses growing 'round the door made my friends love their mothers so much more poignantly than everyone else in the United States loved *their* mothers, that they simply couldn't bear any reference to the subject; or, conversely, *two*, that my friends were the

MRS. WILPET AND ENTRY, WITH THE BLUE RIBBON FOR NASTIEST DOG IN SHOW

"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL," IS WHAT MISS WOOL IS SAYING TO POO

MISS VOSS, EVERY INCH A BREEDER WITH PALADIN TOOP-SI AND LITTER

Dog-fanciers of fancy dogs

Varieties of women who inevitably go to the dogs, as seen through and through by Miguel Covarrubias

love Mother more

BY LOUIS GOLDING

'Way down in Tennessee
That's where I long to be,
Right on my mother's knee,
She thinks the world of me.
The roses 'round the door
Make me love Mother more. .
—Old song

only inhabitants of the United States who didn't love their mothers at all, for which reason they never planted roses 'round their own doors and hated to see them growing 'round other people's doors.

Whatever the truth was, I was frightfully disappointed about that doorway without any roses 'round it. I had for years been an impassioned student of the folk-songs of America; for it had been, and still is, my conviction that if you want to understand the great heart of a people you study its folk-songs. The Keyserlings and the Washington Irvings and the Marco Polos are good reading, but they only skim the surface of the countries they visit, however ponderously, however elegantly. And all the American folk-songs that had been coming across the Atlantic for a decade or so insisted on the American's love for his mother. One day was officially put aside for her (the English too have a Mothering Sunday, but it cuts no ice at all): but all the other days in the American year seemed to be saturated with the lady. With her ringlets and her knitting-needles, she presided over the films, the magazines, the novels, of America more pervasively than Astarte over Syria or Demeter over Sicily. All this matrophily (you can call it philomatry, if you like) seemed to me to achieve its Marseillaise, its Tipperary, its ultimate anthem, in the sublime song about the roses 'round the door making me love mother more.

● I couldn't quite see the causative relation between the two phenomena. But I was humble enough to realise that though I was quite fond of my mother, I didn't go to it in the incandescent American manner. At all events, the song imposed the absolute conviction upon me that when I went to America, there wouldn't be a mortician's or realtor's office all the way between Massachusetts and Texas where roses weren't either growing, or being hastily planted, 'round the door. . . . And then, as I say, I came to New York and there wasn't a single rose 'round the door of the World Building or the Times Building or Carnegie Hall or anywhere. It was very disheartening. It is possible that the new American passion was already beginning to oust the old one, the passion of the male parent for his male offspring, his sonny boy. I won't go into that now. I want to talk about roses and loving mother. I want to say how I went on from New York to Chicago, from Chicago to St. Louis, from St. Louis to New Orleans, looking with eager and melancholy eyes for mother-love and the roses symbolic of it. But for months and months I couldn't see any signs that Americans loved their mothers any more than Turks or Czechs. No roses grew 'round any door anywhere.

And then I went to the ball that Luigi organized, down on Third Avenue, quite low down on Third Avenue. And the climax of that ball was such a glowing, golden piece of mother-love, that whenever I recall it, the scent of matrophilous roses is in my nostrils, and a shower of philomatric tears starts in my eyes.

● It was, in a sense, a very exclusive ball. A de la Rochefoucauld ball couldn't hold a candle to it for exclusiveness. They were so particular about who came in, that a gate-crasher was as likely as not to get a bullet in his neck. The most that Lady Londonderry could do with *her* gate-crashers some time ago, was to tell their names to the gossip-writers. Which shows how much more exacting an affair was Luigi's ball on Third Avenue, just above Trotzheim's Cafeteria.

Luigi had organized the ball, but it was for little Piero's benefit. It was organized for the night that little Piero came out of prison. He had spent quite a lot of time in hospital, too. He had had real bad luck. This is what happened. Luigi runs the bright and affectionate gang of Calabresi that operate on that section of Third Avenue. Live and let live, is their motto. Every now and again they hold up some drug-store or clothing-store or some other nice friendly store on their beat. They don't interfere with anybody else and they don't want to be interfered with. They just help themselves to the contents of the cash-register and a few portable goods and then they go off home to Luigi's house or little Piero's or Mimo's, perhaps, and they share out, and drink a glass of something. Or their mothers or wives set a dish of *pasta ascuita* before them, and they crack a bottle of that sandpaper liquor that comes from California and reminds them of the stuff they make on the foothills of Aspromonte, in their native Calabria. And they cry a bit, because they love Calabria dearly and things don't shape so that they're likely to be that way again.

And Luigi cries just a little more than the others, because the others have got their mothers in New York, or they don't care about their mothers anyway; but he, Luigi, loves his mother dearly, and she is away across the sea, in a small cottage in the hills that lie tranquil and still above Catanzaro.

TSARSKOË BABY AND BROADWAY BABY MOVE LIMPIDLY ON KINDRED CHASSIS

And a day or two later they go out and hold up a furrier's store, perhaps. And the furrier doesn't get too excited; because he's not the man to interfere with anybody earning an honest living; but Luigi cries again when he gets back home and holds up that lovely silver-fox stole which has come to his share, because *la mamma, la carina, la mamma*, is so cold in the winter and the asthma gets hold of her, and how warm and lovely it would be for her in that stole of silver fox!

Or sometimes they don't hold up the store in the daylight. Because Luigi and Piero and all of them are such considerate people, and they understand that a hold-up often disorganizes business for an hour or two. So they just do their work at night, instead. They have all the latest jimmies and blow-pipes and saws, and they're always careful not to leave any mess about the place. And once they arranged to pay a visit to a watchmaker-and-jeweler who hadn't been in the country long.

And it is not known exactly what happened. It's quite clear that the watchmaker hadn't entered into the spirit of the thing at all; he hadn't any of that *esprit de corps* which made things so easy between Luigi and his Calabresi, on the one hand, and the group of Third Avenue store-keepers *(Continued on page 99)*

STEICHEN

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone, Dorothy and Paula

Four talented members of an important family in the theatre who are now all flourishing in "Ripples"

■ There has never been a time when there existed what newspaper reporters would call "no story" about the Stones. Fred Stone began his career as a tightrope-walker—not only a colourful fact in itself, but interesting because his perilous performance on the wire was probably the only occasion upon which he appeared before an audience alone. With Dave Montgomery, he made *The Wizard of Oz* and *The Red Mill* legends of the theatre. After the death of his partner, he appeared in *Tip-Top* and *Jack O' Lantern*, always with Mrs. Stone, who is known on the stage as Allene Crater. On the festive night, when Fred Stone opened in *Stepping Stones* with his daughter, Dorothy—up to that time a nice, vague little girl in Amityville, Long Island—even the dour New York critics wept with sentiment and delight; for Dorothy's dancing, definitely feminine though it was, repeated in every gesture, in every comic rhythm the impeccable pattern of her father's art. Even with this triumph, however, the Stone instinct for climax has not faltered; for, in the current *Ripples*, Dorothy's sister, Paula, successfully joins the exciting trio. But the querulous gentleman who asked for bread and received a stone will not definitely be classified as an old nuisance until next year, when the ultimate dramatic gesture of the Stones will be achieved; for it is then that the youngest Stone, Carol—now a nice, vague little girl (although no longer in Amityville) will make her own début with her illustrious family upon the stage

The conjugal speakeasy

BY ELISABETH COBB

A bride's-eye view of Reno—as seen from upstairs, downstairs, and in my judge's chambers

■ A boy and a girl, a little drunk, were locked in each other's arms, crying. They had met in a friend's apartment in Reno. Over their heads dangled a large stuffed dove, wired wings outstretched in listless blessing; an historic bird, this dove—an emblem passed on from one divorcée leaving to some favoured hopeful arriving. The two weeping beneath it that afternoon had been divorced that morning.

"Darling," the girl sobbed, "what difference does divorce make, after all? We can still love each other. And you are such a dear . . . now." Raising her head, she looked vaguely around and addressed the assembled company, her voice thickening hysterically from tears to laughter: "Isn't it funny—that all men are different, and all husbands alike?"

Then, turning quickly to her recent husband, she added: "Dearest, you run along now. My fiancé will be here in a minute."

She married again within the week.

"I know he isn't much," she said of the new husband, "but I'm the only woman he ever loved. He's never even known another woman!"

The bridegroom was arrested for bigamy before a month had passed.

These people were not young hoodlums, they came from wealthy and distinguished families.

This story—it happens to be a true one—could be either tragedy or pure farce. If you are living—evanescently, as most women do—in Reno, you will laugh at it. What else is there to do, in Reno?

The whole place seems an enormous joke, at first; a town of contradictions, of the unexpected and the bizarre; a combination of all the acid elements of humour.

Nature herself, even though she is in one of her most magnificent moods here, is not above cracking a joke. For instance, all around the town lie the sprawling, frozen Sierras—but hot springs run out of the cold hills, and the eternal snows go up in smoke. There is a river nearby, poplar-lined and tranquil with clear brown water, busy with the designs of the pebbles on its mud. It looks like an honest river, with swimming holes where slim, naked boys would plunge on summer days, where fish would lie in shallow bottoms; but this river is as hot as though the devil had opened it up. One may swim in it, if cool water is pumped in; but even then, it is like bathing in a glass of hot bicarbonate of soda.

But here even the seeming physical contradictions are strangely right and proper. It is only aesthetic justice that Reno should be set down in a tortured and peculiar land.

For, after all, it is not only the Paris of the Divorce. It is a sport, a freak, an exotic on its own hook, motivated strictly by its own ideas. A queer one, even without a "colony". Reno started life as an overflow from the mining-camps. Once upon a time saloons, dancing girls, honky-tonks, gold-rushes and tough *hombres* were as authentic to its streets as they were to the rushing ways of Virginia City. Now these things are dead, and there are only two decent careers open to the erstwhile mining camp; it may die and become a ghost or it may grow up and start a rotary club and subscribe to Worth on Bridge and get respectable. This particular old lady took not death as a lover, and she found no profit in being respectable, so she had her face lifted, received a blood transfusion of eastern money, passed a three months' residence law, built a good hotel and called out to the unhappy "Come to me, dearie, I'll fix you up!"

■ The town of paradoxes! Down on the station platforms when the eastern trains come in, there is always a little knot of people to watch their passage. But farmers with manure on their boots, bored small-towners, and girls mingle in the crowd. And the girls who watch the trains in Reno wear mink coats above their galoshes and their hats are set above sophisticated eyes at the authentic Parisian slant.

"Down to meet anybody?" calls one to another—"Oh no, just watching the tides come in—and the untied go out".

Every town has its own topic of conversation, the theme that is more or less unique to the place. Children in arms can discuss the stock market in New York, the antique-hunters in Florence will talk the ear off a brass monkey; once a stone-deaf old man who had heard no human voice for twenty years passed the winter in Los Angeles and they do say that a rumour about the climate reached him. Well, in Reno they talk about marriage. It is popular out here. Half the girls have not time to get lonely. They are too busy with their trousseaux.

Even the railroad conductors on the Reno-bound trains are almost too encouraging about marriage to be borne without complete collapse. "It's not so bad, little lady," I heard one say. "You know, there are more marriages than divorces in *this* state!" And this, at ten minutes to seven in the morning on a train rocking through cold expanses of Nevada landscape, is an ominous introduction for a woman divorce-bound and queasy at the very word marriage.

But it is a kind of gay feather that Reno wears in its cap. More than that, it's true . . . although the credit for it is not entirely native, but due to the "Gin-marriage law" of California, where it is necessary to wait three days after buying a license before committing matrimony again. Thousands of eager lovelorn, chafing at delay, therefore cross the border to Nevada when overtaken by that impulse. And it is perhaps quite natural that the exciting prevalence of marriage in Nevada should be the first thing the boosters confide to those ladies, pale with uncertainty, who find it necessary to spend three months in Reno. It is no fault of the boosters that the ladies may have come there to trade old husbands, not for new ones, but quite candidly for alimony.

■ The whole town is a successful accident. The very stones they have piled up do not produce the effect the architects designed. Even the courthouse, home of the august law, has the perfect façade for a good divorce number in a revue, with broad steps for the girls to dance on, shaking slim legs and spangled tulle, and a wide door to make a good entrance for the prima donna. The judge could play low comedy there, and an eccentric hoofer would find the stone columns neither too big nor too grand to be worked into a routine.

One of these columns, from which Jack Donahue or Will Mahoney could hurl themselves in a miracle of painstaking agility, is scrubbed, they say, after every court Monday. Here the ladies coming out of judges' chambers in their exuberance leave the stain of their lipsticks in the first chill kiss of freedom. As in Rome, where pennies hurled into a fountain, as first payment on a return trip, guarantee that the hurler will return some day, so Reno too demands a fee: a kiss.

Wedding rings are flung in the Truckee River—that sharp stream perpetually washing deeper banks through the heart of the town. The Truckee thus becomes a fabled river, needing only a poet or so to make it a legend. Salt tears fall in crystal water, the little significant rings are hurried to the open sea. The Seine, the Tiber and the Thames, rivers musical with the sound of remembered harps, had not perhaps so much to start with when poets sang their legends.

■ This Truckee is an ironical stream, for as far as one can tell from the wedding-ring Bridge it runs from the west to the east and smack out of the jaws of one mountain into the face of another. It is as though one blank and barren hill were spitting in another's face. Surely well-regulated rivers run always from north to south? *(Continued on page 110)*

A painting by Jules Pascin

■ An Italian mother, a Spanish-Jewish father, a Bulgarian birthplace, a Viennese education and, eventually, studios in Havana, Berlin, Paris, and Brooklyn, somehow make the grand total of the American citizen, Pascin, the author of the painting shown here. His major contributions to art are an impressionable sensuousness, a slightly melancholy beauty, a rich and thrilling palette, and an ironic viewpoint and wit. He is also a fine pastellist, etcher, and water colourist. An exhibition of Pascin's canvases is current at the Knoedler Galleries in New York

A work from the racial anomaly whose following includes a dozen countries of Europe

Raising chicks for profit

BY COREY FORD

How I cleared $1431.63 in one year by raising poultry right in the heart of the great city

▪ (EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Corey Ford, the author of this informative article on *Raising Chicks for Profit*, is a well-known authority on the subject, having spent eleven years in the course of his investigations for *Vanity Fair*. As a matter of fact, ten of these years were spent in Leavenworth, due to the fact that Mr. Ford is a trifle near sighted and through an unfortunate error spent his first year investigating the possibilities of raising *checks* for profit. He has just been released on good behaviour, and is now prepared to describe for the first time the secret of his remarkably successful experiments with raising chickens.)

■ In the first place, I just want to say right here at the outset that I am not a wizard. I believe that genius is 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration! There is nothing magical about my success in the poultry business. I am going to tell you as simply and plainly as the nose on a man's face how I have managed my chickens, and if you follow my advice you too not only can make $1431.63 profit the first year, but also pay part of your expenses.

What man is not susceptible to the charms of chickens? Who does not feel a fascination at the sight of these beautiful, active creatures, intent alike upon their work and their play? Who has not longed secretly to possess one of these dainty pets for his very own?

■ To be sure, I was not always a chicken fancier. I admit I enjoyed my poached eggs on toast every morning; but little did I dream that some day I should actually have a hand in producing those two eggs upon my own breakfast plate. It was entirely due to a slim volume which I chanced upon one day, entitled *$4,223.00 Profit in One Year on a Town Lot* by H. Cecil Sheppard,* that I first became aware of the thrilling possibilities inherent in chickens. After glancing at the inspiring list of chapters—"Three 'P's' in the Poultry Pod: Pleasure, Pep, Profit", "Some Egg Facts", "The Importance of the Male Bird", "Pepful Poultry for Pale People", "Hens or Horses", and, last but not least, "Cutting the Cost of Living with Chickens"—I knew I had found my true vocation at last.

$4,223.00 Profit in One Year on a Town Lot; or, Every Backyard a Poultry Park, by H. Cecil Sheppard (Published by H. Cecil Sheppard, Berea, Ohio: 1920)

According to Mr. Sheppard's informative volume, my first problem was to clear a large space on which I could erect my chicken "laboratory". Inasmuch as I lived in New York City, this was not easy. I soon abandoned the idea of raising chickens on the fire-escape, owing to the fact that the eggs when laid would drop down through the grating onto the heads of passersby, thus rendering the eggs useless. At length, after great effort, I borrowed enough capital from my friends to purchase a block of buildings extending from 42nd to 43rd Streets, between Fifth and Madison Avenues; and on the site of these former buildings I erected a very roomy and up-to-date chicken farm, located in the very heart of the great city and convenient to both subways. The fact that I was able to realize $1431.63 on this investment during the first year only goes to show to the novice the profits which he may realize by following my example.

■ As soon as this chicken ranch was established, I decided that my next problem was to get some chickens. So, off went my order for an incubator (which arrived by express several months later); and in the meantime, anxious to secure eggs with the finest heredity and background, I visited a number of other poultry farms along Fifth Avenue. At last I discovered a ranch where the birds showed every sign of hustle and bustle, working their heads off laying eggs in January. Some were busy in the nests, others were trying to crowd them off, still others were waiting in a long queue, tapping their feet impatiently and now and again explaining to the clerk that they had wired ahead from Indianapolis for reservations and it was a perfect outrage. Anxious to secure offsprings from such an energetic group, I placed my orders with several of these hens, and the eggs arrived nine months later, also by express.

My next step was to place these eggs in the incubator, according to instructions, and heat it slowly by means of an oil lamp, which was gradually turned up to the proper flame, after which the incubator was sealed and we sat down eagerly to wait the first peep from our baby chicks. Weeks passed without result. At length, after several months, we became a little concerned; and, fearing that the eggs were perhaps being kept too cool, we placed a *second* lamp inside the incubator, and in addition wrapped each egg in a knitted afghan. In order to speed hatching even further, the following month we also placed the entire contraption over a steam radiator, as a result of which we removed the eggs three days later and, by slicing them very thin and serving them with mayonnaise and a leaf of lettuce, were enabled to prepare a tasty, inexpensive sandwich for the buffet supper.

The next day I went back to the poultry farm and bought a dozen full-grown chickens.

My next problem was to secure a male bird, or cockerel. The importance of the male bird to a happy and contented egg-laying community can hardly be over-estimated; indeed Mr. Sheppard goes so far as to say that he is the dominant factor, and I personally have no doubt that in time chicken ranches will do away with the small and noisy hen entirely. A good-looking rooster lends color and a certain picaresque quality to the poultry yard, and his strident greeting to the morning sun has often been remarked by poets as well as next-door neighbors. In addition, his presence serves to keep the hens happy and contented, inasmuch as they can count on him at any time to put up the screens, fix the towel-rack in the bathroom, or make a fourth hand at bridge.

In my selection of the ideal Ancona male, I would look for the following points: I'd pick out a fellow with a long back, slightly sloping downward to the tail, which should be carried at an angle of 40°, preferably in the left hand. Select cockerels with plenty of pep and fight, glossy feathers and large heads, well-formed combs of brilliant color and if possible five serrations, a full deep breast, well-rounded abdomen, powerful legs set quite far apart, a broad strong back, an infectious smile and sparkling grey eyes that could suddenly cloud over like the surface of a lake if anyone dared cast a slur upon the fair name of womanhood in his presence. In addition he should be over 35 years old, a passionate lover but chivalrous in his dealings with women, considerate of others, and well mottled with as few light feathers in the wings and tail as possible.

■ Yet in our desire to secure the perfect male, we must not overlook that other important feature of a successful egg-laying establishment: the hen. In fact Mr. Sheppard, in a chapter appropriately entitled *Possibilities of the Hen*, points out clearly that "if you stick to the hen, work and care will be crowned with success." Once a suitable female has been secured, she must then be introduced properly to the rooster. Too often the ambitious fancier will endeavor to hasten this meeting by up-to-date efficiency methods (such as pinning a label on the hen reading "Call me Mabel"); but the careful breeder will do well to remember the old adage: "More haste, less eggs." Chickens are reticent and even shy; and breeders of the hail-fellow-well-met sort may feel an unnecessary formality in that stiff, old-world politeness with which the male pecks at the female, kicks dust in her face, knocks over the mash-box on top of her, and chases her around the cage pulling out her tail-feathers with *(Continued on page 88)*

STEICHEN

Tilly Losch

The brilliant Viennese performer of "Wake up and Dream", a notable dancer, designer and choreograph

The dance of disillusion

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

A passionately current wife and an ex-husband combine to give first love a second chance

■ M. Dormance, looking for his wife, threaded his way carefully through the bright confusion of dancers that filled the room—a confusion of flashing jewels and ivory throats, satin and cool velvet against a sharp, masculine background of black and white. These were his guests; but M. Dormance, as he struggled through them, eyed them almost impatiently. He found his wife at the buffet.

"Valentine, are you out of your mind?" he whispered to her anxiously. "You've just introduced Daniel Larroy to Lucile Andelot!"

"But it was she who asked me to do it," protested Mme. Dormance in the same breathless undertone. "She said that she wanted to know him, and asked me to pronounce her name—slur it somehow—so that he wouldn't hear it when I presented him. I couldn't refuse."

"No. . . . I don't suppose you could. Any more than we could avoid having the two families here to-night. These things are apt to happen nowadays! But where is Andelot?"

"Oh, he had to go to some sort of meeting. He's going to work afterward, and isn't coming for Lucile until two or three o'clock in the morning. As for Mme. Larroy, you know quite well that since her baby was born, she hasn't gone out at all in the evenings—she is the Perfect Mother. So, since neither the other wife nor the other husband is here, there are really no complications!"

"Just the same, what an extraordinary thing for Lucile to do!"

Mme. Dormance shrugged her pretty shoulders ever so slightly.

"Why? Feminine curiosity—that's all! Look at them now—they're dancing."

In the opulent, gilded light from the great chandeliers, Daniel Larroy looked down with an emotion that was almost tenderness upon the small, blonde head of the woman who rested so lightly, so briefly in his arms in the formal embrace of the dance. From the sleek gold of her hair a dim, exciting fragrance as of a thousand unseen flowers drifted faintly.

"She is divine!" he thought. "But who is she? I didn't hear a syllable of the name Mme. Dormance mentioned when she introduced us."

"Really, you dance beautifully," said Lucile, smiling at him.

Daniel returned the compliment with enthusiasm. Then he spoke of the success of the Dormance party.

"Oh, yes, they entertain delightfully," said Lucile. "Have you known them long?"

"My wife and I met them last year at the seashore. I'd known Dormance before that at the club. So we spent a good deal of time together then, and we've seen something of one another since in town. I don't believe I've had the pleasure, though, of meeting you . . ."

"You're married, then," Lucile said, interrupting. "Isn't your wife here?"

"No. She had a baby a few months ago, and she devotes herself almost altogether to him."

"And doesn't she mind your going out without her?"

"Oh, not a bit! She knows I have business to do with Dormance. And then—there are certain obligations to one's friends. But you—may I ask—? I didn't quite catch your name, just now. . . . "

"I like that," said Lucile, simply, without answering her partner's question. "I think that mutual freedom is the best way to avoid mutual boredom in marriage . . . when one is lucky enough to find a companion who knows how to appreciate one and make one happy. I'm sure your wife must be charming. And I can't imagine why Mme. Dormance has never spoken to me about her . . . I've known Valentine since we were both children."

Lucile was speaking slowly, thoughtfully, as though she were trying to convey a thought a little beyond her actual words. Larroy, faintly surprised by her manner, wondered what she was driving at. He didn't know how to repeat his question gracefully, concluded that she was delightful but eccentric, and took her off to the buffet for supper. Pleasantly equipped with ices and *champagne*, they sat in a corner and talked amiably of art, literature and sport, and found that they had an agreeable similarity of tastes; but, under the skilful guidance of Lucile who seemed, in a tactful but ruthless fashion, determined to find out all about him, the conversation returned always to more intimate topics. And Daniel, piqued, wondered privately if she had chosen this curious way of letting him know that he had aroused in her a sudden and flattering interest in himself. He became a little eager, he became gallant . . .

■ Suddenly she interrupted him.

"I'm being absurd," she told him. "Quite absurd. I've been trying to do something which can't be done—I see that now. I thought I was clever; and I owe you an explanation, if not an apology. You see, I asked Valentine Dormance, who is one of my best friends, to introduce you to me; and I asked her to slur my name so that you wouldn't understand it. I knew your wife wasn't coming here to-night. . . . I knew my husband wasn't coming until very late. I'm Lucile Andelot. I married your wife's divorced husband."

"What's that?" said Daniel, in amazement.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Exactly! It's simple enough. The Andelots were divorced. You married the wife—I the husband. You don't know my husband—I don't know your wife. But for three years, ever since I've been married, I've had a curiosity that kept growing keener all the time, that has now become irresistible, to know what sort of woman my husband's former wife was. I know she is pretty. I've seen her, at a distance, but I want to know what she is really like . . . whether she is intelligent, tender, gay. This evening I hoped to lead you to talk about her without telling you why I wanted you to do so. I was a fool, I should have known it was impossible. I have been stupid—now I must tell you the truth."

Recovering from his first astonishment, Daniel Larroy smiled faintly and looked for a long moment into her eyes.

"Are you jealous?" he asked her.

She blushed.

"I don't know," she said. "No. I don't think so. Or, at least, not of the present. I know very well that my husband loves me. But—oh, you understand me very well! Haven't you felt something of the sort yourself?"

■ He hesitated, reluctant to confess what he had never admitted even to himself. But he couldn't lie.

"Yes," he said, in a low tone. "I know only too well what you mean. I know I have no reason to be jealous. I know that for Jacqueline—my wife—the past doesn't count, that it never counted. She may have thought she was in love with her first husband. She wasn't. M. Andelot hurt her. He was jealous, tyrannical. . . . "

Lucile started. After all, he was talking about *her* husband.

"But it was *she* who was dictatorial, defiant—obstinate! She made scenes on all occasions, she forbade him to go out without her, *she* was tyrannical. . . . "

Daniel laughed, dryly.

"Jacqueline tyrannical! Oh, really! But she is sweetness itself. She has never contradicted me, never made any comment on anything I say or do. I'm here this evening—she thinks that is perfectly all right. Ah, no, she isn't jealous, but her first husband was jealous of *her*. . . ."

"So she has told you," said Lucile, scornfully.

"Just as he has told you the opposite," retorted Daniel.

They were silent, abruptly hostile. What was the truth? Had there been jealousy between M. Andelot and his first wife? Had it been a reciprocal jealousy, or if it were one-sided, which of them had been guilty? Why, now that they had married again, was neither jealous—he of Lucile, she of Daniel? Was it due to the growth of tolerance, to the experience learned in the course of a first, unhappy marriage? Or was it . . . the thought haunted them both . . . that Andelot and Jacqueline cared less the second time?

"Jacqueline wasn't in love with him," said Daniel, at length defiantly.

"How do you know?

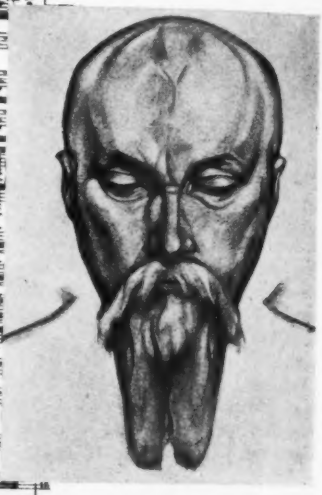
"I'm sure. She loves me too much to have loved anyone else." *(Continued on page 102)*

A momentous musical event

STRAVINSKY, by Picasso

MAN RAY

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG



ROERICH, by his son

ROBERT EDMOND JONES

STEICHEN

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

VANDAMM

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

MITCHELL

LÉONIDE MASSINE

▪ A formidable group of artists, under the auspices of The League of Composers, is presenting the masterpieces of two imposing modern composers at the Metropolitan Opera House on April twenty-second. ▪ Stravinsky's colossal *Sacre du Printemps*, which America has heard only in concerts heretofore, will be given in ballet form, and *Die Glückliche Hand*, by the great Viennese musician, Arnold Schönberg, is being introduced for the second part of the program. ▪ Leopold Stokowski is conducting both works, and the Philadelphia orchestra is participating in a stage production for the first time. ▪ Nicholas Roerich, to whom the score is dedicated, has designed the costumes and décor. He and Stokowski spent considerable time with the Russian composer working out new interpretations, and Léonide Massine, an early associate of Diaghileff, has arranged some remarkable choreographical effects. ▪ The rôle of the sacrificial virgin in the great *Danse Sacrale*, part of the score of which is reproduced above, will be performed by Martha Graham. ▪ Schönberg's parable is scored for an enormous orchestra, partly in the pit and partly behind the scenes. ▪ It will be directed by Rouben Mamoulian, whose work in staging *Porgy* for the Theatre Guild was so extraordinary, with Ivan Ivantzoff in the solo baritone rôle, Olin Howland as the sinister *Chimera*, and Doris Humphreys and Charles Weidman as the other two mimes ▪ The costumes and setting including the figure of the *Chimera* were designed by Robert Edmond Jones

Music and international amity

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

A scheme to help America abroad by prohibiting the export of jazz and spirituals from the homeland

■ A little while ago a charming American lady poured her tale of woe into my ear. She had just returned from Paris, where she had been the victim, like so many of her compatriots, of the ill-concealed insolence and the quite unconcealed avarice of the French hotel and shopkeepers. Why, she asked bitterly, were Americans treated like that? Unwilling to launch into an analysis of the psychological and moral characteristics of the Latin races, I could do no more than advise her to keep away from a country in which Americans—and indeed not only Americans—are so badly treated. After all, there are other countries in Europe, I said.

A few days after that, another valued American friend, in the course of a long, and, for me, delightful walk, opened his heart out to me on a similar subject. "We are not liked!", he said mournfully, at the end of a discussion of the affairs of the two hemispheres; and he implored me to tell him the reason. I hastened to reassure him. There was no prejudice, I said, against individual Americans, especially in my country; on the contrary, no foreign visitors to our shores were more personally popular, while those of us who had been in America had come away with the memory of courtesies and kindnesses that would be with us to our dying day. Nevertheless I had to admit that, while Americans are liked in Europe, America, broadly speaking, is not.

CHIMERA, sketch by Jones

My friend wanted to know the reasons for a state of affairs that grieved him. I did my best to remove a few elementary misapprehensions. It was not the new tariff that was answerable: after all, we recognise that business is business, even if it is bad business. Nor was it a question of war debts; America had a right to determine her own policy in that regard. Nor was it the little affair of the *I'm Alone*; on the contrary, the people of this country noted with something like respect and admiration that sober American officials can on occasion work themselves up into a state of bad temper that it would take a copious indulgence in strong drink to justify in an effete country like ours. Nor was it the fact that America had inflicted the League of Nations on us: except when the papers remind them of it, which, to their credit, is not often, the peoples of Europe have mostly forgotten the existence of that tomfool thing. Nor, I assured my friend on my honour, was it the delicious hanky-panky by which it is ensured, as far as is humanly possible, that boxing championships shall not quit American shores. We can appreciate a good joke; and anyhow, once more business is business, especially when it is big business.

■ No; the fact that America is "not liked" in Europe is due to none of these things. The root causes are two—jazz and spirituals, and of these two the greater is jazz. You may say, if you like, with Burke, that you "can't frame an indictment against a nation." Perhaps not, in the abstract; but in the concrete people can and do. Nations may respect each other, but in its heart of hearts no nation really "likes" another in the mass, however much individuals of one nation may like individuals of another. A nation hangs together by virtue of a thousand delicate threads woven out of its national temperament, its national habit, its history, its traditions, its culture, and its very love for, and dependence upon, these subtle filaments of the national soul make it to a large extent insensitive to, and suspicious of, the ultimate spiritual filaments of other nations *qua* nations. No nation thinks any other civilisation as good as its own; the most it can rise to is to admire exceedingly some particularly excellent foreign product, such as French prose, or German music, or Austrian *Gemüthlichkeit*, or American generosity and public spirit. It is well, then, when a foreign nation, *qua* nation, "stands for" something of this kind in foreign eyes; and the trouble with regard to America is that, for millions of Europeans who know nothing of America at first hand, what *she* "stands for" is jazz.

Until a few years ago, the average European knew little of America except that there was an enormous territory across the seas generally known by that title, with the inhabitants of which territory a certain amount of trade was carried on. Of the soul of America, what America stood for in the general culture-contribution, the average European knew next to nothing, especially in the non-English-speaking countries. Then came the great misfortune for America and for us. When America did at last force itself on the attention of Europe, when matters came to the point that other nations had to try to sum up America under a single formula, as is the naïve way of one nation with another, the formula that thrust itself upon the universal consciousness was jazz. For millions of Europeans, America means jazz and jazz means America; and to every thoughtful European, jazz is an infliction and an offense. For a time its novelty attracted; it had the piquancy of a new cocktail. In music, as in everything else after the war, most of the old bearings had been lost; and people were willing to try an idiom that at first seemed to hold out a certain promise of rejuvenation. But that mental stage soon passed. Jazz failed to produce any composers of its own who amounted to very much; while the European composers of standing who coquetted with it for a moment merely registered grotesque failures.

As time went on, the thing became more and more of a mechanical formula and more and more of an offence. Being for the most part the product of musical illiterates and vulgarians, it soon wearied even the plain man in Europe, to say nothing of the musicians, by its incompetence, its monotony and its banality. And, as if by the deliberate calculation of a malignant Demiurge bent on sowing the maximum dislike between Europe and America, the coming of jazz coincided with two other characteristically modern developments. One was big business; the other was radio. Big business took hold of jazz and established it in every place where a crowd congregated. Radio, following the dictates of big business and the line of least resistance, forced it into the home.

The upshot of it all has been that, for the first time in the history of the world, a foreign nation has come to be predominantly represented in the eyes of other nations by something that is an intolerable offence to them. A local development of a similar kind in literature would have remained virtually unknown to the rest of the world, especially in countries that spoke another language. It is the peculiarity of *(Continued on page 98)*

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

Anita Page

An actress whose vivacity points the grave humour of Buster Keaton in his talking film "Free and Easy"

• Three years ago Anita Page, then a student in the Washington Irving High School in New York interrupted the course of learning long enough to make the customary dramatic decision that comes once to every high-school girl, that she would become an actress. A small part in a picture called *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* launched her screen career and, encouraged by this slender beginning Miss Page, with a bad cold in the head, took a test for the rôle of feminine lead opposite William Haines in *Telling the World*. She got that part too, and it led to others, notably in *Our Dancing Daughters, The Broadway Melody,* and *Our Modern Maidens.* With all the brisk responsibility of building a career, she yet found time, during the year 1929, to become that occult creature, a Wampas Baby Star

Two-time

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

A clever woman's devious designs make at least one angle of a triangle too acute for comfort

• Nineteen thousand—nineteen thousand, five hundred—twenty thousand. Mona Veneris, looking up from the writing-table, caught her reflection in the carved Florentine mirror that hung above it, and with the hand that held the silver pencil anxiously smoothed a line from her forehead. The doctor had told her that she *must* relax. But how was she to relax, how ever to escape from this small, impending doom of white paper that, terrible in its simplicity, lay before her?

She owed, to various shops, dressmakers and tradespeople, twenty thousand dollars. And she had six hundred and thirty-seven dollars in the bank.

It was not that her husband was ungenerous; her allowance was as large as that of any woman she knew. But she needed more, somehow, than they did. George couldn't seem to understand that her kind of beauty was difficult to dress, that her feet were too narrow for any but custom-made shoes, that her health required massage . . . there were a hundred things that made her different from other women—and more expensive.

• There had been a scene, the last time, over her unpaid bills, and George had paid them reluctantly. But he had said flatly, then, that if she ever got into debt again, she would have to get herself out of it alone.

"I shall put a notice in all the papers," George had said, starkly, "that I will not, in future, be responsible for my wife's debts." She remembered the ugly bone that sprang out in his jaw when he had told her that. She knew then that he meant it. And his contempt for her had been exceeded only by her contempt for him, which was simply colossal, being the contempt of an unreasonable woman for a reasonable man.

Frightened, she had tried to economize after that. But she found it impossible to make her life over entirely, and as she had organized it, it cost a great deal. So she had sunk once more, gradually, into the warm, falsely soothing sea of extravagance, and these bills were the result—not only bills, but grim, insinuating letters from wary merchants who probably, she thought, brooded darkly upon her as they lay awake of nights in their comfortable houses built by the customers who, unlike her, promptly paid their bills.

There was only one envelope that did not contain a request for payment; an advertisement from some obscure firm of jewelers, ironical in its suggestion that she buy more jewels. Mona pushed it aside. Obviously, she could not go to George again about her bills; his last announcement had been final. She wished now that she hadn't lied to him about so many of her accounts, pretending that they had been paid. Once in debt, she reflected, it was almost impossible to get clear of it unless one were allowed to start afresh; and now, in addition to the bills acquired since she and George had discussed it, last, there were those she had withheld from him, had lied to him about so that her fault might seem less. She had, too, pawned or sold as many of her jewels as she dared—forfeiting some of them to the pawnbrokers because she hadn't enough money to pay the interest.

Her thoughts, aching in her mind, turned to Jacques. He would want to help her. He was always sending her presents—an ancient ivory, a jewelled boudoir clock, a goddess in crystal—and there was, with each gift, the suggestion that he would like to give her more. But she had never dared ask him for money; his tender (and, to her) ridiculous reverence for her would have revolted at that.

Desperately, she raised her eyes to the mirror that hung above her. But it reflected none of the panic in her heart—only the cool thoughtfulness of her face; a face that had—in the high tension of the upper lip, the thin arch of the nostrils and the carriage of the dark head, held always high and a little back—an eager, receptive quality that was, in some strange, definite way, insatiable.

To-morrow she would be thirty-one, and she was very tired. It was curious, she often thought, that life, which begins so spontaneously and naturally should be maintained with success—for a woman, at least—only by a complicated structure of artifice, a series of spectacular poses.

She hid the bills hurriedly in a drawer, as her husband stood in the doorway. Mona closed her eyes over the impatience in them. Tall and a little gaunt, George was fond of describing himself as "fair-minded", and always came into a room as though he were looking for something unpleasant. This was through no fault of his own; it was the way his nose was built.

"Birthday present," he said briefly; "it's to-morrow, isn't it?"

• She saw that his hand was outstretched, and that from it a diamond necklace rippled like water in sunlight, swinging and sparkling as the warm, swift wings of colour from its depths flew over the mirror, the wall, the surface of the table.

"George, darling!" . . . but after the first moment of pleasure, her interest was entirely in the contemplation of the necklace and not at all in George. She could at no time think amiably of a man who admired her so little.

But the necklace was beautiful. He clasped it around her throat, and dropped a kiss, as brief and as direct as an incision on the top of her head.

"That's for being a good girl, and paying all your bills," he said, peacefully; then added, his eyebrow suddenly acute, "they *are* all paid?"

"Of course, George!" She lied to him so automatically that it did not even interrupt her absorption in the necklace.

He was looking at himself in the glass, leaning close, flattening the hair at his temple, feeling his jaw as though he had just invented it. "Are we dining home to-night?"

Mona turned to him swiftly, her hand still at her throat. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I promised to dine out to-night. . . . I thought you'd be playing bridge, or something. . . ."

"That's all right. Who are you going out with—Jake?"

"His name is *Jacques*, dear."

• He was turning the pages of a magazine on the table. "His name is Jacob Rice, and I'll bet his wife calls him Jake. I don't see—" he was speaking slowly now, apparently interested in the magazine. "I don't really see why you have to go to dinner with him every time he asks you."

She looked at him sharply. "Well, I *don't* have to—but he's so nice, I hate to hurt his feelings. And his wife will never go anywhere—she's simply impossible." She laughed ungracefully, moving the crystal bottles on her dressing table.

George put the magazine down. "Well. Have a good time." He waved a thin, vague hand at her, and was gone.

Alone, Mona put up her hand again to feel the rich frost of diamonds at her throat. But her face was dark with discontent. If only George had given her the money instead!

She dared not sell the necklace, nor replace it with an imitation. George was cleverer than she, she reflected, when she had dressed and her maid was holding the chinchilla wrap—still unpaid for—that would accent the devious simplicity of her long black velvet gown. Even it Jacques were to give her an expensive birthday present, she would not dare sell that either, for fear of being discovered. Her hand shook with nervousness as she caught up her evening bag, a crisp circle of rhinestones. A white card, brushed from the table, fluttered to the floor, and Mona looked at it vaguely. Then she smiled, slowly. But it was not until she was in the taxi that was taking her to meet Jacob Rice that she unclasped the diamond necklace from her throat and hid it in a pocket of the rhinestone bag.

Mona's deprecations were always pretty to watch—small, perfect gestures, made of swiftly curving brows and a pensive circle of the mouth. Now she swayed like a flower toward Jacob Rice, sitting at a table for two in a restaurant just ugly enough to be the smartest in New York. "But you mustn't think of giving me a birthday *(Continued on page 114)*

DR. JOHN OLIVER GOGARTY

GEORGE W. RUSSELL, "Æ"

WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Four great Irish contemporaries; photographs by Robert H. Davis

■ **DR. JOHN OLIVER GOGARTY,** physician, poet, playwright, patriot. In the birth of the Irish Republic he was the storm center of the Senate; under armed guard, he was taken to be executed by a firing squad. He swam the Liffey River under fire, and in commemoration of his escape placed upon the historic stream a pair of swans. Aviation is his pastime.

■ **WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE,** First President of the Irish Free State. The mildest looking citizen in Dublin and the hardest to handle. An English war correspondent in Ireland reported that "Cosgrave looks like a white mouse and barks like a wolf." He is convinced that a standard size for Irish eggs is of more importance than the variant interpretations of political formulae.

■ **GEORGE W. RUSSELL, "Æ"** Poet, artist, philosopher, agriculturist, architect, statesman. To his retreat on the third floor of Plunket House in Dublin, come sooner or later all the great intellects. Æ declares that among the writers of English, Kipling alone, through his *Jungle Book*, will survive the century. He once referred to Shaw as "that dear, shy man."

■ **WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS,** poet, dramatist, artist and winner of the Nobel Prize for idealistic literature. His *Wanderings of Oisin and Other Poems* which appeared in 1889 when Yeats was in his twenty-fourth year signalized the beginning of the Irish Renaissance. W. B. Yeats and "W. Bird" who draws pictures for *London Punch* are one and the same person.

My severe attack of whimsy

BY ROGER DU BÉARN

Wherein it is shown that too much fancy, like a little wisdom, is a dangerous thing

■ "Crumbs," said I, "toast-crumbs, cannot be swept out of a bed. You must burn the bed."

"Ah?" said she.

"Yes," said I.

"Oh!" said she.

. . . and so on, for at least thirteen paragraphs, equally long, which constitute Chapter I. It must be laid (and laid on thick) in Sussex or Surrey or Surrogate (the famous court of fashion). It *is* there, in fact, and I am a languid blond youth who drawls pleasantly in faultless flannels. These must be worn carelessly, so carelessly that one is in perpetual danger of arrest for indecent exposure, and the audience in perpetual hopes of the same eventuality. The chief reason I am not taken in by the constable, however, is that I never leave Shoddymanse Old Park, or whatever the delicious rambling Tudor country-house is called.

The girl is named Edith and must be a tall blonde, unless she happens to be a small brunette. A large brunette, or for that matter, a small blonde, can never be whimsical. We two young people, naturally, are in love, but carelessly, whimsically, like our clothes. That is to say, we never get beyond holding hands and chaffing. We chaff each other blue in the face and pink in the gills, trying to do it and look indifferent at the same time. It is not so easy as it looks. For one thing, we are on the rack thinking up ungrammatical replies to each other's unfinished sentences. For another, we must suspend our audience for the length of a "thin volume" that "never fails to be charming, whimsical, and $1.50 net."

■ So we go on something like this. (We are now in the midst of Chapter Fourteen, but the order of chapters is as arbitrary as that of the sentences.)

"Oh, as for that," says Edith.

"Yes?"

"Why, ever since . . . I've felt . . ." She pushes the invisible world over the side of the small punt. (You see, we are on the Brwhshll, that charming, whimsical little stream which crosses Shoddymanse Old Park along an avenue of willows.) I continue digging the river-bed with a long pole, then,

"Felt . . . semi-detached?" I venture, not knowing in the least how she feels.

"Hmmm. . . . That's it," she replies, looking up into my face, perhaps to get a hint of what we are talking about.

"If one only knew . . ." (This is safe ground.)

"The cause?"

"The reason!"

"Perhaps I can . . ."

"You might . . ." (She looks coy—or is it my move?) "but you won't . . ."

"May I ask?"

"Why? Naturally . . . why, er—because now really you're a great deal too whims—"

Her narrow escape from an intelligible reply rocks the boat perilously. "I may be two whims, or even three," I reply a little lamely, "but I hate a ducking . . . flannels shrink so . . ." And I bring the punt under a willow, while you go on to Chapter Seven.

After two or three thin-volumes at one-fifty net, you, Dear Reader, are no longer confused. You expect certain things, and get them, or know the reason why. You get innumerable picnic-parties and boating-parties, and garden-parties, and house-parties, and hunting-parties, and barn-parties, and cricket-parties, and masquerade-parties. It makes little difference what the setting, you get your legal dosage of whims.

The course of true whimsy does not always run smooth.

■ The suspense in our affections is as trying to us as it may be titillating to you. It is true we are helped out by Edith's father, an old fool who happens to be the Prime Minister, but even so, there is a limit to human stupidity. I cannot conscientiously say Edith's father is the limit.

At any rate, he is good enough to refuse his consent to our marriage, which ought to last about ten chapters—the refusal, I mean. To clinch it, in the middle of Chapter Fifty-Two, Edith, pointing in my general direction, says:

"Papa, please buy the brute for me."

"He . . . he doesn't growl properly," answers the old gentleman. Whereupon I proceed to crawl on all fours and vindicate myself.

"I didn't mean quite that," says the Prime Minister. "You growl very nicely, Roger, very nicely indeed. The truth is, when I spoke in the House last week about reducing the Navy's gross tonnage, a member of the Opposition buttonholed me, "Speaking of gross tonnage," he said, "I should like to marry your daughter."

"Well?" asks Edith breathlessly.

"Well, I didn't quite see what he was driving at just then, and I'm afraid I pledged the Government would take all measures necessary to insure the execution of his statesman-like suggestion."

"That was rather stupid," I break in, with immense relief, and to put the old man at his ease.

"Ah, but the worst of it is, Roger, I don't half remember the fellow's name!"

The Member of the Opposition is a well-kept, beef-red fellow of fifty who, we have decided, at any moment, will come to claim his promised bride. The affair, in its innocent whimsical way, assumes imperial proportions. If the poor girl refuses him, the Government will be ousted, papa will be one of the unemployed, and I shall have to advertise for another heiress. . . . Whimsy, as Edith once beautifully said, is but the film of romance over the badly-brushed teeth of tragedy.

And yet, there is worse. That is when Edith and I quarrel. We occasionally play cricket, just the two of us, as you know, having borrowed a wicket from the railway-station and a bowler from the footman; or we disconnectedly discourse with the gardener about his golden laudanum in bloom; then it is that we disagree. Edith does something that isn't cricket, and I *pick* a flower when she insists that they ought to be *pulled*. We are too lazy to be anything but good-natured, and we try to make-up, but since we can't kiss, our efforts end in failure.

"Perhaps you'll find me less nerve-wracking, now," she begins, none too hopefully.

"I trust so. But I'm not making any promises: my nerves are so independent."

"Well, it's nice of you to admit it. It takes all the ugliness out of their behavior."

"I'm really sorry. I know I sound formal, but I am,—I mean, formal—no! Sorry,—I meant sorry, not formal. Anyway, it isn't nerves."

"No?"

"No. It's just that—oh! you had better go into the house quickly, or I shall say something I mean and insult you, all in one breath."

"I won't mind, so long as you don't ask me why."

"Oh, but I will. Because you'll look puzzled, and I shall say, 'Why?' and you'll say, 'Why, what?' and I shall reply, 'Never mind' or 'Dammitall!', perhaps both."

"That would be *lovely*."

■ "Yes, with the family trooping out to look for the corpse."

"What corpse?"

"There you go! *Your* corpse. Can't you think that far ahead? It's only going to be a few minutes . . ."

"If you don't mind, Roger, I'll go in and call for the police."

"Not now, they're probably busy."

"This is important, though."

"I attach not the slightest significance to the incident, and you may quote me as saying so."

"Rather difficult, when I'm a corpse."

"Anything is possible, and with you, I should say, likely."

"Are you trying to quarrel, Roger?"

"It's hard enough *(Continued on page 90)*

STEICHEN

Clark and McCullough

The irrepressible pair of comedians in "Strike Up the Band" discuss some finer points of strategy

The enchanted coffer

BY CLAUDE ANET

The story of a little iron chest, a red shield and a dynasty that survived the Hapsburgs and Romanoffs

■ I was strolling down the wide and lively streets of Frankfort-on-Main. It is a busy and prosperous city, offering many attractions, notably one of the finest museums in Germany. Frankfort has also had its great men. When one has the honour to be a man of letters, one cannot forget that a Prince of our republic was born here, and spent the years of his youth and adolescence here.

I never pass through Frankfort without paying a visit to Goethe's house. His family was solidly established in the esteem and prosperity of the community when Wolfgang was born, and the house is that of a comfortable bourgeois of the XVIIIth century. Here he was awakened to life. The first ineffaceable emotions that stirred in his breast, he experienced in this house. The first young girl he loved was called Gretchen. Do we not find this name in *Faust*, and is it not little Gretchen of the red hands who will preserve longest the name of Goethe from oblivion?

But was young Goethe aware, while he was manoeuvring his puppets and serving his dramatic apprenticeship in the attic under the paternal roof, that in a part of the town remote from that which he inhabited, in the ghetto, where doubtless he seldom had occasion to go, there was a child a few years older than he whose name would become celebrated? It is very likely that for forty years at least, Goethe never heard this name pronounced that one day would resound around the world. And when he did hear it, he was already at the height of his glory, and could not divine that the Jew who was but occasionally mentioned outside of Frankfort's business world would be more universally known than Goethe himself, to whom all Germany had payed homage.

■ This Jew was of the most obscure origin, and born into the utmost poverty. At an age when young Goethe lived in luxury, Anselm Mayer thought of becoming a rabbi, and was studying the Torah. In a *yeshivah* in the little town of Furth, he knelt, prostrating his thin body forwards and back. Subtle discussions on the problems which the Torah propounds, they say, develop intellectual shrewdness. Anselm Mayer did not become a rabbi, but was lucky enough to be sent to work in a Hamburg bank. Later he returned to Frankfort. Goethe was studying law in Leipzig when Anselm Mayer married a woman as poor as himself, and opened a shop in the ghetto. Over the door of this little shop, he hung a distinctive sign, "like a trade mark," a shield cut in stone, and painted red, a *Roth-schild*.

At that time there was a ghetto in Frankfort. It has disappeared long since. Or rather, I believe that all Frankfort has become Jewish, and that if there were any separate quarter, it would need to be constructed for the Christians.

Anselm Mayer's wife kept the shop, while her husband hawked the countryside as a peddler. The country was not always safe. But Anselm Mayer was armed only with an umbrella, which never left his hand. Gradually he widened the scope of these journeyings, and established contacts in Frankfort. In this family, a penny was a penny. "There are no small profits" had been the slogan of already large and prosperous houses. At that time there were small profits only for this clever and avid couple, but nevertheless Anselm Mayer managed to set a little money aside, and this money in turn was put to work. He was energetic, kept his commitments, and he was also fortunate in his business dealings. In time he became a power in Frankfort.

■ It was only then, I believe, that he bought the house in the *Judengasse* which is still standing there, one of the curiosities of the city. Its acquisition must have made a great impression at the time, because small as it was, it was the house of an already successful man, of a property owner. It is just the same today as it was then . . . piously preserved by the powerful family of the barons Rothschild. The street has changed its name, but the house is there, with the shield—*Schild*, on which the red has worn away, sculptured over the door. Next to the Rothschild house is a similar one, under the sign of a ship—Schiff. The Schiffs have also been heard of in the business world, but mostly in America, while our aristocratic family of barons of the red shield have always remained in Europe. When Anselm Mayer installed himself in the *Judengasse*, he had already earned the respect of men of affairs in Frankfort. Then came the troubled times unloosed on Europe by the French Revolution. The thrones of Europe began to tremble on their foundations.

It is interesting to note that epochs of great political or social crises do not frighten the Jews. They have seen too many such times since they were driven from their country two thousand years ago, to wander, buffeted about, over the world. The independent Jew having no ties, extricates himself with little trouble from convulsions in which fixed and crystallized social classes struggle helplessly. His lively, subtle intelligence quickly realizes how profits may be realized from situations which present themselves in such stormy hours. That is why the Jews have often been accused of creating these very disturbances, and of sowing the seeds of revolution. I do not think that this accusation is well founded. In eastern Europe there is a numerous and poverty-stricken Jewish proletariat. Nothing could be more natural than that revolution would be welcome there. That was clearly demonstrated in the Russian Revolution which broke out twelve years ago, and which is not yet over. But the prosperous merchants of Western Europe, and of America, the bankers of Wall Street, the City, and the *Bourse*, have absolutely no wish to destroy a social order which has enriched them, and over which they exercise a powerful influence.

■ However that may be, Anselm Mayer knew how to profit by the disorders that followed in the wake of the French Revolution. The Sambre and the Meuse armies led by Hoche, crossed the Rhine. The little German princes, not at all anxious to endure the rigors of war, fled. Some of them needed money. Where were they to get it, if not from those clever fellows in the *Judengasse* who always managed to have it in their coffers? Anselm Mayer loaned money against safe securities, *châteaux*, villages, farms, which no matter how severe the storm, could not melt away.

One of these princes, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, had an enormous gold reserve. How was he to get it away? Where could he leave it in safety? He deposited it with the bankers, but for the most part, with Anselm Mayer, in 1794. Two millions *florins* passed into the hands of the former peddler. When some years later the prince elector of Hesse-Cassel returned for them, the two million *florins* had produced several millions more in the clever hands of Anselm Mayer. During all the period of the revolutionary wars, he employed the money thus gained, not for the service of one cause, one party, one country, but to his own advantage. He loaned to the allies, and to Napoleon. He clad the soldiers without bothering himself to ask the color of their uniforms; he provisioned them without looking under what flag they marched. Amazingly well-informed, he doubled his fortune because he was the first in London to know the result of the Battle of Waterloo. In 1815, he was one of the richest men in Europe, and by the grace of the Emperor of Austria, was granted the title of baron for himself and his issue.

This story, this essentially modern fairy tale, in which a demi-god appears in the picturesque garb of a peddler armed with an umbrella, I recalled while walking through the narrow rooms of the little house in the *Judengasse*. Nothing was changed here—there were the wooden staircase, the pine boards, the earthenware stoves, the small windows, the back- *(Continued on page 94)*

Un chaste poète

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

Application pratique de la théorie qu'en amour il vaut toujours mieux se savoir coupable qu'utile

• EDITOR'S NOTE: It is, of course, a distinct departure for *Vanity Fair* to publish a story in French. However, so many readers have requested the Editors to publish stories from time to time in untranslated form that it has been decided to print *Un Chaste Poète* by way of experiment. It is hoped that this gay little story will be received with pleasure by our Francophile readers

• Chaque jeudi, Léopold Isoreau arrivait à sept heures chez son vieil ami, le docteur Angoulevant. Tandis que celui-ci continuait d'écrire: "Tu permets mon vieux?", Léopold lui servait, en guise d'apéritif, tout un lot de mauvaises nouvelles:

—Tu vieillis, Auguste . . . tu vieillis d'une semaine sur l'autre; c'est curieux! . . . On a fait un article contre toi. . . . Oh! dans un petit canard de médecine . . . mais qui est très lu. Veux-tu le voir? Je l'ai sur moi. . . . Il n'y va pas avec le dos de la cuiller, le cochon qui a écrit ça. . . . Dis, Auguste, tes "Ruggersfontein" ont encore baissé. Je t'ai apporté la cote, à tout hasard. . . . Tu ne m'entends pas? Ton oreille droite est un peu paresseuse, hein? Est-ce rigolo! Tu t'imagines que l'on ne s'en aperçoit pas. . . . As-tu un moment pour lire cet article, mon cher?

• Léopold. . . . Un véritable ami, franc comme l'or, le cœur sur la main et qui n'avait point hésité à donner son opinion quand Auguste, quinquagénaire, s'etait mis dans la tête d'épouser une petite blonde, immatérielle, inconsistante, romanesque, beaucoup trop jolie et qui aurait pu être sa fille. "A ta place, j'hésiterais. Les Hindous n'augurent rien de bon du mariage de l'ours avec la gazelle!" Son couvert restant mis une fois par semaine, il finit par se résigner. Même, il reporta sur Yvette l'affection bizarre qu'il manifestait à Auguste. Il était toujours le premier à lui annoncer que sa robe lui allait mal, que telle amie la décriait ou que sa cuisinière se montrait au-dessous de sa tâche.

Ce jeudi-là, Léopold arriva si frémissant que le bon docteur eut un sursaut d'inquiétude et lui demanda ingénument:

—Comment ça va-t-il . . . ici?

—Prends donc l'existence au sérieux, lui conseilla l'autre.

—La vie n'est pas si mauvaise! Il y a le soleil, les fleurs, le travail, les femmes. . . .

—Je n'aime pas les femmes, et si je suis resté célibataire, c'est à bon escient. Garder auprès de soi une bête qui essaiera de vous mordre dès qu'on aura confiance en elle? . . . Je laisse ça aux imbéciles—ou aux gens plus forts que nous. Pour être un mari, il convient d'avoir du sang de dompteur dans les veines. . . . Non, je n'aime pas les femmes. C'est raisonné. En toutes circonstances, je prends le parti des hommes. Cela m'ennuie de les trouver si crédules. . . . Je suis clairvoyant. Quand je vois une femme qui se prépare à trahir, je siffle entre mes dents un air de chasse. A l'intéressé de comprendre, s'il a un peu de perspicacité.

—Léopold, où veux-tu en venir, mon ami? murmura le docteur.

—A rien. On cause. Je t'expose ma façon de penser, voilà tout. Donc, je siffle un petit air de chasse. . . . Un homme averti en vaut deux. . . . D'autant que si la chose n'est pas consommée, le mari a mille façons de se tirer d'affaire.

—Crois-tu?

—Goethe affirme qu'il faut vouloir mourir pour mourir. J'estime qu'il faut vouloir être trompé pour l'être. Mais oui, mon vieux: à l'aurore de tous les cocuages, il y a une petite lâcheté, une petite faiblesse de l'homme qui est enchanté de trouver sa femme gracieuse, docile, de ne plus avoir de scènes et de pouvoir travailler tranquillement. Il a laissé s'introduire le Sigisbée qui est devenu Minotaure. Halte-là! Avec mon œil de psychologue, j'ai vite fait de découvrir. . . .

• —Yvette va venir, balbutia docteur Angoulevant. . . . Nous avons à dîner M. Claude-Alexandre Colomieux, ce jeune poète, tu sais . . . qui dit si bien les vers. . . . Sois aimable avec lui.

—Tu peux y compter, ricana Léopold.

Le médecin observa tout d'abord sa jeune femme qui arriva, chargée de rires et de parfums, tendit au pique-assiettes une main nonchalante et offrit son front calme au baiser de l'époux. Ce fut, ensuite, l'entrée désinvolte, l'entrée familière et dansante, si l'on peut s'exprimer ainsi, du ravissant Claude-Alexandre Colomieux, que ses vers semblaient tracasser jusqu'au moment où il les exhalait le plus harmonieusement du monde, un coude sur la cheminée, l'œil cherchant, par-dessus les vagues têtes humaines, un impossible horizon.

—Vous voilà, vous! . . . lui dit Yvette avec une maussaderie qui avait la douceur défaillante d'un aveu.

Le délicieux aède s'assit comme on s'évanouit et s'éventa en soupirant. Il se sentait malade, très malade, et il émit le projet de consulter quelque jour le docteur, car il avait peur de devenir aveugle comme Homère, éprouvait des vertiges comme Pascal et craignait d'avoir la poitrine faible comme Molière. Tandis qu'il se lamentait, Yvette le suivait d'un tel regard que Léopold se mit à siffler un air de chasse, exactement les *Adieux de la forêt*.

—Tu te crois dans une écurie? s'écria le docteur Angoulevant, bouleversé.

Après cette manifestation, l'ami incomparable fit preuve d'une gaieté inaccoutumée qui fusait en éclats de rire aigres et pointus.

—L'insupportable bonhomme! dit Yvette quand il se fut retiré.

—Il m'aime! rétorqua le mari.

Et il contemplait avec anxiété le manège de Claude-Alexandre, qui bombait du thorax et parlait de choses poétiques avec les inflexions de voix les plus tendres. Après des considérations subtiles sur l'amour, l'amitié, les nuits de printemps et l'art contemporain, le jeune poète s'étant évaporé, le docteur se retira dans son cabinet de travail et Yvette se déshabilla rêveusement, l'âme et le cœur encore pleins de tant de jolis mots. Claude-Alexandre Colomieux avait trouvé le moyen de lui glisser:

—Quand pourrai-je vous trouver seule?

Elle avait répondu:

—Seule? Pourquoi? Mais c'est insensé! . . . Demain vendredi, mon mari a une consultation en ville, de deux à trois heures. . . . Mon Dieu, c'est presque un rendez-vous que je vous donne.

Elle se déshabillait donc lentement et en rougissant quelque peu—comme si elle se déshabillait pour quelqu'un qui l'attendait. Elle pensa à cette expression désuète, mais significative: "les feux de l'amour". En la pressant: "Quand pourrai-je vous trouver seule?" son poète était tout illuminé d'un feu rose qui lui seyait à ravir; ses prunelles étincelaient. Elle ne put s'empêcher de songer à un amour délicat, fait d'enlacements précieux, de paroles ailées et de baisers purs. A ce moment, le médecin vint lui donner un bonsoir de père et réintégra son cabinet, où il couchait.

Le lendemain, Claude-Alexandre Colomieux fut exact. Il entendait forcer à la hussarde la vertu de cette petite bourgeoise et il se montra tout de suite brûlant de fièvre et consumé de passion. Il allait sacrifier le pli de son pantalon en se traînant à genoux sur le tapis, quand le docteur Angoulevant parut à l'improviste. Le patient au chevet de qui on l'avait appelé était mort sans l'attendre, ce qui, émit-il d'un ton plaisant, constituait une grave impolitesse. Tandis qu'il parlait, une idée subite l'illumina, une de ces idées qui viennent dans les cas désespérés.

• —Sans doute, dit-il au jeune poète, veniez-vous pour me consulter?

—Mais certainement, s'empressa de répondre Claude-Alexandre.

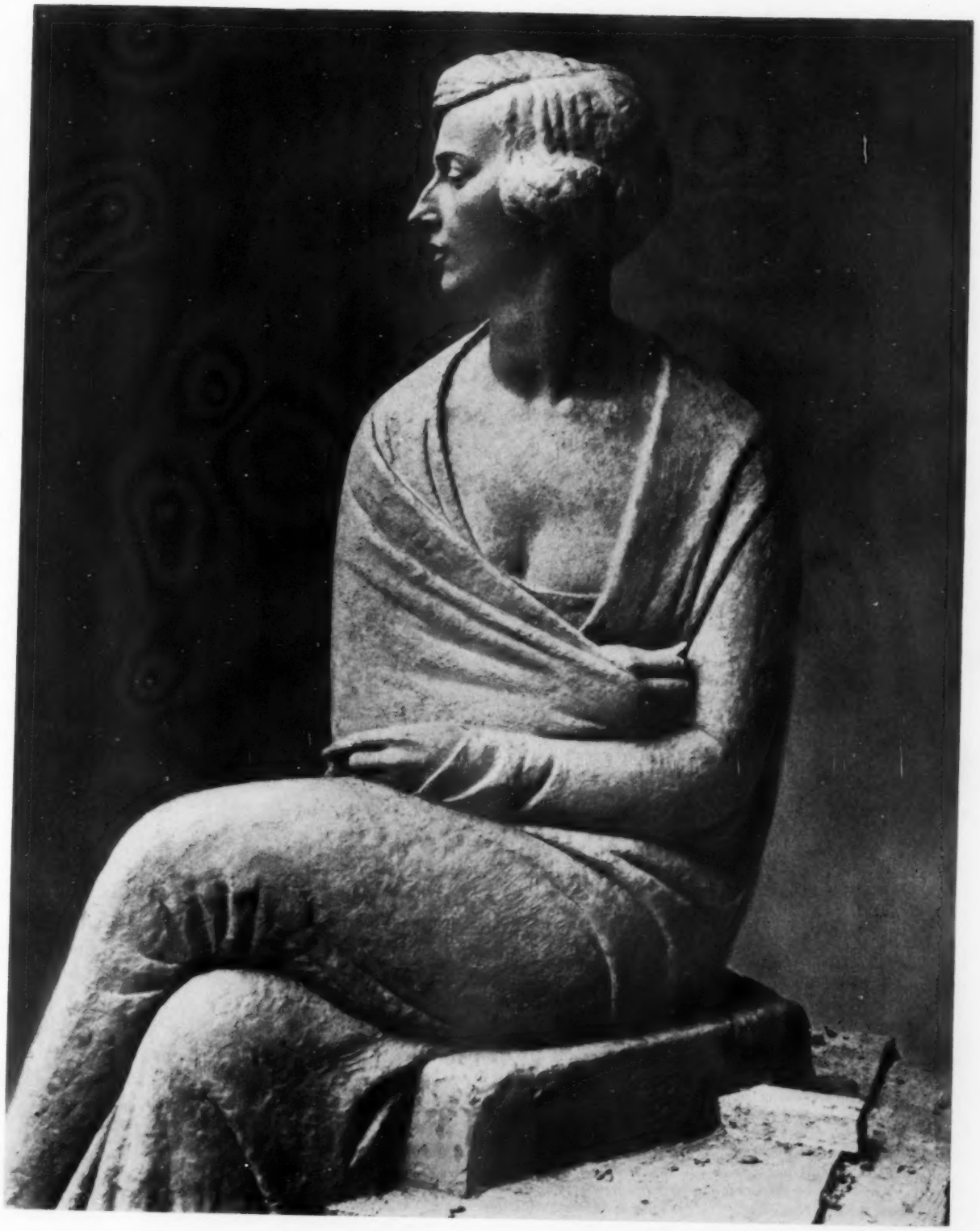
Et il suivit le médecin qui, après l'avoir interrogé sur les malaises dont il était atteint, lui interdit la cigarette et lui rédigea une quelconque ordonnance.

Le soir, Yvette demanda à son mari.

—Qu'avait-il donc de si grave, M. Colomieux?

Le docteur répondit d'un ton léger:

—Baste! Il n'est pas malade! . . . Au contraire! . . . Il se *(Continued on page 104)*



Portrait of a lady, by Ivan Meštrović

Life-size figure in bronze by the Jugo-Slav artist, one of the four greatest living sculptural masters

Art and the obvious

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

A reproach to our modern artists for refusing to give the public what it wants in matters of aesthetics

■ All great truths are obvious truths. But not all obvious truths are great truths. Thus it is to the last degree obvious that life is short and destiny uncertain. It is obvious that, to a great extent, happiness depends on oneself and not on external circumstances. It is obvious that parents generally love their children and that men and women are attracted one to another in a variety of ways. It is obvious that most people enjoy the country and are moved by the varying aspects of nature to feel elation, awe, tenderness, gaiety, melancholy. It is obvious that most people are attached to their homes and countries, to the beliefs which they were taught in childhood and the moral code of their tribe. All these are obvious truths and all are great truths, because they are universally significant, because they refer to fundamental characteristics of human nature.

■ But there is another class of obvious truths —the obvious truths which, lacking eternal significance and having no reference to the fundamentals of human nature cannot be called great truths. Thus, it is obvious to anyone who has ever been there or even remotely heard of the place, that there are a great many automobiles in New York and a number of very lofty buildings. It is obvious that evening frocks are longer this year and that very few men wear top hats or high starched collars. It is obvious that you can fly from London to Paris in two and a half hours, that there is a periodical called the *Saturday Evening Post*, that the earth is round and that Mr. Wrigley makes chewing gum. In spite of their obviousness, at any rate, at the present time—for a time may come when evening frocks, whether long or short, will not be worn at all and when the motor car will be a museum curiosity, like the machines in Erewhon—these truths are not great truths. They might cease to be true without human nature being in the least changed in any of its fundamentals.

Popular art makes use, at the present time, of both classes of obvious truths—of the little obviousnesses as well as the great. Little obviousnesses fill (at a moderate computation) quite half of the great majority of contemporary novels, stories, and films. The great public derives an extraordinary pleasure from the mere recognition of familiar objects and circumstances. It tends to be somewhat disquieted by works of pure phantasy, whose subject matter is drawn from other worlds than that in which it lives, moves and has its daily being. Films must have plenty of real Ford cars and genuine policemen and indubitable trains. Novels must contain long descriptions of exactly those rooms, those streets, restaurants and shops and offices with which the average man and woman are most familiar. Each reader, each member of the audience must be able to say—with what a solid satisfaction!—"Ah, there's a real Ford, there's a policeman, that's a drawing room exactly like the Brown's drawing-room". Recognizableness is an artistic quality which most people find profoundly thrilling.

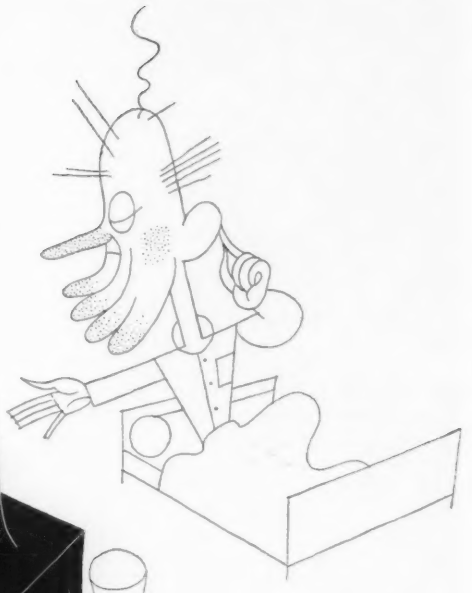
Nor are small obvious truths the only obviousnesses appreciated by the public at large. It also demands the great obvious truths. It demands from the purveyors of art the most definite statements as to the love of mothers for children, the goodness of honesty as a policy, the uplifting effects produced by the picturesque beauties of nature on tourists from large cities, the superiority of marriages of affection to marriages of interest, the brevity of human existence, the beauty of first love and so forth. It requires a constantly repeated assurance of the validity of these great obvious truths. And the purveyors of popular art do what is asked of them. They state the great, obvious, unchanging truths of human nature—but state them, alas, in most cases with an emphatic incompetence, which, to the sensitive makes their affirmations exceedingly distasteful and even painful. Thus, the fact that mothers love their children is, as I have pointed out, one of the great obvious truths. But when this great obvious truth is affirmed in a nauseatingly treacly mammy-song, in a series of soulful close-ups, in a post-Wilcoxian lyric or a page of magazine-story prose, the sensitive can only wince and avert their faces, blushing with a kind of vicarious shame for the whole of humanity.

■ The great obvious truths have often, in the past, been stated with a repellent emphasis, in tones that made them seem—for such is the almost magical power of artistic incompetence—not great truths, but great and frightful lies. But never in the past have these artistic outrages been so numerous as at present. This is due to several causes. To begin with, the spread of education, of leisure, of economic well-being has created an unprecedented demand for popular art. As the number of good artists is always strictly limited, it follows that this demand has been in the main supplied by bad artists. Hence the affirmations of the great obvious truths have been in general incompetent and therefore odious. It is possible, also, that the break-up of all the old traditions, the mechanization of work and leisure (from both of which creative effort has now, for the vast majority of civilized men and women, been banished) have had a bad effect on popular taste and popular emotional sensibility. But in any case, whatever the causes, the fact remains that the present age has produced a hitherto unprecedented quantity of popular art (popular in the sense that it is made *for* the people, but not —and this is the modern tragedy—*by* the people), and that this popular art is composed half of the little obvious truths, stated generally with a careful and painstaking realism, half of the great obvious truths, stated for the most part, since it is very difficult to give them a satisfactory expression, with an incompetence which makes them exceedingly repellent.

On the sensitive self-conscious artists of our age this state of affairs has had a curious and almost unprecedented effect: they have become afraid of the obvious. Afraid of the little obvious truths, from which however many, perhaps most of the artists of the past have turned with a certain contempt (for in the history of the art realism, in our sense of the word is a relatively rare phenomenon); afraid also of the great obvious truths, which have been, up till now, the subject matter of every considerable *(Continued on page 96)*

The jitters. After an evening in wine, Herbert finds that cups and saucers come alive and leap from his hand, and a mere passing cat can produce in his ganglia a state of utter and impenetrable chaos

The bubbles of last night's champagne are still making sprightly with Sydney. He will continue to caper until late afternoon, when it will all go pouf! and he will be found prone among somebody's galoshes



The shuddering hangover. Stuffed with bicarbonate, Lester will circulate anew among cocktail parties, to inquire passionately of the merrymakers if they know what that awful stuff is doing to their stomachs

Edrington, the Don Juan of the night before, is not so much Don as wan this morning—in fact, he would not wake up at all, if it were not for his pressing need to become reintoxicated before noon

Alfred, with a hangover, goes abruptly athletic, and sets out to walk off the stigma of yestereve. The idea is sturdy enough, its only disadvantage being that Alfred always ends by falling down with a crash

A tear for Talbot, who is finally finding out just what *he* did at the party. "Not only," hisses his informer, "did you put weasels in the ladies' dressing-room, you *practically* seduced the cook!"

SPASMS, JITTERS AND FITS BY DE LAVERERIE

Heavy, heavy hangover my head

Exit the Swell

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

The true definition of dandyism, with a pause to shed an immaculate tear for its departure

■ Dandyism started out to be a philosophy of dress and ended up by being the best-dressed of philosophies. It began by making the world cravat-conscious, and now—in its best moments—it is consciously using the world as a necktie-rack. By taking thought to the proper height of its hat-crown, dandyism has added a full cubit to human stature; and by insisting upon the primacy of elegance in mortal affairs it has given a brilliant rouge to the foolish face of society. Quite briefly, dandyism is the perfect formula for the civilized life, and the final triumph of manners over man.

"I hate dandies!" bellowed the late Joseph Pulitzer, stamping about the after-deck of his yacht as it emerged from a young hurricane headed straight for Florida. Then he whimpered plaintively: "They disconcert me so!" Whereupon he flew into a nautico-editorial rage and fired a trained secretary in mid-ocean, not because the secretary had failed to use the subjunctive in a contingent clause—no, no, this particular secretary had his syntax down cold—but because he had displayed a dandiacal elegance of manner in the recent hurricane. In fact, he had a better hurricane manner than his employer, and Mr. Pulitzer was just enough of an old meany to resent it. When a storm blew up he liked to see his secretaries scud for shelter or cower sickishly abaft the beam. But this particular secretary, being something of a dandy, declined to scud or cower. He refused to strike his urbane colors for a mere hurricane (though he afterwards told me that he hated oceans even in the best of weathers) and thereby achieved that victory of the formal over the normal which is the watermark of the real thing in artists, saints, conversations, and dandies.

■ I am glad this hurricane question came up so early in the semester, because it foreshadows what I shall be at some pains to prove:—that a dandy is as much a dandy in a simoon as in a saloon. Yes, typhoon or drawing-room, afoot or horseback, four-flush or full-house, the dandy is stamped with the faint yet unmistakable seal of his race—a stamp which all the tides of adversity cannot wash away, nor all the fires of hell's own poverty quite obliterate. For he has, above everything else, that charming faculty of being graceful under pressure, a faculty of which average citizen wots nothing at all. Pinch most human beings and you get a squeal. Twist the arm off a college football-player and you get a sickening grin. But crush the dandy to earth and a mildly unperturbed smile is all you'll possibly be able to get for your sadism.

Somehow a huge mistake concerning dandyism has crept into the record, and as a result this philosophy of the exquisite is popularly confused with a branch of the cloak and suit business. Well, I concede the fact that dandyism is interested—mightily and expertly interested—in the how, when, and what, of male attire. Thank heavens it is! When dandyism throws its infallible arm protectively about the designing and wearing of male clothing, mankind is spared the ghastly fluctuations and absurd anomalies that beset women's wear. For while women's clothing is originated in stuffy "ateliers" (yeah?) by professional designers who clip and be-flounce their product quite arbitrarily, mens' clothing is the quotient of a few choice spirits sending a divisor of utility into a dividend of creative leisure. Take for example that rainy day when Lord Raglan first appeared in a long, loose-fitting coat at Sandringham for a few practise shots. I claim that Lord Raglan at this point was a very complete and masterful dandy. No one had ever worn such a coat for such a purpose, but as it soon turned out, it was exactly the right coat for shooting in wet weather. It took all the practical and esthetic experience of a shooting nobleman to invent the raglan—but it took neither brains, nor experience, nor good taste for ten million non-shooters to wear that garment. Which illustrates the vast gulf that yawns between the aristocratic reality—which is dandyism—and the plebeian aping of that reality—which is foppery.

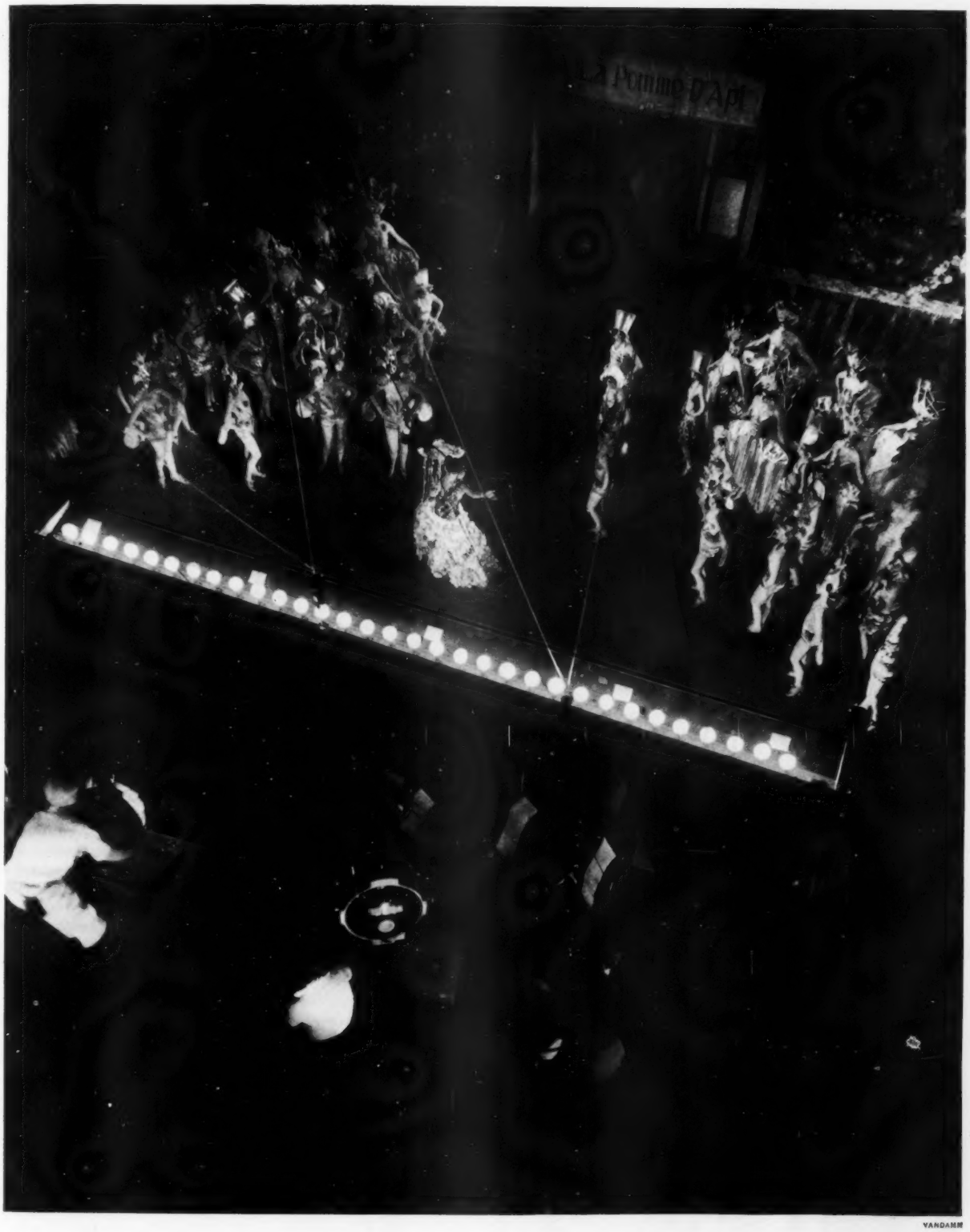
■ Dandyism is always right. The true dandy can do no sartorial wrong, even though he cuts directly athwart the usage of generations of well-dressed men. Consider for a moment the vogue of the soft-collared shirt, a fashion that would have been most distressing to the exquisites of Natty Willis's era. The soft-collared shirt originated, I believe, with a slight irritation on Mr. Edward Windsor's neck. On any other neck it would have been a boil, but on Mr. Windsor's neck it was strictly bulletined as a "dermal irritation." Now the generally-worn stiff collar chafed the Windsor boil, and consequently a soft-collared shirt was prescribed by the assembled doctors. Of course these doctors, being guileless men, didn't realize what would happen. But when the young Mr. Windsor appeared at a levee in a soft collar and a plain black tie (a gesture of mourning for the deceased Dowager) the world of well-dressed men gasped and went out to buy huge stocks of soft washable shirts and plain black ties. The result, up until the time subway conductors reversed it by wearing plain black shirts and white washable ties, was as charming and informal a touch as was ever given to manly apparel. I still see men under the spell of white shirts and black ties, but they are not quite the last cry just now. Since the dermal irritation period Mr. Windsor has worn, to my knowledge, blue shirts with burgundy ties, and fawn shirts with burnt orange ties. I fear he is a Hamelin piper, this young Windsor, who sometimes uses his dandiacal pipe maliciously in order to make the necktie public dance to his piping.

■ But there is more to dandyism than neckties and weskits. Oh, a great deal more. What the rose window is to religion, these are to dandyism—the external symptoms of a deep-seated condition, the burnished trappings of a powerful inner stimulus to perfection. For I conceive dandyism in its highest reaches to be a philosophy of perfectionism—a disciplined and deliberate effort on the part of extremely civilized persons to attain a kind of excellence that has hitherto been given too little attention in this or any age. A kind of excellence closely resembling the dream of Epicurus, fearless, aloof, and marked by all the delicate moderation which the epicurean ideal implies. A difficult, hardy excellence, not limited to clothing, food, or furniture, but penetrating to the very core and radix of life. A kind of excellence, if you must have examples, achieved by Henry Adams in his youth, Arthur Schopenhauer in middle life, and George Santayana in his old age.

In personifying this excellence I have named three philosophers, and for the life of me I cannot think of dandyism in any other terms. At the present time I can mention no living American who has more than a trace of it in his make-up. John Drew was probably the last exponent of dandyism to move among us; his complete urbanity concealed what ever spiritual deficiencies he may have had. Personally, I think he lacked nothing, and that he deserves to be ranked with the superb specimens of all time. Huneker too, had his moments. He was a grand liver, exhibited a genuine flair for clothing, and knew the world as most men know their club menu. A steeplejack of the seven arts (gastronomy he declared to be the eighth) he was forced to push his pen too briskly for hire, and thus fell away from true greatness as a dandy.

Coming down to the present scene, what can we cull from the mediocre players that clutter the stage? Mr. James J. Walker, Mayor of New York, is popularly acclaimed as a dandy, but his unfortunate habit of making speeches has dulled (*Continued on page 88*)

The complex mechanism of a talking film, a pattern of chorus girls, orchestra and technical apparatus



VANDAMM

Behind the Screen

Prague, queen

THE CASTLE KANLOV TYN (KARLSTEIN)

THE TOWER ENTRANCE TO CHARLES BRIDGE

• One must see Prague covered with snow or else, in the Spring, under the pink snow of cherry blossoms and Judea tree flowers. In May the bronze domes of the churches, the roofs of the palaces, seem to have turned newly green, like the trees, and lilacs, in purple bloom, stand out against the blackness of old walls. Roofs of Prague! Rococo roofs, like those of pagodas, arched roofs, with lovely, irregular angles, steeples, clock towers, upon which heraldic monsters are mounted, and weather-vanes in wrought iron, the Cathedral of St.-Guy, Notre Dame des Neiges —Our Lady of the Snows—, St.-Etienne, Notre Dame de Tyn, emerge from a sea of slates and tiles. The black tiles of the Rathaus, that look like the plates of old iron armour—red slate, or tiles of baked clay!

Spring in Central Europe is unlike that season anywhere on earth. Neither spring nor *printemps* nor *primavera* can give it its true expression; the right word is *frühling*, that is to say, a slow but dazzling outburst, a Dionysian cry of all the newly awakened earth. In the grass, among the birches, buttercups, daisies, dandelions, those flowers spread by the winds, which one may see embroidered on the white sheepskin coats of the Slovakian peasants, celebrate the return of the old Germanic or Slavic gods.

Seated outdoors, men smoke their great pipes, with porcelain bowls, watching the flocks of young goslings, the pride of the country. Peasant women in short black dresses, wearing white silk *fichus* on their heads, go to make votive offerings at the gilded altars with which the Jesuits have filled the city; the Slovakian priests tell them, very willingly, that children conceived in the shadow of the churches will bring good luck. . . . (Which reminds me of how, at the Monastery of V., a brother who acted as porter, to prove to me that there was an echo in the nave of the church, began to dance in the middle of the choir!) These holy men often have great black beards, and make you think of the Russian *papas*, or, better still, of that Bohemian saint who, on the point of

# of Bohemia

DRAWINGS BY
EDWARD C. CASWELL

THE CASTLE HRADČAUY AND ST. VITUS CATHEDRAL

BY PAUL MORAND

The capital of liberated Czecho-Slovakia is a city of ancient palaces and of modern industries

being outraged by soldiers, escaped them only through a miracle, when God suddenly caused her to grow a beard. . . .

It is from the banks of the river formerly the Moldau, become, since the war, the Vltava, from the *Qua Masaryk*, that one should watch grassy and flowery terraces mounting to the assault of the citadel. Across the central arch of the Tour du Point, relieved by little pointed roofs, one sees the *Mala Strana*. The old Charles IV bridge, in the evening, flings itself across to the other shore, bearing, on its crumbling balustrades, its statues of kings, while Prague of the hundred towers embroiders its Gothic belfries, its domes swollen out like little balloons, its churches, on the pink silk of a belated sunset.

Or, again, one may walk around the banks of the lake—since Prague with its ten hills is like a bowl—and plunge from the heights into the valley; from the wall of the castle, the gardens of Rieger, the summit of Zizkov, one commands the old town, the *Mala Strana* and the foamy rapids of the river.

Prague is like no other city in Central Europe. It challenges comparison with Vienna for its palaces, with Dresden for its gardens, with Cracow for its ghetto.

I love the Jewish cemetery of Prague, which makes you think of Golem, with its tombstones packed together in an almost Oriental disorder, a little like the cemetery of Eyoub, at Constantinople. One tries to decipher the old Hebrew inscriptions, the symbols, the marks of guilds. Vale of Josapha, cemetery of the great city of Prague, where the Jews too live in peace as, to-day, in Orchard Street, in a setting truly Medieval. Rising from the green turf, under the spring foliage, the black sepulchres of rabbis, topped by a mitre, offer an ideal perch for big blackbirds which whistle when one visits them. . . . Behind the cemetery the oldest synagogue in Europe raises, timidly, its little Gothic arches, monument of a nomadic people which has never approached the art of architecture except with timidity! Tourists from lower Broadway, getting out of their cars, have their photographs taken.

Prague evokes the thought of many epochs, all of which appeal to the imagination. An outpost against the Eastern Barbarians, a centre of 14th century culture, with its Latin Quarter and its rich university, whence emerged the famous reformer, John Huss. The Emperor Charles IV was as proud of his title as King of Bohemia as of that he bore as Emperor of Germany. Then come the first Jesuits, pioneers of the Catholic Austrian monarchy, who tore down Prague's gloomy walls to replace them by cloisters, by Italian churches, by palaces which were at once academies and barracks like the Gymnasium or the Clementinum, in which the young nobles were trained to submission to the Hapsburg rule.

● Prague, disorderly and democratic, was denationalized by the powerful pressure of the centralized administration which, for three centuries, prevailed at Vienna, and by German music; Beethoven played there in 1783 at the State Theatre; the cult of music became, thereupon, one of the forms of the romantic awakening which conquered Bohemia like the rest of Central Europe.

But in Prague new ideas were born indigenously. In spite of the Austrian repression, in spite of Schwarzenberg, in spite of the ban upon the Czech speech, the *Sokols*, the patriotic societies, under the guise of sport, and masquerading under German names, paved the way for liberation. America, like all the Allies, knew the great figures of Stefanik, who died as an aviator in the war, and, after the armistice, of Masaryk and Beneš.

The nerve centres of Europe, the strongholds of nations, places at geographic crossroads, like Paris, Vienna and Constantinople, have infinitely more of an historic sense, and, consequently, of poetry than cities like Berlin and Leningrad, the birth of which is due to an abstract conception of power. Prague has always been the centre of the quadrilateral formed by the Bohemian mountains. Inherently nationalistic, it remains completely unmarked by three centuries of rule by the greatest autocracy in the world, that of the Hapsburgs. Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Italians, have worked for its embellishment. The Hradčauy, that fort first built of wood, commands the former ford of the river.

● Distinctly Slavic, it raises its black tower, the *Cerna Vez*, over the whole city and the valley of the Vltava, making one think of a savage Kremlin; its roofs were formerly gilded, which makes the resemblance all the greater. There the first Czech princes were converted; there the celebrated Rudolph II, prince of the German renaissance, built Italian gardens for himself, full of baroque statues where he liked to walk with poets, with alchemists, who were to help him to make gold, and with actors. He kept, in his cages, live birds from China and mechanical birds from Persia. He conducted fights between lions, bears, wolves, all the wild beasts of creation.

Here one visits the famous hall of the "defenestration", and one may perch one's self in the high window of the Hradčauy, whence the Imperial governors were thrown, in 1453, by the discontented Czechs. I had always supposed that these high functionaries were killed by their fall, but it seems that, on the contrary, they weren't hurt at all, but fell on a dung heap, picked themselves up and took to flight to go and complain to *(Continued on page 94)*

Critics behind bars

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A few observations on the bans which the theatrical managers place on salesmen of personal opinion

■ In the matter of indignant protestation against the exclusion of critics from theatres by managers vexed by the former's animadversions, I have never been able to bring myself to participate, for the simple reason that I can't see the sense of being indignant over the exercise of any man's inalienable rights, however much of an ass I personally may consider him. To argue that a theatrical manager hasn't a right to keep anyone he wants to out of his theatre, provided only the objectionable person be white, is not only to tilt with the legal statutes—already tested in the courts by outraged and inflammable hazlitts and found holding—but also to argue that a theatrical manager alone of all men must mutely tolerate and endure damaging onslaughts upon his business, his capital and his immortal honour.

In a quarter of a century of dramatic criticism I, like other members of the reviewing fraternity, have on occasion incurred the displeasure of certain managers and producers and have been duly informed that my critical presence in their theatres was, to put it politely, unwelcome. But on none of these occasions has it ever occurred to me to object to the gentlemen's edicts, as, after brief meditation, I have come to the conclusion that they were most often, according to their peculiar lights, perfectly justified in their decision.

■ Let us consider these aforementioned lights.

In one case, many years ago, I was barred from a certain theatre because, in a review of one of the manager's productions, I recorded the observation that the leading actress was atrocious, giving in detail my reasons for visiting the adjective upon the lady. To the casual reader, it might seem that barring a critic for such a cause constituted the last word in hypocrisy and the first word in throttling honest critical opinion. But the casual reader would have no means of knowing, as I consequently had, that the actress in question happened to be the manager's *sub rosa* honey, a fact which made his attitude toward me and my critique not only understandably clear but even one to be acutely sympathized with. It certainly would be unfair to say against this particular manager that only a theatrical manager would act as he did, for the history of eminent composers, painters and littérateurs who have made public fools of themselves on similar grounds amply attests to the truth of the old saw that human nature, say what you will, is human nature. To contend, further, that the manager in point, idiot though he seemed to me, did any serious damage to the noble art of dramatic criticism by ostracizing me, would be doubly and even triply idiotic. Just what great value I served the world of serious and important criticism by pointing out the rottenness of some poor woman's attempts at acting in a completely negligible play—neither of which were worth criticism in the first place—I'll be hanged if I know. And since the manager, in the three years that I continued to be excluded from his productions, produced plays that were unanimously denounced by my more reputable colleagues as entirely worthless, I further can't see that my absence from his showhouses was in any way to be deplored. Certainly it was not deplored by me and I, according to these friendly colleagues, was supposed to be the injured party.

■ It is a curious phenomenon of the American theatre that, in its entire later-day record, no manager or producer of what we may call artistic repute has ever been known to close his doors to criticism, however ill-advised or personally objectionable it may have been to him. If there is a single exception to this statement, I should like to have it brought to my notice. The only half-way exception that I can think of is Mr. Walter Hampden, and the only critic he has ever excluded from his performances is none other than the humble writer of these lines. Nor did even this Hampden fail to invite me to criticize his efforts until about a year and a half ago, after I had announced that long and studious observation of his work convinced me that he was simply a handsome fellow with a fine speaking voice who knew nothing of the art of acting, and had thereupon advertised that I would henceforth bar myself from further and to me wholly wasteful contemplations of his strivings. In Mr. Hampden's somewhat belated decision to exclude me from his future performances, I therefore not only fully concurred but found myself an enthusiastic collaborator. For I should certainly feel about things exactly the way he did if a literary critic said that he would no longer review any of my books on the ground that, though I was a very nice fellow, I did not know the least thing about writing. That critic would plainly be spared any more books.

From time to time in my long reviewing career, I have followed the principle of self-exclusion that I practised in the case of Mr. Hampden's exhibitions, and have duly chronicled the news in my reviewing columns. I have done this, in each instance, for two reasons: first and obviously, because I deemed it a sad waste of valuable time and a sad boring of my readers to go on criticizing the efforts of completely incompetent men and, secondly, because I considered it unfair to such incompetents to go on proclaiming them incompetents in the name of dignified criticism that, to deserve its name, should have absolutely nothing to do with them. Thus, after reviewing the producing efforts of Mr. Gustav Blum for a period of years and finding them beneath the notice of any critic with the higher interests of drama at heart, I automatically barred myself from any view of the gentleman's future exhibits and from any chronicle of those exhibits in print. Thus, too, I barred myself and my pen from the stages presided over by Mr. Butler Davenport, Mr. John Henry Mears and others. I am glad to leave wheezes at these poor fellows' expense to such reviewers as still elect to fritter away time over their monkeyshines in the name of dramatic art. I do not wish to go on telling the same funny story over and over again. I find it difficult to laugh at the same joke continuously.

Not long ago, Mr. Edgar Selwyn telephoned to me and said: "I am putting on a play next week that will not interest you critically in the slightest; it is pretty poor stuff from any sound critical point of view and I am simply hoping to make some money out of it—I need some, as I got hit badly in the stock market crash. I've read your dramatic criticism for twenty years and I know that, according to your standards, you'd walk out on the play after the curtain had been up fifteen minutes. So I won't invite you to review the play and waste your time on it."

Now that is what I call excellent sense! I thanked Mr. Selwyn for his honesty and for his implied generosity toward my standards of criticism and assured him that if his fellow producers were as forthright and above-board with reviewers when they put on poor plays designed simply as box-office-bumpers, there would be a greatly increased measure of goodwill all around. But many producers have not this Mr. Selwyn's simple probity. They know that the stuff they produce is utterly worthless from any valid critical point of view, but they hope against hope that the reviewers will be fooled. Well, the reviewers are not often fooled—although there are occasional exceptions which encourage the producers to go on deluding themselves—and the producers wax wrathful when the reviewers announce their wares for the rubbish they, the producers, know perfectly well they are.

■ Mr. Arthur Hopkins sometimes denounces the critics for views of his productions which he does not agree with, but he never excludes any one of them, however much he disagrees with him, from those productions. He believes wholeheartedly in the plays he selects and is naturally, honestly and understandably disappointed when the critics do not coincide in his opinion of the plays in point, and naturally, honestly and even understandably does not hesitate to say so in print, but he does not superiorly *(Continued on page 106)*

Russian peasant

A painting from an American collection, by the Russian, Savely Sorine, now in the United States

We nominate for the Hall of Fame

CARLO EDWARDS

ELIZABETH OHMS

RALPH STEINER

LUCIAN BERNHARD

LAJOS ZILAHY

ALBIN

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

MAN RAY

LE CORBUSIER

because:

■ **ELIZABETH OHMS** made her début in 1921 and is already one of the great Wagnerian sopranos; because she is Dutch and has sung in most of the Opera Houses of Europe; because she is the wife of Pasetti, the celebrated designer; and finally because she is a distinguished recent addition to Opera in New York

■ **LUCIAN BERNHARD** believes in art in industry and is the versatile designer of automobiles, stores, trademarks, furniture and houses, as well as the famous Bernhard Cursive type for printing; because he founded a new school of poster art when he was nineteen; and finally because he has deserted Berlin for New York

■ **LAJOS ZILAHY** was transmuted by the war from a capable barrister to a distinguished writer; because his novels and poetry are all widely successful; because he has been in Hollywood preparing his play *The General* for the films; and finally because his novel *Two Prisoners* will be published here in the Autumn

■ **JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER** is one of our great novelists; because he owns a notable collection of antiques; because he wrote for fourteen years before publishing a word; because of his interest in the sea; and finally because his novel *The Party Dress* and another book *The Limestone Tree* appear in two current magazines

■ **LE CORBUSIER** (Charles-Edouard Jeanneret) whose creed is "*La maison est une machine à habiter*" founded the new international architecture and influenced furniture design; because he handles writer's pen as well as draughtsman's pencil; and finally because he is a leading exponent of the modernistic ideology

The People's Joyce

BY JOHN RIDDELL

Presenting the diary of Peggy Hopkins Riddell in the mood of the book "Men, Marriage and Me"

■ *Saturday:* It is really Sunday but my life really began yesterday when I was brought into the world by old Dr. Marbles, our family physician and the first man who ever held me in his arms, because when a girl is born she cannot do anything but accept strange men's embraces, oh my Diary.

So now I am over twenty-four hours old and on a train going West sixty miles an Hour with old Dr. Marbles, toward my Future.

I suppose I should admit right away that I have married Dr. Marbles, he proposed to me while he had me upside down spanking me and you can understand how a girl in my position could scarcely refuse him. I was still pretty innocent when I was born and I had not had any husbands yet, besides I never guessed that he already had a wife and three children and a flourishing medical practice in Norfolk. He did not tell me this until he had already bought the railroad tickets, and then of course it was too late to do anything about it.

Oh my Diary, I wonder what unbelievable things are going to be written in your Virgin pages.

Monday: When I was born my parents named me Peggy Hopkins Riddell, after a couple of my future husbands.

Men are as yet an unopened book to me, but I feel I shall get to know them better. I like men very much. There is a young conductor on this car who is tall and dark with blue eyes, for instance, and he tells me I am the most beautiful girl in the world.

As soon as Dr. Marbles is asleep I think I shall go over and ask the young conductor about love. Dr. Marbles is over eighty years old, and he seems to have forgotten a great deal. I could show him a thing or two myself.

Later: Dr. Marbles has just started to snore.

Certain experiences in a young girl's life cannot be written in a Diary, so Miss Riddell does not describe her subsequent conversation with the young conductor, Harry. Her story is resumed the following day.

■ *Tuesday:* Oh Diary, so many things have happened since I wrote in you last. I have married the young conductor with blue eyes. It was this way. When old Dr. Marbles woke up and found me sitting in Harry's lap, he was very angry and threatened to report Harry. But Harry only smiled and said, By the way, I understand from this young lady that you have a wife and three children in Norfolk. Well, Dr. Marbles turned a bright green and swallowed his bridgework, but Harry only said, I have been talking it over with her, and I think she can be persuaded to settle out of court for Two hundred dollars a week heart Balm.

So Harry has given up being a conductor and we are taking a nice apartment in New York City, because he assures me he has no wife or children, to speak of.

Sometimes it seems scarcely possible that I am only a few days old, Diary o' Mine.

Friday: I am so happy here in New York.

Harry has taken a job as chauffeur for a very rich millionaire named Mr. Hostetter, who is tall and dark and has nice blue eyes. As soon as Mr. Hostetter met me he insisted that I and Harry come live right in his house, so Harry would not have to walk so far, let alone Mr. Hostetter. Hossie has been very kind to me, he has taken me to lunch several times and bought me a diamond necklace which is quite a tribute to the wife of your employee.

I told Harry this was quite a tribute to the wife of your employee, but he did not seem very happy about it, sometimes I think Harry is getting unreasonable and I fear I am getting a little tired of him.

After all, Diary, I have been married to him since last Tuesday.

■ *Wednesday:* Oh, Diary, Diary, the most wonderful thing! I am going to Paris tomorrow with my husband, Mr. Hostetter.

It seems he found out that I and Harry weren't married at all, it was all just a practical joke, so he gave Harry a check for fifty thousand dollars and they had a hearty laugh and Harry went away in the train he used to be conductor of. So Mr. Hostetter and I were married that very afternoon.

Mr. Hostetter has been so kind to me, he has bought me pearls and limousines and furs and he has promised to take me to Paris and buy me a divorce.

At this point there ensues a gap in Miss Riddell's diary extending over a considerable period, during which the young girl passes through what is, for a woman, life's greatest experience: her first real Paris divorce. Note the influence her experiences have already had on the young girl's writings. Through the inconsequential phraseology of the child we begin to discern the tremulous, uncertain, at times chaotic thoughts of adolescence.

Monday: I have not written in you much of late, my Diary, because I have been trying to understand Life. As I grow older I get more and more puzzled about myself, and sometimes it seems just impossible that I shall ever get straight. When a girl has as many Husbands as I have, it is not wonder that she gets a little Confused.

In the first place, for instance, I cannot quite see how I could have married Billie last Thursday if Jerry gave me this emerald pendant on Friday. As far as I can remember I must have divorced Jerry way back on Tuesday, because I know I married Paul on a Wednesday. But men do not give girls emerald necklaces after they have been divorced, not unless they have to. It must have been another Jerry.

In the second place, I cannot remember for sure whether I ever got that divorce from Aubrey. I eloped so suddenly with Frank that week-end in Venice that I only had time for one or two divorces, and I cannot remember whether Aubrey's was among them. I hope that he can remember, because I should hate to do anything wicked.

In the third place, I wish I could remember whether Mr. Frankel gave me the Sealyham terrier and Mr. Margolies gave me the Isotta, or whether it was the other way around. It would be very embarrassing to thank Mr. Margolies for an automobile and tell him I was holding his present in my lap while I was writing. I wish men would stick to jewelry, it is much more noncommittal.

These things have been worrying me lately, I am very sick of men, I think I shall go into a convent. I wonder if you could take a Sealyham terrier into a convent?

But Peggy does not go into a convent. Ziegfeld and Shubert are vying for her, and her fame widens. Her next entry is several years later. In the interim she has acquired an outer shell of sophistication. The entries in her Diary, though still fragile and beautiful, are perhaps a trifle less naïve.

Sunday: I have decided hereafter to keep a filing cabinet of my husbands. It is getting to be more than one girl can remember. It would take all her time.

I decided to do this today after a most embarrassing experience. I went downtown this afternoon to get a divorce from my husband, and after I got into the divorce office I found out that in my haste I had neglected to marry him.

I am really getting very tired of men.

Peggy was too busy to write in her Diary for the following week. But a great deal happened to her in that week!

■ *Monte Carlo, Saturday: Tremendous* things have happened, Diary dear, since I wrote about my marriage with Claude.*

The trouble about a Diary is, you forget to write things down as they happen and afterward you cannot remember them properly, especially if you have had more than one husband the same day.

Well, I will try and tell all, but first I must set them down as they happened.

First, I have divorced Egbert. No, that's not first, because I have *(Continued on page 108)*

**There is no previous mention in Miss Riddell's Diary of her marriage to a Claude, nor does it occur again. He probably knew nothing whatever about it. The Editor.*

The writing table

BY MARGIT BETHLEN

A connubial tragedy is averted since old wood is wiser than men are, and more discreet than women

■ It was an antique baroque writing table, a masterpiece of delicate detail fashioned with exquisite care. Its sides were inlaid with wood like shining satin, shading from amber to the colour of old wine, and embellished with brass decorations as fine as a goldsmith's finest work. In its capacious depth, innumerable little secret drawers were hidden, their springs capriciously concealed in quaint and unexpected places; one was on the dimpled hip of a small Cupid, another under the raised left hoof of a Centaur.

Many people, through the generations, had owned the writing table; but probably none of them had known all its secrets. The writing table liked it to be so. They should be content with what was freely offered them, with its beauty, its noble, rounded shape, its mountings with their ancient patina, the convenience of its spacious drawers. But the desk kept its own personal life to itself, and its memories. For it had seen and experienced much, and remembered many things. People came and went, were born and died, but the writing table remained. It wandered from one house to another, but everywhere it took with it that indefinable personality which the master had carved and breathed into it, like the soul God breathed into man, and which in furniture is called style. The writing table was lofty and dignified, serene and understanding and indulgent—especially in its judgment of men. Men are so ephemeral, the time which is given them for existence is so short, that it is no wonder the Creator has not made a masterpiece out of each. It must have seemed hardly worth while.

■ But the writing table, when it came to consider other furniture, was rather more strict; for furniture endures, and so should be perfect. The writing table, with a nice feeling of impartiality toward less important pieces, tried not to be swayed by its own perfection. It tried to understand Rococo, Empire and even the mentality of modern furniture, indulgent toward its stiff, peculiar shapes.

One thing it could not bear: that unqualified hands should copy, that is to say, desecrate the shapes of its own period. It could overlook everything else, but these unhappy copies it overwhelmed with such cutting contempt, that often their entire veneer cracked.

The writing table liked its present home. The woman to whom it belonged understood the soul of furniture. She herself was lofty and dignified, serene, understanding and indulgent, and therefore she surrounded herself only with congenial objects, and mercilessly kept away every alien element. The writing table preferred her to all its previous owners, and not only liked her, but honored and esteemed her, as though, yes really, as though she were a piece of furniture herself. They had spent a long time together, the woman and the writing table—almost thirty years—and were bound together by close bonds.

■ The writing table felt very peaceful when it thought of those thirty years. How different everything would have been if . . . But on the one occasion when it had gone against its principle—never to meddle with human affairs—the table had judged the woman correctly. She had proved worthy of its confidence, and even after so many years, she was still grateful—a rare thing in humans!

It is true that the letter still remained as a hostage in the depths of the most secret drawer. There it was secure. It would never be delivered, to her or to any one else, although they had sought for it thoroughly, had tapped the table all over, the woman and the man too, each one separately when the other was not present, and even now sometimes. . . .

It had happened a long time ago, in the first years of their married life. During that period the woman's husband was not often at home; he was sometimes absent even all night. The writing table heard him stumbling through the room at dawn. The woman's eyes were always red and every evening she spent hours, bent over the table with a red-bound book in which she wrote on and on. Then later on the woman's eyes were no longer red, and every afternoon a man whom the writing table had not seen before sat beside her on the little sofa opposite the fire. At such times, if the husband entered the room, he looked at them sulkily and left the room again. The writing table could not hear what they were saying, he could only see that the man was pleading and that the woman shook her head. Then once the woman said: "Perhaps", and later on: "I'll write". That had been after those grim three days, when the husband had not returned home at all.

On the afternoon of the third day, she sat down at the writing table with a stony face, put some paper in front of her and wrote on it in upright, resolute characters.

She folded it up quite small, and wrote a name on it. Then the door opened and her husband entered. The wife did not cry out, only the hand which held the letter clutched the writing table so tightly, with such desperate strength, that the spring which had lain forgotten in its body for a hundred years, moved and opened its most secret drawer at the side, the writing table itself did not know why. The letter fell into the drawer, the pressure ceased and the drawer closed again. The woman's hand lay limply on the writing table when her husband approached.

"What are you doing?" he asked in an angry and suspicious voice, in the unreasonable and foolish way of humans.

"Nothing," the woman answered, and gazed in front of her with a white and stubborn face. Then they talked a lot, especially the husband; they talked long and loud, and at last he caught her by both arms and shook her, and then pressed her to him, tight, tight, as though he wanted to rivet her to him. But she only said: "Nothing".

■ When the woman was alone at last, she tried to make the writing table give her back the letter. It pretended not to understand her wish; in vain she coaxed and stroked it, in vain she used force. The writing table remained stubborn. But it remained stubborn to the husband's appeal too, no matter how often he tried to cajole or to force the secret from it. God only knew how often he tapped the Cupid's hip, how often he knocked the Centaur's lifted hoof, but only empty drawers opened to the pressure of his hand.

The real drawer was hidden deeper, much deeper down. He even tried a chisel once. The little bit broken off the table's veneer is a witness that the man had not even respected its physical integrity; but in vain, in vain. The table and the woman are kindred souls, that is why they understand each other so well. She did not speak either, although the man has begged and tormented her time and again for these thirty years . . . and she has never answered except one word: "nothing".

The writing table meditates. How strange human words are. They die and fly away, no trace of them remains, and still you can twist them into strong ropes, you can kill with them, and you can awaken to life what you would have believed to be dead, dead, dead. . . .

See, with that single word: "Nothing", the woman has managed to tie her husband to her side for thirty years. The husband who believed that he had broken every bond. And now, when he thinks it is he who watches over his wife, he is bound to her, hand and foot, by bonds finer than the spider's web and stronger than the strongest steel chains.

It is right that it should be so. And the letter . . . the letter remains in the table.

HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

Tallulah Bankhead

Still expatriate, London's favorite American actress, is enacting the heroine of the Dumas' classic, "Camille"

Some practical hints on the

MR. JONES

BY ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

The National Open Champion points out a few of the peculiarities of one of golf's greatest difficulties

● Once, while two hundred struggling amateur golfers were trying to qualify at Brae Burn, Walter Hagen sat behind the eighth green with Grantland Rice. The eighth green at Brae Burn resembles the Atlantic Ocean on a windy day, with its wave like undulations running in all directions, offering treacherous slopes on a keen, fast putting surface. The green completely baffled most of the players. It was not so difficult to reach the green in one shot from the tee but it was a trying ordeal to get down in two putts. Hagen could not have found a better place to pursue his putting studies.

Apparently Hagen could read, in the faces of the men, the degree of attention which they were giving to choosing the proper line to the hole. It was evident to him that the majority were too worried to give to the job the thought and concentration which it merited. A trained eye could readily see that many of the men who squatted behind the ball and went through the motions of studying the green, were really pausing in an effort to muster sufficient courage to hit the ball at all. Many of the expressions were totally lacking in an indication that intelligent thought was being given to the problem at hand. Those who did consider the difficult hazards of the green were all pretty successful in getting the first putt respectably close to the hole. The others seemed to finish almost anywhere.

All of which indicates that the first thing to be considered in putting is the slope and speed of the green. Many a good putter will advise you that he putts well because he follows through, straight at the hole. Whether or not the follow-through is a virtue it certainly cannot be a prime cause, for when it takes place the ball has started on its way. I have never been a believer in a fixed putting style. It has always been my idea that more practice should be given to gauging the effect of a slope and to estimating the speed of a green (in other words, to training the eye), than to the mechanical perfection of the stroke. It is evident that no matter how accurately the ball may be struck, it is, first of all, necessary to select the line upon which it should be started.

● As an indication that the line is the important thing, I can truthfully say that I have holed very few putts when I could not definitely see the path which the ball should follow into the hole. This line sometimes seems as clear as if someone had marked it out with paint.

The matter of body motion in putting has always interested me. I remember that when I first began to think about how to play golf I was told that putting should be done solely with the wrists, that the arms and body should never move. Obviously that conception of the stroke could not survive the test of actual trial for, although the three and four footers might be handled by a flick of the wrist, the longer putts required some assistance from the forearms in order to provide enough force without interrupting the necessary smooth, rhythmic motion.

● I believe that good putting requires a slight degree of body motion. Relaxed muscles being the keys to the situation, there is more likelihood of easy freedom if the knees, hips and shoulders are allowed a little motion as the club passes back and forth. From this angle it is easy to understand why it is a mistake to advise a man to keep his body absolutely still when putting. In making sure that the body will not move, or turn, there is a certain amount of rigidity set up which defeats the prime necessity—relaxation.

In the same way the player should not be told that his body *should* move. Whatever motion there is should be *permitted* rather than forced. This is my conception of perfect relaxation. The first essential motion is that of the club; the easiest way to accomplish that without strain is by using the arms and hands; if the motion of the arms is sufficient to cause a movement of the body, then the body should move, and *will* move unless it sets up a resistance of its own.

The rarest virtue among even the top rank players is the ability to stroke smoothly and unhurriedly a putt of eight or ten feet when important issues hang in the balance. I have seen any number of strokes wasted, and matches lost, by a too great tenseness at such a moment. It is then that relaxation and a sense of perfectly mobile balance are most needed.

Putting is often referred to as a science within itself. When we stop to think that par golf allows two putts to each green and that the par for the average eighteen hole course is seventy-one or seventy-two, we may be surprised to note that even perfect golf contemplates that at least half of the strokes should be putts. If more than an average of two putts per green is required it is a fairly safe conjecture that the total score will exceed the par of the course, for, on the long shots there is a chance to save a stroke only on the par five holes of moderate length; holes which can be reached by two powerful shots.

In putting we seldom find a man who excels from all parts of the green. The average man, whose work on the greens is good enough to entitle him to distinction, is either a fine approach putter or he is what I call a good "holer-out". Seldom is he both; and while he may on occasions exhibit skill in both respects, he will yet have his weakness which will sooner or later crop out.

For short distances, of course, the line is the all important thing. To hole the putt the ball should be struck precisely and firmly against the back of the cup. I shall never forget the way Johnny Farrell holed the four, five and six foot putts against me at Olympia Fields in the play off. Every one of them smacked firmly against the back of the hole, and although some of them popped up in the air they all stayed in. It was quite evident that Johnny concerned himself only with the line and let the speed take care of itself.

● It seems to me that the easiest way to improve in putting is to forget all you hear about how much luck there is in it and how dependent good putting is upon confidence and the mental attitude of the player. Unquestionably luck plays an important part in putting. Whenever any putt of more than two or three yards is holed an element of luck is involved, because the factors of the stroke—the player, the ball, and the green—cannot be harmonized with enough precision to repeat the performances with infallibility.

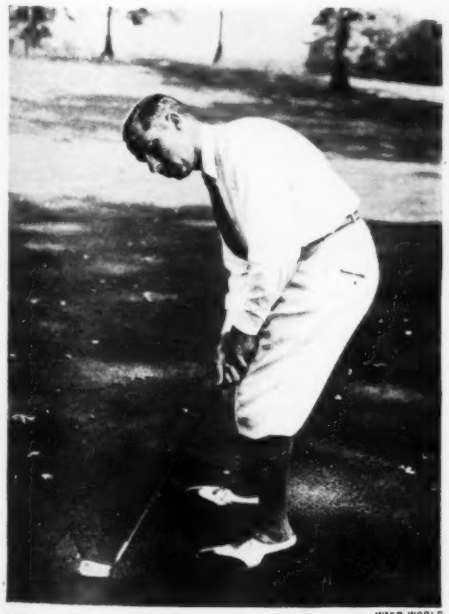
There come days when all putts seem to seek the hole and many long ones drop. The player finds himself full of confidence and stroking the ball easily and sweetly. But he makes a mistake when he attributes his success to his mental attitude. His feeling of confidence exerts no actual control over the ball and has nothing to do with the breaks and rolls which it may take before it finally dives into the cup. When a lot of very long putts go down there is usually as much reason for it as there is for a bridge player holding big hands all one evening. Putting and bridge are both games of skill but each requires luck for any considerable amount of success. To carry the bridge analogy farther, one never hears that study of the game and a knowledge

art of putting

of bidding are unnecessary because the matter of holding winning cards is purely luck.

There are times when one sees better, or worse, the proper line to the hole. But, actually, the only thing over which the player has any control is the stroke itself—that is, hitting the ball. And everyone would be a better putter if he could forget all the other things. Never mind the backswing, the luck, the line apparently moving, and all that. If, day in and day out a man will concentrate upon hitting the ball on the line he thinks is the right one, and with a speed which he thinks is proper, and if he will let the luck and breaks take care of themselves he will soon find that he is a much improved putter. Many times long putts find the bottom of the hole, but the man who thinks he can hole them consistently is much mistaken. It is the putt of three yards and less which really counts. Let a player acquire sufficient precision to hole the short putts with regularity and he can afford to take the long ones as they come.

Whatever may be the relative importance, in the long run, of the drive, the approach, and the putt, it is certain that it is the putt which mars or finishes the job which the others have begun. No man has yet been able to win a championship without putting well, taking advantage of his scoring opportunities by holing the putt after a fine iron shot, or saving precious strokes by sinking a good putt for a par after slack play in the other departments had caused him trouble. In match or medal play it is the finishing of the hole which counts most. I am certain that I have given more thought and *(Continued on page 108)*



WALTER HAGEN — WIDE WORLD

HORTON SMITH — HEMMER

MACDONALD SMITH — WIDE WORLD

JOHNNY FARRELL — LEVICK

JEROME D. TRAVERS

• Horton Smith bends well over the ball and keeps his feet quite close together • MacDonald Smith makes a definite pause at the end of the backswing, before starting forward • Walter Hagen plays the ball opposite the left heel, with the weight mostly on the left leg • Johnny Farrell copied the practice of resting the point of the right thumb against the shaft from Jerome D. Travers • Jerome D. Travers adopted the right thumb position shown to insure a better "feel" of the club • Bobby Jones places the feet quite close together, and balances the weight evenly on both of them in the address

Fragments from Oklahoma

BY GEORGE MILBURN

Tales of the West, of a man who died by his own conviction, and of a girl too bad to be true

■ **BANKER BRIGHAM**—Old Man J. W. Brigham was never wrong about anything. He was that hard-headed. He was president of the First National Bank, and he had enough money to make everything he said right, so far as the other people in that town were concerned.

One day at noon a farmer came in the First National Bank to cash a check for ten dollars. Old Man Brigham was in the bank alone, and he came around to the cashier's wicket to take the check. There was a sign up over the cashier's window, saying: "No errors rectified after leaving window."

The farmer asked to have the money all in one-dollar bills, and Banker Brigham counted them out to him. The farmer turned, and he was walking out, counting the money for himself, when he found a mistake.

He said, "Mr. Brigham, they's a mistake here."

The old banker said: "No, I didn't make no mistake. I give you what your check called for—ten dollars. No mistake about that."

The farmer said, "Yes, but you give me too much money. One of these here is a two-dollar bill, making me eleven dollars here instid of ten."

J. W. Brigham didn't say anything for a minute, and then he said, "Well, I know I didn't make no mistake, but saying, for the sake of argument, I was to have, you should of said something about it before you took your money away from the cashier's window."

The old banker was always right. He would never admit that he had made an error. One night at a church supper he kept talking about his new Buick coupé. He kept calling it *coop*. Mrs. Weatherby, who was from Rhode Island, heard him talking about his new Buick coop. Mrs. Weatherby liked to correct people's speech, and she said, "Pahdon me, Mr. Brigham, but isn't that word *coo-pay?* I'm sure it is. Back East we always pronounced it *coo-pay*."

Banker Brigham looked at her for a moment. Then he said, "Well, you may of called it *coo-pay* back East, but out here we call it *coop*. And that's what it is—*coop*."

■ The old man was positive about everything he said or did. One year, the Spring of 1923, there was a man in town getting up a book that was to contain biographies of all the state's prominent citizens. It was called *Noteworthy Oklahomans*, and everyone who could afford to bought space in it.

The man came to interview Banker Brigham. "I was born in Amsterdam, Indiana, the year of 1860," Old Man Brigham began, "and I'm now 73 years old and my health is good."

"That would make you *sixty*-three, wouldn't it, Mr. Brigham," the man said. "You said you was born in 1860."

"I don't care when I was born," said Banker Brigham, firmly, "I'm 73 years old now."

When he walked home from the bank, J. W. Brigham had to go past a vacant lot covered by a rank growth of weeds. He was always trying to get the city council to have the weeds cut down.

"A big weed patch like that is a disgrace to a civilized community," he said. "I'd have them weeds cut myself and pay for it out of my own pocket, but it's just the principle of the thing. But keeping a big growth of weeds like that is just what harbors the criminal element. A man could get held up and robbed there easy enough."

■ The city council promised to have the weeds cut down, but there wasn't any hurry about it. Meanwhile what the old banker had said about the weed patch encouraging criminals was a standing joke around town. Old Man Brigham always thought he was so right about everything. Some of the wits thought it would be a good thing to give the old man a scare sometime when he was passing the weed patch.

One afternoon a few of them got together and hid in the weeds at a place they knew Banker Brigham would come by on his way home from the bank. They had taken all the lead out of a paper shotgun-shell and had refilled the shell with polk berries. Polk berries have a reddish-purple juice. The boys had their shotgun loaded with these red berries.

Pretty soon Old Man Brigham came shuffling along, muttering to himself. Garth Jackson, the best shot in the bunch, took careful aim at the stiff, white shirt-front the old banker always wore. Garth fired and the berries spattered red on the white shirt-front. Apparently a hole large enough to put a hat in had been blown through the old man's chest.

Banker Brigham threw up his arms and fell forward in a dead faint. The boys were scared and they cut back through the weed patch and ran to hide the shotgun. Other people came running up to where the old man lay. He was moaning loudly, "O-uh! O-uh-uh!"

They found out that he wasn't injured. They put water on him and chaffed him and brought him to. But they couldn't convince him that he wasn't wounded. Not Banker Brigham. He had heard the shot. He had seen the blood. They carried the old man home and put him to bed.

Mrs. Brigham called in Dr. Boyd. Dr. Boyd examined the old man carefully.

"Oh, doctor," the banker wailed, "I'm bleeding to death! Can't you stanch the blood somehow?"

"No, J. W., you're not bleeding a drop," Dr. Boyd told him. "You just got a bad scare."

"I ain't bleeding a drop!" Banker Brigham exclaimed, rising up in bed. "Here I am with my lungs full of buckshot, and a damn fool doctor tries to tell me I ain't bleeding a drop!" He sank back, exhausted.

Banker Brigham died that night. Dr. Boyd said that he had a cerebral hemorrhage.

■ **DARLING, DARLING**—Up until the time of the oil boom the telegraph station was over at the M.K.&T. depot. The depot was about a half a mile from the business district. When the oil boom came the Western Union established an office on Broadway.

The company used to send inexperienced telegraph operators to break them in at the small station in our town. Most of the time these operators would be girls, but one year they sent a young man named Curtis Grey to take charge of the office on Broadway.

Curt Grey was a tall, good-looking young man, careful about his dress, and very affable. He was easy to get along with, but he was city-bred and none of the men in our town seemed to like him very much.

Curt roomed and boarded at The Kentucky Colonel Hotel, and Mrs. Cobb, the proprietor's wife, said that she had never known a neater, more polite young man anywhere.

■ One night Curt met a girl named Elsie Shulingkamp at a dance in the Louvre Dance Hall on North Broadway. Elsie lived in Red Arrow, a town about eleven miles away, but she had been going around with an oil scout named G. W. Scott. Scott was making our town his headquarters, and Elsie often came down with him to dances.

G. W. Scott was getting along in years. He had a big Marmon, though, and he spent money freely, and most people spoke of Elsie as his mistress, because she had been kind of loose even before Scott came to town.

The night Curtis Grey met Elsie she had had a spat with Old Man Scott. She and Curt danced several dances together, and by the time Elsie was ready to go home Curt was crazy about her. Scott had gone off somewhere in his car, leaving Elsie flat apparently, so when Curt asked her to let him take her home in his Ford coupé, Elsie said he could.

He took her home, the eleven miles to Red Arrow, and by the time he got back to his hotel room late that night he was idiotic with love. He was con- *(Continued on page 100)*

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

Marian Nixon

A compelling actress of the screen, now a star for the first time in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

■ In Minneapolis, about ten years ago, Marian Nixon resigned her small part in the prologue in a motion picture theatre to join a vaudeville troupe leaving for a tour of the West. The tour ended, for at least one member of the company, in Los Angeles; for here Miss Nixon decided to become a screen actress, and forthwith got a job with Mack Sennett and, later, with Fox, playing (and riding) opposite Buck Jones and Tom Mix in a tempestuous screen career which included the leading feminine rôle with John Gilbert in a picture entitled, believe it or not, *Cupid's Fireman*. From this she turned—perhaps not unnaturally—to the more sophisticated films to which, by reason of a special talent and particular kind of beauty, she is instinctively suited. A series of rôles skilfully played led first to her being given the part of an Eighteenth Century marquise in *General Crack* with John Barrymore and, ultimately, established her stardom

Honesty is a poor policy in contract bridge

BY LELIA HATTERSLEY

Proving that it is one thing to know the rules; another thing to know when to break them

● Are you a winner or loser at Contract? If you consistently find yourself on the plus side of the score, you may not necessarily be an expert, but it is quite evident that your game is superior to that of your customary opponents.

On the other hand, if you usually land in the minus column when you play, don't be too hasty in ascribing the cause to a case of chronic bad luck. Expert opinion is disinclined to the belief that there is such a thing as a relentless jinx or hoodoo attaching itself to a card-player throughout his career. Instead of accepting this hypothesis, I suggest that you try seriously to diagnose the cause of your trouble. It might be due to over-bidding, or, more likely, under-bidding. Again, it may be inefficient play. If you find that you can give yourself a clean bill of health on all these counts, then doubtless your case calls for an operation. You have a bad habit of being just too downright honest which must be cut out.

Lest you get the idea that I am urging you to improve your game by adopting the shady ways of *Poker Flat* or the well-known tactics of the *Heathen Chinee*, let me hasten to say that there is a perfectly legitimate middle course between the methods of the card-sharper and the player whose game follows such a straightforward line that his strategy becomes obvious and his hands like open books to his adversaries.

We are all acquainted with people who boast that they are absolutely safe Contract players because under any and all circumstances they can be counted on never to make an unconventional bid or play. Proud though they may be of their dependable attributes, these players are usually unaware of the chief measure of their charm at the Contract table. They rarely, if ever, suspect what perfectly delightful adversaries they are.

It is one thing to know the rules, another to know when to break them. In the vocabulary of the expert bridge-player there are no such words as *ever* and *never*.

Should you sense the necessity of reforming an overly-honest or too conventional game, try a few experiments in camouflage bids and doubles whenever an opportunity arises which leaves you open to no risk of deceiving your partner. Such an opportunity occasionally occurs when, from the sequence of a number of declarations which finally bring the opponent on your right to a game bid, you are able to read the fact that your partner has a sound business double. If sure of your ground, don't pass and let your partner do the doubling. Instead, put in the double yourself. This neat deception will, as a rule, prove highly profitable, because the Declarer under a misapprehension as to the true position of the defensive strength will usually lose one or two extra tricks. If this strategy does not profit you otherwise, it may do so by throwing your opponents into a highly nervous and jumpy condition whenever you double their bids. Occasions for an indirect double of this type come quite frequently in Passing Goulashes where an almost exact knowledge of your partner's hand is available without recourse to an analysis of the bidding.

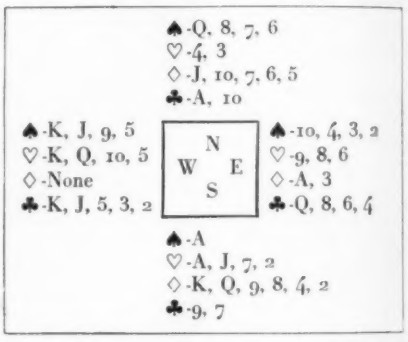
When playing against the Vanderbilt Club-Diamond convention you can often use a camouflage declaration to excellent purpose. Here you have the advantage of being able to deceive your opponents and disrupt their exchange of information without the risk usually incurred in a deceptive bid. There is little danger of your partner's taking you too seriously and carrying you up in the face of an adversary's definite announcement that he has three or more setting tricks. At the same time your opponents can seldom be sure whether you really have a bid or just an ambition to break up their attempt to arrive at one.

● As the Club-Diamond convention functions at such low contracts (One Club and, ninety-five per cent of the time, One Diamond), it lets down the bars for the interjection of cheap and safe adverse information. Don't miss an opportunity of throwing in a lead-directing bid over an original Club, or after a Diamond response. With a partner who has any sense of humor, you can rarely get into trouble. And such declarations, sometimes fairly strong, sometimes extremely weak, usually keep your opponents guessing, and often, by erecting a barrier between their give and take of information, shut out an otherwise inevitable game or slam bid.

There is an undeniable thrill in putting it over your opponents with a camouflage bid or double. But such practices should always have some underlying purpose and not be inspired solely by the desire to make a little bridge whoopee. Also, when vulnerable, it is wiser to curb your ambition for camouflage declarations as a partner's sense of humor is scarcely ever sufficient to appreciate a little joke which goes wrong to the extent of a four-figure penalty.

When the bidding is over and it comes to the play of the hands, the defense can only occasionally use to advantage their opportunities for deception. For it is seldom profitable to fool the Declarer at the expense of one's partner. When, however, your partner is the dummy, and there are only the opponents to deceive, tricky methods not only may, but should, be freely pursued.

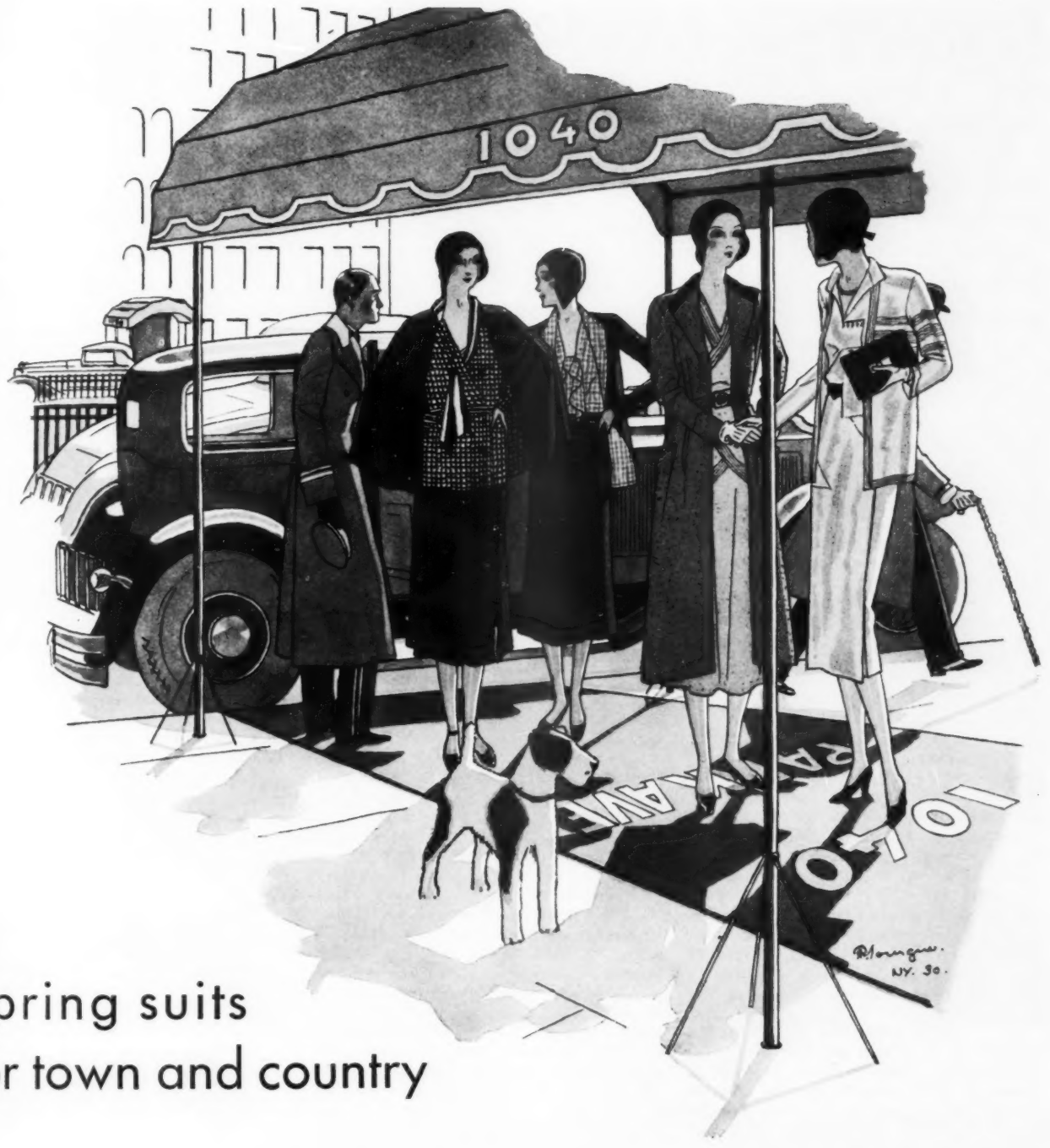
● Many such camouflage plays were so well established even in the days of Whist that their tradition still persits. Opportunities for successfully exercising the oblique strategy of these famous *coups* are not so frequent, however, in our modern game of Contract with its highly informative system of bids, leads, and discards. But now and then the occasion is ripe for the Declarer alert enough to take advantage of it. Here is a deal in which the historic Bath *Coup* coupled with false-carding trapped a defensive player into a desired lead which saved the Declarer's game. The Bath *Coup* is simply the device of refusing to play an ace, on the lead of a king, when holding ace, jack and one or more small cards.



South dealt and bid a Diamond which was promptly doubled by West. More to shut out his opponents than to encourage his partner, North jumped to three Diamonds. East, of course, passed and South declared for a game.

● When the King of Hearts was opened South saw that his contract was hopeless unless West could be coaxed into continuing his lead. East's compulsory play of the 6 of Hearts gave South the chance he was looking for and he promptly dropped his 7 of Hearts. West scented a possible trap, as a player always should in this situation, but there was his partner's 6 of Hearts which, with the 2 spot unaccounted for, could so readily mean "come on." And a switch to either a Spade or a Club looked like certain disaster. So West "came on" with the one lead which made it possible for South to discard his 10 of Clubs and obtain his contract. Had South played his smallest Heart, West could have definitely read the 6 spot as his partner's lowest, meaning "stop" instead of "come on," and the Bath *Coup* could not have been put over. Whenever the issue is doubtful, one's partner must be believed, not the adversary.

Often, as in the hand shown above, a defensive player—how- *(Continued on page 92)*



Spring suits for town and country

The chic woman finds that suits appropriate to town and country are indispensable for early and late Spring

• The suit is the dominating feature of the mode this Spring and no wardrobe is complete without at least one. One of the most popular types of suit is the one that is equally appropriate for town and country. These are usually of soft tweeds or novelty jersey with wrist length or finger tip jackets. Many of the smartest are belted while others have a short cape instead of the jacket, such as the one at the left, of brown cashmere with a brown and white checked marocain blouse. The cape is collarless and is lined with the checked material; from Mrs. Franklin, Inc. • Second from the left is a smart straight jacket suit of soft dark green wool. The tuck-in blouse with its small jabot is of green and white checked print as are the lapels and lining of the jacket; from Jay Thorpe • Though not a suit, the ensemble second from the right is very smart. The coat is in a light green tweed flecked with black and white, and the angora jersey dress matches the coat in colour; from Kurzman • At the right is an Irene Dana version of a two-piece silk suit, appropriate for the late spring and summer, in lightish blue silk trimmed with bands of darker blue stitching. The one-piece dress is sleeveless and has a narrow dark blue suède belt at the natural waistline; from The Tailored Woman

Is there no Devil?

BY FREDERICK PACKARD

The need for a demon to ease our etiquette, and make our social errors a cosy time for all

● To anyone whose mind retains a clear picture of those redoubtable *opera*, *Faust*, and *Mefistofele*, it must be instantly apparent that it is altogether lamentable that sorcery has all but died out, that is, the type which could be of any conceivable use to the *haut monde*. The surviving manifestations of this art—Haitian voodooism, Pennsylvania "hex" charms, crude remnants, are of little or no assistance toward remedying certain social ills of which I propose to speak. What is patently needed is a little of the good old Roger Bacon, devil-summoning, sulphur-and-brimstone, Abracadabra sort of thing.

● If the seriousness of this lack were sufficiently appreciated, there would be a premium on the services of capable medicine-men of the proper stamp—those who could demonstrate to the satisfaction of hosts and hostesses that they had an adequate command of supernatural forces in general, and the specific ability to invoke the aid of demons at stated times. No self-respecting Park Avenue dwelling would be without its house-magician—who could be either a permanent member of the household staff, or retained by the hour to minister to the requirements of appointed dances, dinners, or *thés dansants*.

As a concrete illustration of the most important phase of our sad lack of demon-consciousness, consider this: there is at present no really adequate provision whatever for the relief of those who make irrecoverable social blunders in conversation. Of course, apologies can always be made, self-deprecatory notes written, and the like, but none of these is basically satisfactory, either to offender or offended. There is no final, telling, expiatory step which closes the incident with an audible slam and wipes forever the horrid contretemps from the minds of those present at the time of its occurrence.

Allow me to put forward an instance. At a dinner-party which I attended not long ago, an agreeable, harmless, well-intentioned, and urbane young man (or should I, perhaps, say *another* a. h. w.-i. and u. young man?) was also a guest. In the course of conversation, personalities were being pretty freely bandied about. On all sides he heard derogatory remarks directed at some who were present, and more who were elsewhere. The name "Amélie Chiverson" was mentioned; he overheard it without, unfortunately, catching the context. Knowing Miss Chiverson, he remarked "My God! *That* crashing bore! What about her?" A sinister quiet followed, during which the only sound was the clink of silver being laid down. Then the young man's neighbor whispered low "She's *his* (nodding across the table) fiancée. Didn't you know?"

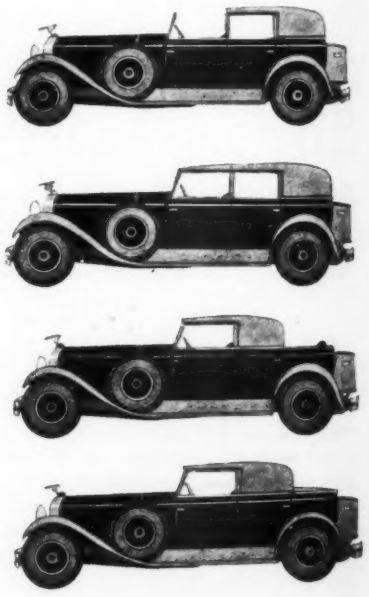
Alas, we are most of us familiar with the sensation which follows—a dull, thick feeling combining shame, indignation, and incipient lunacy, which creeps slowly up the spine, ending at the hair-roots and descending by the way it came. A sense of having been viciously betrayed—trapped—goes with it. It is like walking serenely along a concrete highway and having it suddenly turn to quicksand underfoot.

Reactions to this nightmare sensation differ widely. Some desire to rush hatless into the street; many would like to give the offended party a good sound punch in the nose; and there are those who simply wish to sit where they are and emit a long exasperated howl. There is a strong group which prefers vigorous and redundant blaspheming. Many of the more highly strung types are scarcely to be restrained from breaking into a fast, violent, eccentric tap dance on the nearest suitable floor space. However, say the confidants of these unfortunate people, the majority would, as they express it, "just like to sink right down through the floor."

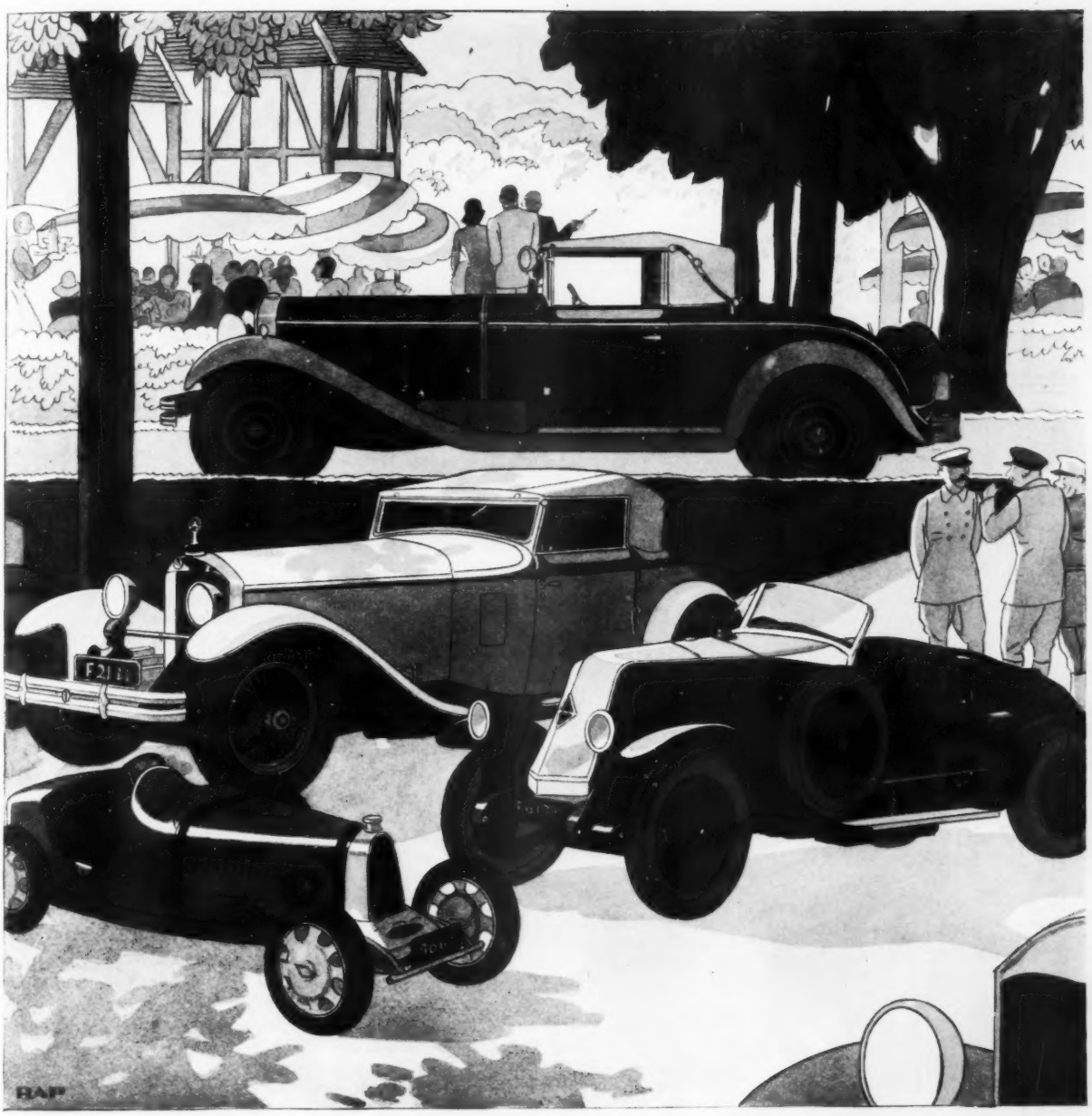
● Now these last, though they are unaware of any underlying good sense in the idea, are actually nearer the remedy than any of the others. But under present conditions they are helpless, and here is where our magician comes in. All would be vastly different were the good offices of a witch available. The officiating sorcerer (taking his procurability for granted) would not, of course, be present as a guest at the function where the distressing incident occurred; he would be reading or smoking in some nearby anteroom, close to a bell connected with a pushbutton at the hostess' feet.

Reverting to our sample case, the procedure would be roughly as follows: The instant that the whispering neighbor had reached the words "... his fiancée ...", the hostess presses the button. The magician materializes behind the chair of the unhappy one, who rises, steps toward the doorway and takes up a position whence he is clearly visible to all in the room, throwing out his left hand in a gesture of farewell, his right placed over his heart, and bowing his head upon his breast. The ministrant then, in a compassionate, yet inexorable voice announces the young man's name and points downward, whereupon a loud but invisible brass band breaks into a tragic, stirring march—say *Ase's Tod* from *Peer Gynt*, or the Dead March from *Saul*—and the floor immediately under the victim's feet begins to sink steadily, jerkily downward. Vapors rise through the trapdoor, and, singing, the man descends. The scene should suggest an admiral going down with his ship after losing a naval battle, or *Sidney Carton* in the tumbril. It would add considerably to the grandiose pathos of the occasion to have a few Seraphim or Valkyrie circling about overhead. If the magician is really first-rate, this should present no difficulties.

When the trapdoor has closed, the music ceases, the angelic phenomena disappear, and the expiatory rite is complete. From this point on, conversation may be resumed, but reference to the departed is anathema—he has wiped out his transgression and gone on to Valhalla. It is of vital importance that, previous to his ceremonial, the hapless one make no attempt whatever to explain or apologize, or ignore his offense—it would quite spoil the whole *mise-en-scène*, and make it awkward for the witnesses, the host, and all concerned. It should be a rule that if he makes a single gesture toward a last-minute patching up of affairs, the expiatory machinery be turned off and the man simply handed over to the magician with instructions to get rid of him as quickly as possible, and below stairs, at that. As soon as the little drama has been enacted, the demon retires to the antechamber whence he came, and is not summoned again unless *(Continued on page 104)*



FOUR BODIES IN ONE ON AN HISPANO-SUIZA



Presenting European motors

Illustrating the newer examples of foreign custom coachwork on a few foreign automobiles

• The illustration above shows in the background a long Isotta-Fraschini with a body by Castagna. Its small convertible top accentuates the extreme length of the car—an illusion which is accentuated further by the waistline moulding and many louvres that continue at the side of the cowl. Spare tires, the long sweep of the front fenders, and even the addition of a screen in front of the radiator tend to increase its already tremendous length • The easily recognizable Mercedes, next in the foreground, with its top set well to the rear of the chassis was built by D'Ieteren Frères and suggests speed in its racy lines • In the foreground at the right is a baby Renault roadster with a standard Renault body which is nevertheless characteristic of some of the newer trends towards flat, uninterrupted surfaces • The child's car in the foreground is a miniature Bugatti • Directly to the left on the opposite page is an Hispano-Suiza mounted with a special body designed by its owner, Prince Cito de Bitteto, and executed by Letourneur & Marchand All four sketches show the same car. In the last two the top has been rolled forward on its metal rails, locking the rear doors and converting it to a coupé. The rear seat then becomes a rumble seat with sufficient room for three

Our London Letter

Illustrating the correct ties to wear with six different types of dress and noting the colours

THE BLACK BOW TIE WITH DINNER DRESS

• The importance of a necktie cannot be overestimated. It is there that men go wrong in their taste more often than with anything else, for a tie can be either an indiscretion or the finishing touch to a well-dressed man's ensemble. It is the one article of dress, more than any other, which can betray a man's lack of taste or show his good taste.

DARK BLUE-AND-RED TIE—DARK BLUE SUIT

• Choosing ties is, to even the most experienced man, a baffling ordeal, because the choice is so great that it is always confusing. Therefore, the only way to combat this lamentable fact is to make a rule to buy only ties to match the things one possesses and shut one's eyes to the tempting things that have nothing to do with the rest of the clothes in the wardrobe. Generally speaking, a smart man does not wear bright ties. But to every rule there is an exception and bright ties have their place—in the country. Even there, bright ties must be tempered with discretion. For example, take the problem of a man in a suit of country tweeds of a mixture of brown and buff with a bit of red in the weave—a type of material that is very smart just now. We will choose for him a flannel or oxford shirt that is buff colour, with a collar attached and soft cuffs that button, instead of those fastening with links. In place of a waistcoat he wears a thin pull-over sweater of the same colouring without any pattern. This plain shirt and sweater are neutral enough in colour to set off a brilliant tie, or rather, a tie with a vivid pattern, brilliant in colour but harmonious with the colours of the suit—reddish brown, for example. The thing that saves this tie from being the wrong note is the fact that it does not contrast with the clothes the man wears. In other words, a man can indulge in a variety of patterns if they are of the same colouring, but not if they contrast too sharply.

So much for the country. But a thing of greater importance is the conservative note of a man's informal dress for town wear. In relation to ties, shirts and the suits with which they are worn, let us take two examples: The popular blue suit and with it a blue shirt—on the dark side—with soft detachable collar, fastened with a pin, and a dark blue and red striped tie. Formerly, such dark blue and red striped ties were worn only by the men of the Guards Regiment. But the world over these ties are now popular because they are particularly smart with blue suits. Of course, a plain dark blue tie would be in equally good taste, but the stripes relieve the plainness of the material of the suit and the shirt, which have no design. Another excellent combination with a dark blue suit is a figured foulard tie when the handkerchief and the tie are in shades of the same colour as the suit. Another sketch shows a light brown suit in a plain material worn with a plain very dark brown tie. The shirt and soft collar to match are faintly striped in brown and white. The idea is just the reverse of the plain blue shirt and striped tie.

BLACK-AND-WHITE TIE SEMI-FORMAL JACKET

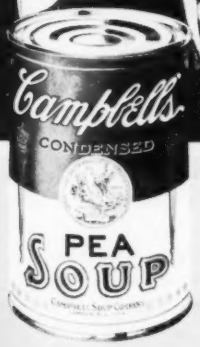
• In the last two examples, a tie with a pattern might be substituted for the ties shown in the sketches; but to be really in good taste they would have to be in the same colours as the suits and shirts with which they are worn. There are, naturally, many alternatives in these combinations of ties and shirts along the general lines indicated, but with more formal dress the smartly turned out man has even a smaller choice, because the more formally dressed the more conservative must be his taste in ties. Another sketch illustrates a short black jacket and waistcoat worn with striped trousers. For semi-formal occasions, the tie is black silk, (*Continued on page 90*)

DARK BROWN TIE AND A LIGHT BROWN SUIT

LIGHT GREY BOW TIE WITH THE CUTAWAY

THE BRIGHTER TIE FOR THE TWEED SUIT

Lenten choices in delicious soups that are strictly vegetable!



With the arrival of Lent and its limitations, the selection of a constantly pleasing variety for the table becomes even more of a problem in many homes. But there are four Campbell's Soups which prove especially helpful at this time. They are strictly vegetable, a delight to the taste, invigorating and nutritious.

Campbell's Tomato, Pea, Celery and Asparagus Soups contain no meat in any form. Instead they are enriched with choice creamery butter. Here are soups which reveal the art of the great French soup-chefs — a pride alike to the hostess and the mother. Food with genuine charm. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

For the well-dressed man

Noting the new fashion for striped effects in the smart flannel suit materials for Spring

■ The fashion cycle has turned and we find that once more the dictates of the man of fashion and the fine art of the tailor have met to give us welcome changes from the clothes we now regard a little wearily. This Spring there are several new fashions in men's clothes worthy of note. And we may say rightly that these are new fashions in effect, although many of the details are not in themselves new, but evolutions from older styles. Fortunately few of us have even remotely the desire to be known as the man with only one outfit, as several eccentrics have done consciously in the past by the simple expedient of ordering several outfits exactly alike and replenishing them from time to time with exact copies of the originals. Changes are infrequent enough in men's fashions and for that, the more welcome.

■ The illustrations for this article present more graphically than words can describe the newer effects to look for in replenishing one's spring wardrobe. We can say this much, however, that there is a note of greater refinement of detail, greater luxury and a truer feeling for comfort in men's dress. All of which is one phase of the general trend of our civilization towards a better appreciation of living well.

While we cannot say that on a certain day it was decided that lapels would be wider this season than they were during the past one, we do find that the relatively slow evolution of fashion has brought this about. Lapels are wider not only on single and double-breasted jackets, but on topcoats as well and show a marked curve at the edge, due partly to cut and partly to the soft construction which allows them to roll naturally.

The smart single-breasted jacket has a notched lapel, as shown in the illustration, and double-breasted jackets, of course, have the double-breasted or peaked lapel. The notch of the newer single-breasted lapel is less open and obvious than those we have seen for some time. In effect, it is very nearly a shawl collar with a small nick taken out at its edge.

Double-breasted jackets are smarter, if anything, than they were last season. Lapels, of course, follow the broader line and while the jacket is no more fitted at the waist than those of some seasons past, the heavier lapel tends to produce a more definite break at the waistline in front. Jackets are also being worn a fraction of an inch longer in the skirt—a very necessary measure to preserve the proper balance with its heavier lapels. The smarter type of single-breasted jacket likewise appears to break more at its front waistline. The latter jacket may be finished with either two or three buttons at the front. In other respects there is very little change in the tailoring of these jackets. Shoulders continue broad and natural; hips are narrow, but not tight; sleeveheads are full and there is a generous amount of material between lapel and shoulder; and sleeve cuffs remain narrow, finished with three small buttons.

■ Chalk stripes are very decidedly in fashion, although some of the newer types are difficult to recognize as such. More properly, they are stripe effects. That is, variations of small patterns and dotted stripes rather than clear definite lines in the material. And the same dotted line is used in some materials to carry out very neat *(Continued on page 92)*

■ Above and to the left, two figures illustrate the newer fashions in topcoats for spring ■ One is the double-breasted coat with wider lapels cut on a decided curve, and the other, a single-breasted coat with the broader lapel having a small notch-opening. Note also the other accessories shown on these figures, particularly the collars, shirts and ties ■ Directly above are two figures illustrating the newer fashions in spring suits. Notice the wider lapels, well curved; the type of notch in the lapel of the jacket at the left; and the manner in which the trousers taper from fullness about the hips and leg to narrow bottoms

A New Achievement for the Home
Fantom—The Recessed Radiator

The new "American" **Fantom** Radiator has been characterized as "the recessed radiator with the retiring disposition."

As illustrated above, the **Fantom** becomes an integral part of your room. Recessed beneath the window, its simple, straight, unobtrusive lines merge into the interior as part of the architectural scheme. Nothing is sacrificed in heating, for its unshielded surface radiates heat—pure, stimulating, radiant heat like that from the sun—while the warmed air rises in a gentle flow through the grill work at the top, bringing warmth to every nook and corner of the room. The **Fantom** is a modern radiator of high efficiency and low visibility. It may be painted to match anything from a chair to a chintz.

Here is new beauty and efficiency in heating, combined with the fidelity and reliability of an old servant.

Architects know and specify the **Fantom** for the most select new homes; but it can be installed in old homes as well . . . and paid for conveniently.

With an American Radiator Boiler in the basement —**Fantom** Radiators upstairs—your home is known to be equipped with the most modern and best that can be made; and you are assured of a lifetime of genial warmth with the utmost in economy . . . . a postcard will bring full particulars.

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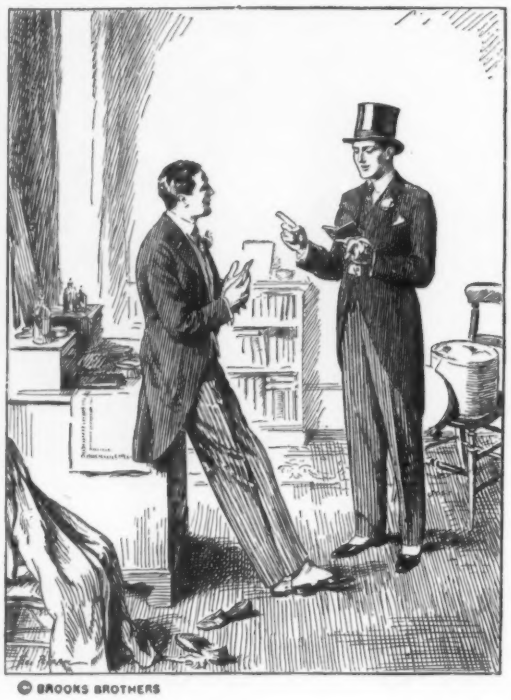

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Cutaways, Silk Hats

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for Easter, Spring
Weddings, etc.

Send for "A Wardrobe for
FORMAL DAY WEAR"

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BOSTON
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NEWPORT PALM BEACH

Exit the swell

(Continued from page 66)

the edge of his intellect, and clogs the development of his latent will to dandyism. Besides, he would have to read more, which would be fatal to his career as a politician. His minion, Grover Whalen, is a middling police commissioner with a boutonnière complex. But his movie-tone conception of *higlif* in a top-hat always hampers Mr. Whalen when he essays the free-hand brummel manner. Rudy Vallée would have to have the whole idea explained to him. Dr. Harvey Cushing, brain specialist and biographer of Sir William *(Equanimitas)* Osler, has the potentialities of a *verry parfit* dandy. But fortunately for humanity he is too much interested in trepanning skulls and draining cranial quagmires. He could have been at least a colonel in any dandiacal regiment. Jack Barrymore had excellent masters, and approximates dandyism more nearly than anyone on the Hollywood trapeze.

In politics, that devious track on which so many English dandies have shown their mettle, we have the sorriest bunch of entries ever gathered into one stable. With the exception of Mr. Nicholas Longworth and one or two others, I cannot think of a single Congressman whose hat-band is not sweaty, whose neckties are not speckled, or whose language, manners, carriage, outlook, and habit of neck-shaving do not suggest a selling-plater on a mud track.

No wonder a captain of the valet industry left Washington muttering: "Let me press the pants of a nation; I care not who makes its laws."

But all this is a far hail from my original thesis, which attempted to prove that dandyism is the only philosophic habit for a gentleman. The thesis is still demonstrable, and while I can point to no eminent examples of its truth, I think now of one man in particular—a simple fellow really. His income is modest, but so are his wants. I fancy he has never owned more than thirty suits of clothes, or forty pairs of shoes, or fifty hats at one time. But it is his utter histrionism in performing the simple acts of life which gives me the impression that he has solved the riddle of boredom. When he offers you a cigarette he extends his gold ciborium with a sacramental gesture, as though he were at least a papal nuncio, and you a royal communicant. But it is more than a gesture with him; it is his only reality. He is the very axle of celibacy, and at the age of thirty-five is on his way to being the most civilized man in the United States. The only thing that can possibly check him is marriage, which has ruined more dandies than all other causes combined.

A last warning. For every authentic case of dandyism there are a thousand counterfeits in circulation: the fop, the buck, and the beau. But they are merely veneered hat-racks, perambulating shoe-trees. If at first one such seems plausible, ask him the following question: "Honestly now, what do you make of Plotinus's seventh *Ennead?*"

By his answer you shall know him. If he answers incorrectly, he is a poseur and should be dropped from the rolls. However, the only difficulty with this little question is: You have to be something of a dandy yourself to know the right answer.

Raising chicks for profit

(Continued from page 51)

a studied and unfailing courtesy. Better a little patience and sympathy, however, Mr. Amateur Fancier; for this is only wise Nature's method of preparing these feathered pets for future married life.

And now let us say that patience has had its reward. The romance of our little pair has culminated in courtship and marriage. Time passes; and at last, one fine morning, the hen awakens cross and broody. She pays no attention to her mate's clarion call; and she only smiles wanly when the anxious male offers her a particularly juicy slug which he has found under the water-pan. By afternoon she is as cranky as a witch, and orders her husband from the house. All night long, with wings clasped behind him and his little brows puckered in thought, the forlorn husband paces up and down, up and down outside the chicken coop, torn with anxiety. Will it be a boy or a girl? Will it take after its mother's side, who were all white Wyandottes, or will it be another barred Plymouth Rock like its daddy—a regular little pal? Plans, idle speculations; dreams, mayhap; and then, as he paces up and down, up and down into the slow grey dawn, there is a faint rustle within. With the eager question burning on his lips, he gazes into his wife's smiling face.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" he gasps.

"It's an egg," she whispers softly.

In conclusion, too much cannot be said in urging the amateur chicken fancier to show sympathy and understanding at all times toward his feathered charges. Let *their* troubles be *your* troubles. It is only by making an individual friend of each and every chicken on the farm, that the maximum results can be obtained. The successful fancier must make his pets feel immediately that he is one of them. In my own case, for example, I have an old chicken-suit which I made economically and practically out of a stuffed pillow and my little boy's Indian war-bonnet; and by donning this disguise I often mingle unnoticed among my chickens by the hours, listening to their fascinating gossip, giving advice on moral hygiene to the younger chicks, and slowly winning their esteem and confidence by helping them to scratch up worms or mayhap occasionally relieving a tired female on the nest.

In fact, it was only by such diligence and patience, my friends, that I was enabled to sell my chickens at the end of last year for the record price of $1431.63. Inasmuch as I had only paid $4000 for the lot, three months earlier, I feel I was luckier than the average person, at that.

My family is now engaged in eating up the left-over mash.

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

With "good Queen Bess" of England the royal palanquin was in high favor. On a visit to Blackfriars in 1600 she was borne in luxurious state on the shoulders of her nobles

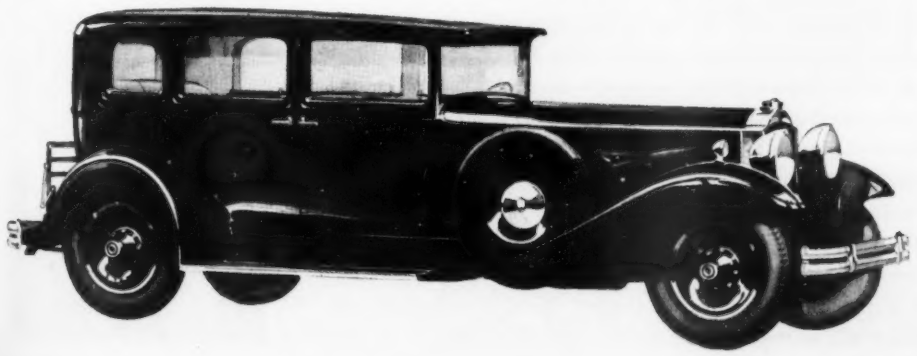
THAT the Packard Eight provides the most luxurious personal transportation available to the modern world is generally recognized if not everywhere admitted.

It would be absurd, therefore, not to conclude that there are literally thousands of motorists who would prefer to own Packard cars. That they do not drive the cars they envy is due to but one cause—they over-estimate the cost.

Yet the average Packard prospect already has invested in his present car a substantial portion of the Packard purchase price—generally two-thirds or more! And he is paying Packard operating costs. With but a few hundred dollars more—spread, if he likes, over many months—he can have the car he really wants. And the extra expenditure will be *completely absorbed* in the longer period he will gladly keep his Packard Eight.

Packard owners know that they can enjoy their Packards for many years—secure in the distinction of a characteristic and unchanging beauty of design; assured of continuously superb performance by advanced engineering and quality craftsmanship.

But many thousands who have longed for the luxury of Packard transportation have still to learn that it may be theirs—*easily* and without added cost.



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

Mellow beauty of rare cabinetwork . . . melody of deep-toned chimes . . . and the accuracy of modern electric time

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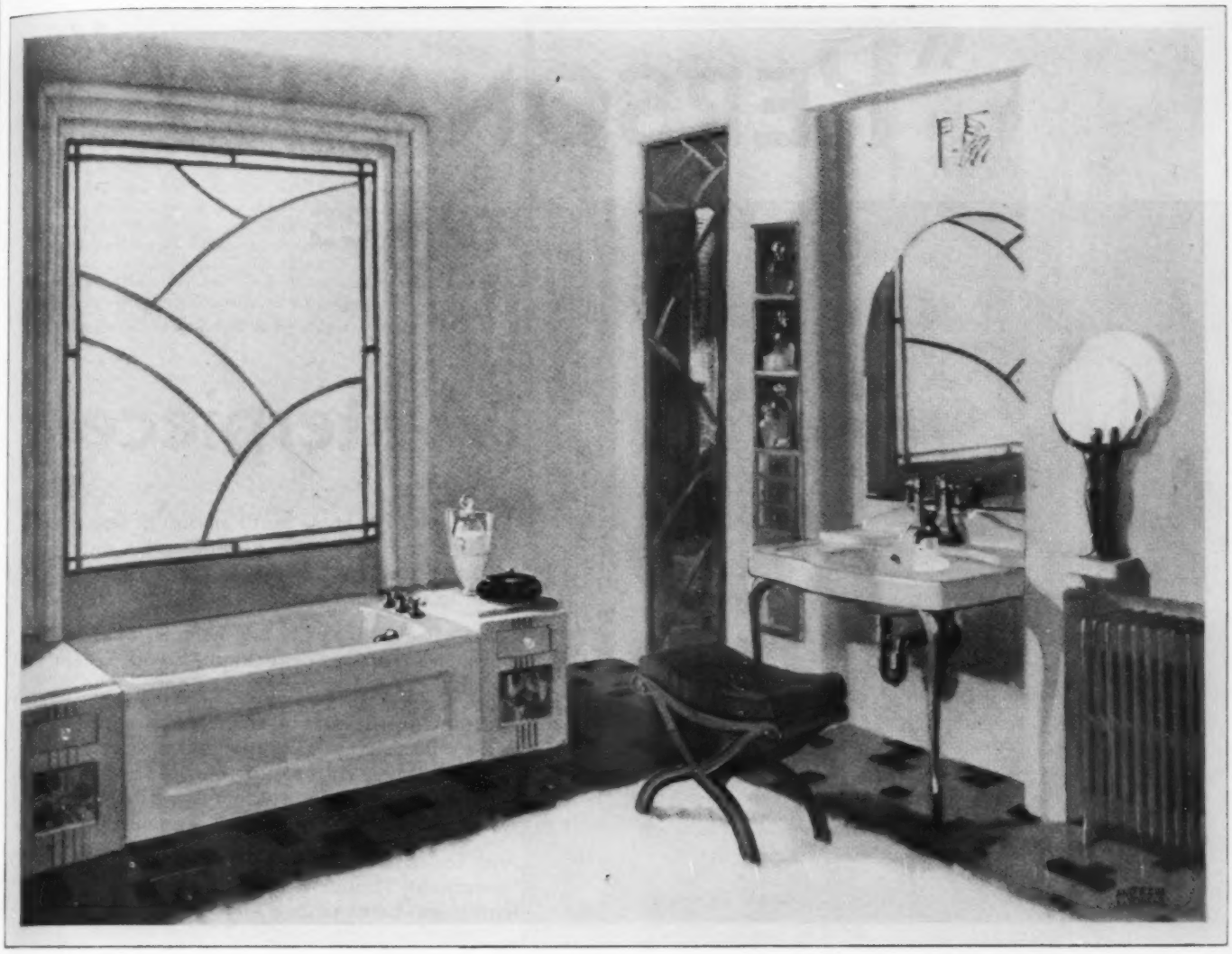
with Telechron electric motors

THERE are certain things about which a real home revolves. The master craftsmen of Colonial America knew it. And for those homes most worthy of the name, they created sturdy, venerable grandfather's clocks . . . marking the hours . . . showing the phases of the moon . . . filling the house with music and content. • For the homes of today, Revere has created floor clocks no whit less fine—with the greater convenience and accuracy entailed by modern life. Rich cabinetwork. Distinguished period designs. Elaborately etched and inlaid dials. Full-toned Westminster, Canterbury, or Whittington chimes. Or a ship's bell strike. • And fit complement to the artistry of these cases is the precision of the Telechron motor inside. Synchronized with the Telechron Master Clock in your power house, it delivers *accurate* time, once you've plugged in the clock and set the hands. No winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating. • Illustrated above is Hanover, a Colonial design in the finest Honduras mahogany. 87½" high, it is priced at $375. At the right is R-130, a Gothic design. 12½" high, it sells for $88. • There are many others, ranging in price from $40 to $1200.* Write for free illustrated booklet, "Observatory Time." Revere Clock Co., 435 McMillan St., Cincinnati.

**The Warren Telechron Co., of Ashland, Mass., manufactures non-striking clocks at prices up to $55.*



The period of the Chippendale bathtub is drawing to a close

There it is, the Chippendale bathtub, in many a fine old home You can distinguish it by its claw and ball feet. And since it is distinguished by nothing else, there's no other one-word description for it.

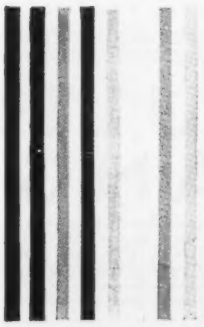
Prize Chippendale models as you will, they have no place in that modern interior, the bathroom. The later models of the Master Potters and Enamelers of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company are much to be preferred.

These potters and enamelers are creating the new ceramic and enameled furniture for the bathroom, the new American interior. Because they have an innate feeling for the material with which they work, the new "Standard" Lavatories and Baths are characterized by the beauty of simplicity and perfect proportion.

Not content with beauty of form, they have drawn upon the ceramic art of all the ages to produce colors of exquisite beauty for plumbing fixtures. All "Standard" designs are now available in Ming Green, T'ang Red, Clair de Lune Blue, St. Porchaire Brown, Rose du Barry, Ivoire de Medici, Orchid of Vincennes, Royal Copenhagen Blue and Ionian Black.

It isn't possible that there is a Chippendale bathtub in your bathroom, but perhaps the plumbing fixtures belong to the middle period of 1914 and should be replaced. In that case, if you will write for it, a copy of the interesting book, "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration" will be mailed to you. Details of an easy financing plan will be sent upon request.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES



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"PERSONALITY" makes the Masterpiece!

"The Standard Bearer," by Rembrandt. Now in the collection of Mr. Jules S. Bache, New York.

YOU need not know that Rembrandt was the greatest painter of the Seventeenth Century nor be posted on the superiorities of his technique to stand in awe of his inspiring work.

You realize instinctively that here is a masterpiece. His canvases are kindled with inventiveness; they glow with "personality."

Yet the impression of excellence which a Rembrandt conveys to the lay observer is supported by detailed analysis of those technical qualities on which the student of art bases his expert judgment of Rembrandt's genius.

And so, too, with Chrysler cars. There is a "personality" about them that can be felt better than it can be described.

Yet a comparison of Chrysler features with those of other cars sustains in the mind of the mechanical expert the same impression of excellence that is felt by those who neither know nor care what makes the wheels go round.

And just as among paintings, one stands out above the rest because of some almost indefinable spark of genius, so, too, between Chrysler and other cars.

Specifications may sound much alike, styling may seem similar; all may be competent, serviceable and durable.

But from no other car do you get that sense of pride and enthusiasm of ownership that you get from a Chrysler.

For the "personality" of a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

MULTI-RANGE CHRYSLER

THE IMPERIAL	8 Body Styles, $2995 to $3575	THE 77	9 Body Styles, $1625 to $1825	THE 70	7 Body Styles, $1295 to $1545	THE 66	6 Body Styles, $995 to $1095	ALL PRICES F.O.B DETROIT

"BEAUTY THAT RIVALED THAT GLORIOUS ENGLISH DAY"

"Both Dee and her youngest (and by the way, she is now eighteen) were in that inevitable top rail row that is usually dominated by our younger sisters. If she had only affected just a bit more adolescent boredom I should never have detected her. For, true to England, both mother and daughter had complexions that rivaled that glorious English day for clear, fresh beauty."

—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

There is a new and lasting freshness for your skin in this English complexion treatment

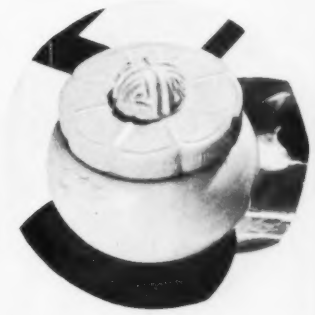
FOR THE clear and natural freshness of her skin, for her vibrant color, the English woman is famous throughout the world. It is significant that she uses only a few cosmetics. But it is more significant that those few are invariably the best—Yardley's.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder—here is her effective beauty treatment. Yardley's soap is for the initial cleansing of her face. Yardley's Complexion Cream follows, to coax out any lingering bits of imbedded dust. Then Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder to protect the new and lovely freshness of her skin. Soft, cooling, smooth, and delicately scented, it heightens the natural radiance of her beauty. English Complexion Cream is also a nourishing cream for use at night and a foundation cream for powder. Used as a powder base, it is to be put on liberally and then *washed off in water.* Just enough remains to retain your powder perfectly.

Use Yardley's faithfully. Your mirror will reveal to you a new beauty—sure and poised, but at the same time, unstudied, the sort of beauty that has always been the preference of the gentlewoman. You will find these three Yardley toiletries at your favorite store. Send for our new booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent." It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

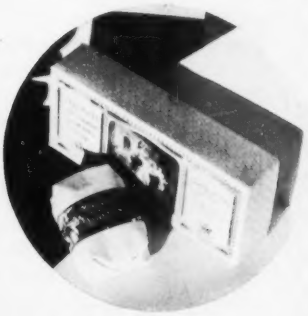
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. R. H.

THE PRINCE OF
WALES



Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, nourish and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed jar, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.



Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.

Yardley's English Lavender

"The Lovable Fragrance"

Gentlemen's Clothes

FOR GOLF

AND COUNTRY WEAR

For the golfer who anticipates the season by selecting correct and comfortable clothes for wear on the links and in the country, we present a comprehensive group of garments in distinguished imported fabrics

Tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman in distinctive models embodying our newer style developments. Accessories for golf wear of quality and individuality

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET

New York

My severe attack of whimsy

(Continued from page 59)

without your assistance. Why do you think it?"

"Why do you pick on a friend?" (She calls it freend, after A. A. Milne.)

"Do be reasonable. I can't quarrel with a stranger, can I?"

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't know enough about him to make him angry."

"About whom?"

"The mysterious stranger, of course!"

"Who is he?"

"How should I know, if he's a stranger! . . ."

It is obvious that, without disparaging each other's company, Edith and I are in a vicious circle. The only thing that will preserve a semblance of whimsical amity until the happy confusion at the end, is to keep away from each other. Reconciliation must ensue from the intercession of the Member of the Opposition, whose secretary reminds him that he already has a wife in the colonies, and therefore, had better not repeat a costly mistake. That is the way Edith and I might be enabled to resume our chaffing.

There is luckily one other alternative to our complete estrangement. That alternative is to invoke the butler.

Edith interviews him in his pantry, the only place where he is allowed to talk like Sir James Barrie, that is to say, a good deal of Sentimental Tommy-rot. Then I wander in casually and he lectures me like Bernard Shaw on the necessity of knowing the Workmen's Compensation Act before getting married. He does more: he reads it to me. Finally, I awake out of a deep sleep. . . . It seems I have been ill.

Sympathy, grogs, good humor, pillows, and opinions regarding where I had caught my bad cold had enveloped me for a week. About Sunday, just as I was getting more audible, and could sit up to gorge on untoward delicacies and abuse everybody, I received a book. It was called, I believe, "As We Were Saying", or perhaps "When You So Rudely Interrupted Me", I can't remember which, because, you see, it was one of those charming, pointless, hazy pieces that remain so charming, pointless, and . . . hazy.

I made the mistake, however, of asking for more, and my dear Edith, with touching but misplaced devotion, procured them for me. With my money she swelled the already bloated fortunes of A. A. Milne, Christopher Morley, Max Beerbohm, J. M. Barrie, A. P. Herbert, and a host of others, equally familiar, not only with Wonderland, but, with "Alice in Wonderland" also.

I fed, I battened on these, even though most of them I had read before. I swallowed indiscriminately both Twaddle-Dum and Twaddle-Dee. I began to lose the power of speaking in full sentences. I developed a passion for monosyllables. My Oh's and Ah's became charged with whimsicality, if not with meaning. Indeed, I am not cured of my attack of whimsy even now. I am still abed. "Roger," says Edith, "don't you want to get up while I shake the crumbs out of the bed?"

"Crumbs," I reply, "bed-crumbs, cannot be shaken out of a bed. You must burn the bed."

Our London Letter

(Continued from page 84)

with tiny pin points of white. Or it might be dark grey, in stripes of black and grey, or plain black, but it should not be in colours or in a very daring pattern. Scarf pins are not generally worn, but with formal or semi-formal dress a pearl scarf pin, with such an ultra conservative tie, has a certain elegance that is still fashionable. Whenever a scarf pin is worn it must be set off by a very plain tie. One sketch shows a morning coat worn with a grey cloth waistcoat; the shirt is white and the wing collar is substituted for the double starched collar shown in another sketch. With this wing collar a bow tie is suggested, though a puff tie or a sailor's knot is equally correct. But there is something very becoming about a wing collar worn with a bow tie in the day for it is youthful, and, incidentally, much affected by the younger generation who, even when formally dressed, do not like to appear formal looking. One bow tie sketched is in grey silk with a small design in the weave, in the same colour, and matches in tone the grey cloth waistcoat which is usually worn with the morning coat in London. It also harmonizes with the light grey trousers which are now more popular than striped trousers with a morning coat.

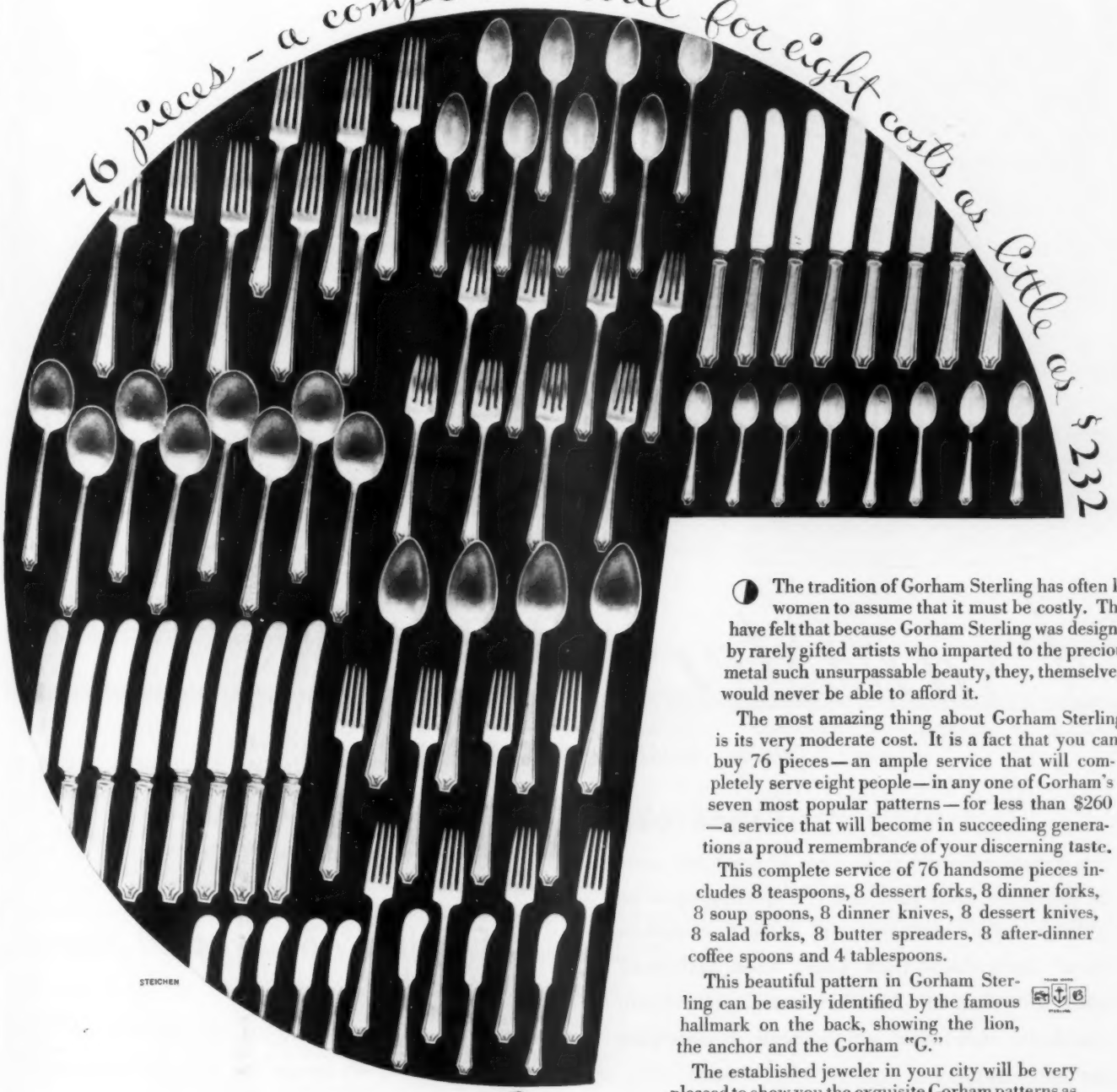
Evening clothes—either a dinner jacket or a tailcoat, are accompanied by accessories which are almost like a uniform, so slightly do they vary. The one-end black tie made of dull silk is the prescribed thing. It is always worn with a wing collar and a starched-bosom shirt. With a tailcoat it is the same, except that the tie is white piqué. Soft shirts for evening wear are only for the country in extreme hot weather and, even then, as they are really not so much more comfortable than the starched shirts, a man is not justified in wearing them to the detriment of his appearance, for there is no question that they do not look so well as stiff shirts for evening wear.

The point of focus of a man's dress is his tie because it is the most conspicuous thing after his face. Therefore, no matter how much a man may be tempted by "fancy" ties, every time he buys such a tie he should, at the same time buy a second tie of plain material—black, blue, brown, or grey—so that he always has the opportunity of changing his tie and "saving his face" if when he is dressed, he finds the tie he liked so well in the shop has spoiled the effect of his turn-out.

the *silver* you would rather have can be yours

Gorham sterling is *not expensive*

76 pieces – a complete service for eight costs as little as $232



The tradition of Gorham Sterling has often led women to assume that it must be costly. They have felt that because Gorham Sterling was designed by rarely gifted artists who imparted to the precious metal such unsurpassable beauty, they, themselves, would never be able to afford it.

The most amazing thing about Gorham Sterling is its very moderate cost. It is a fact that you can buy 76 pieces—an ample service that will completely serve eight people—in any one of Gorham's seven most popular patterns—for less than $260—a service that will become in succeeding generations a proud remembrance of your discerning taste.

This complete service of 76 handsome pieces includes 8 teaspoons, 8 dessert forks, 8 dinner forks, 8 soup spoons, 8 dinner knives, 8 dessert knives, 8 salad forks, 8 butter spreaders, 8 after-dinner coffee spoons and 4 tablespoons.

This beautiful pattern in Gorham Sterling can be easily identified by the famous hallmark on the back, showing the lion, the anchor and the Gorham "G."

The established jeweler in your city will be very pleased to show you the exquisite Gorham patterns as well as many beautiful pieces of matching hollow ware.

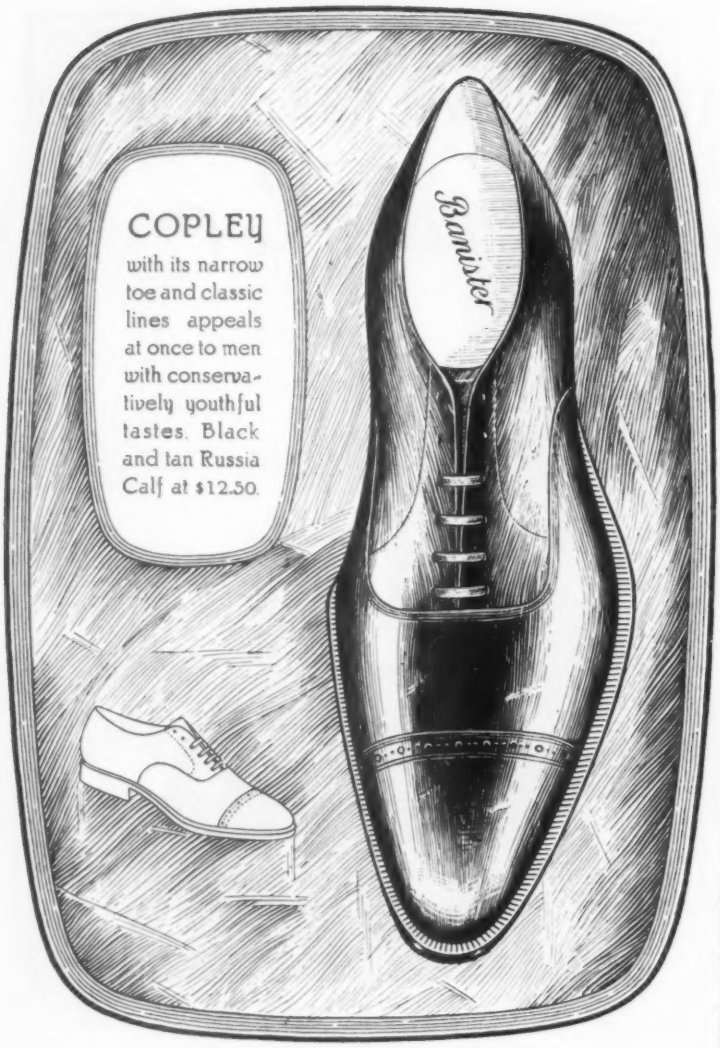
THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dept. F-10

Please send me your new illustrated book, "The Art of Table Setting," by Lilian M. Gunn, authority on the etiquette of entertainment, for which I enclose 25¢.

Name_____

Address_____

Gorham


COPLEY
with its narrow toe and classic lines appeals at once to men with conservatively youthful tastes. Black and tan Russia Calf at $12.50.
Banister

Banister

America's Foremost Men's Fashion Authority

Observes

the growing tendency to own at least one pair of shoes for each suit, and it is gratifying to be able to offer gentlemen of taste a complete Shoe Wardrobe — with every shoe fashioned over an identical last—at a price, in many numbers, that need not exceed twelve-fifty for each pair.

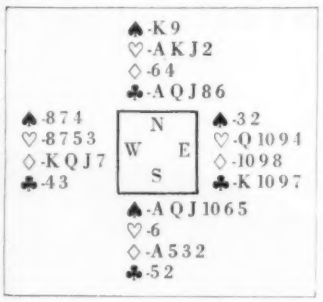
At all stores Catering to Discriminating Men

JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

Honesty is a poor policy

(Continued from page 80)

ever unwilling—is forced to aid and abet the Declarer in practicing a deception on his partner. Here is another such case which occurred in a recent game:



North dealt and, playing the Demand Bid, opened with two Clubs. When East passed, South showed his unusual strength with a jump to three Spades. To feel out his partner's willingness for a Slam, North carried the bid to five Spades, whereupon South accepted the invitation with a bid of six.

When West led the King of Diamonds and the Dummy was laid down, it seemed quite dazzling with its array of honors and its Short Diamonds. But South was one of those hard-boiled players, inclined to regard finesses with pessimism, and to distrust short suits where the trumps were not overly long. So, in the accepted manner of the expert, he proceeded, before touching a card, to study his dummy with a cold and analytical regard.

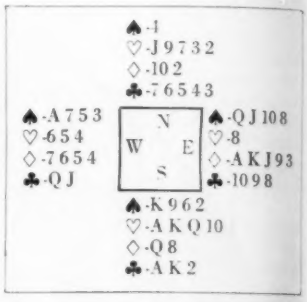
"Here," said he to himself, "are two finesses, either one of which will, if successful, give me my contract. On a fair average, one or the other should win. But which one? The disaster of a wrong guess can be avoided if I can trump two of my losing Diamonds. But if I show such an intention by taking the first trick and leading a second Diamond, West will undoubtedly come back with a trump. Therefore, my best chance lies in preparing to trump a Diamond without revealing my intention of doing so."

All set with his plot, North played a Diamond from Dummy, and blessed his luck when East's eight went down and he could promptly confirm East's enforced deception by false-carding with the five from his own hand.

Having no possible reason for disregarding his partner's apparent strength signal and switching to another suit, West, of course, came on with the Diamond.

This deal is one of the many which go to prove the weakness of unnecessary Ace showing. If North and South had shown Aces, they would still have bid their slam, but could never have made it against an even fairly intelligent defense.

In the following deal it was most fortunate for the original bidder that he used the Demand Bid.



Had South opened the bid with a Club and North responded with a Diamond, East could have put in a cheap call of two Diamonds which, like so many of these lead-directing bids, would have saved the game. As it was, South's opening bid was two Hearts, North went to three, and South closed the contract with four.

The Queen of Clubs was led. South needed only a short survey of his dummy to see that he must inevitably lose one Club, and that he was surely down unless he could set up Dummy's Clubs for discards before the opponents took two Diamonds and the Ace of Spades. Also, he realized that there was only one chance of accomplishing this seemingly impossible feat—by "playing dead" on West's lead.

When West's Queen held the first trick, he could hardly be blamed for placing his partner with the Ace, King of Clubs and South with the 10, 9. That South had several losers was apparent when he failed to try for a slam. Everything indicated to West that these losers were in Clubs, and urged him into his fatal second lead—the Jack of Clubs.

For the well-dressed man

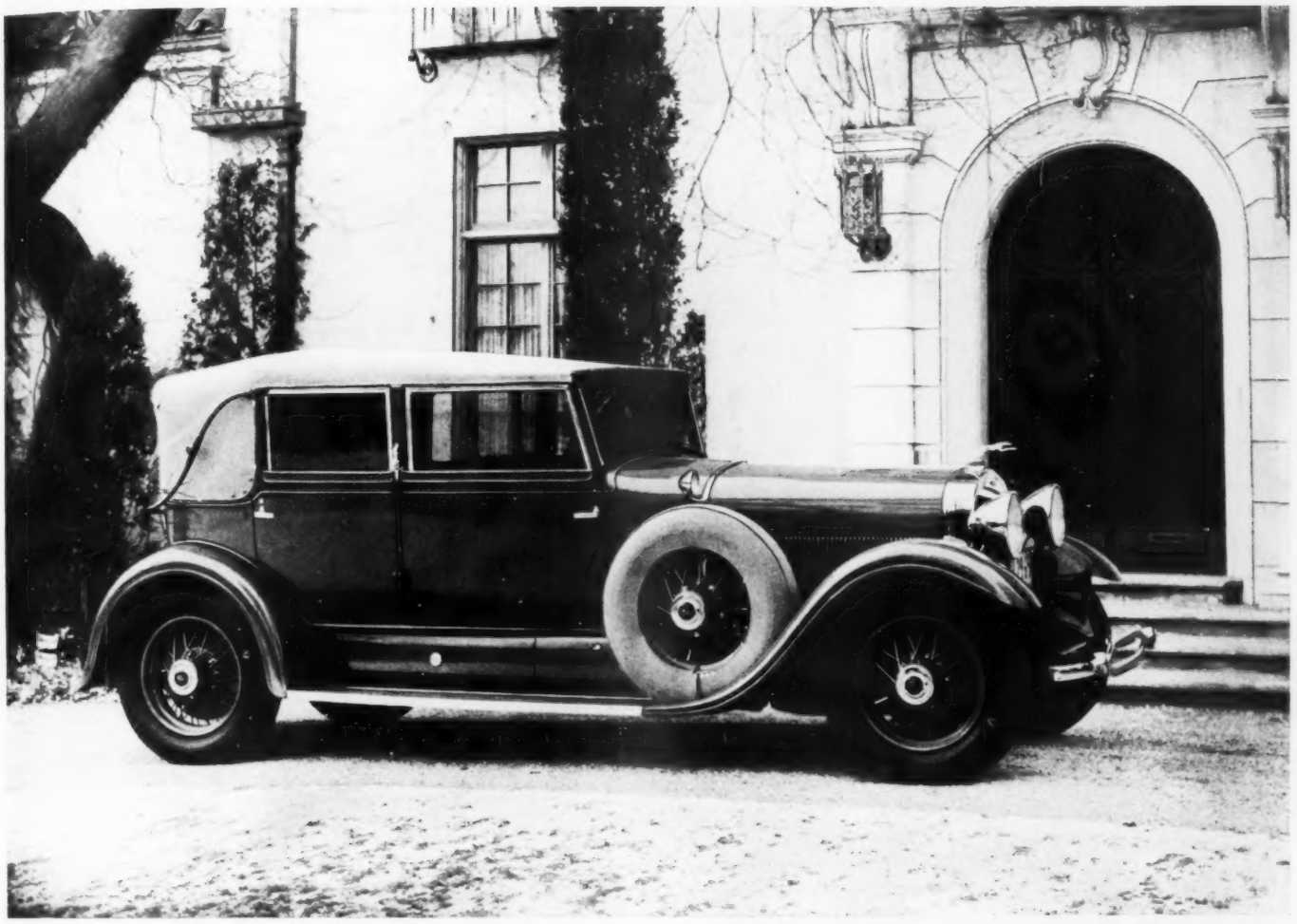
(Continued from page 86)

herringbone effects. These stripes are particularly good in flannels for town and country suits and will be seen in a few cases in worsteds. This season a softer type of fabric is more fashionable than the hard finished materials so recently in vogue. Popular colors are blue-greys and various other mixtures of blue. Those whose coloring permits it will also wear Lovats, those attractive dusty mixtures of blue-and-green, tan-and-green, and grey-and-green.

Topcoats follow the same lines and styles as the jackets with broader lapels, more of a marked break at the front and so on. These are made of tweeds in minute patterns and the colors follow those of the suits. Plain tan coverts are always smart and one of the more appropriate styles is the single-breasted coat with a fly front and notched lapels.

A further word of caution in buying suits and topcoats: It is advisable to select the other accessories to be worn with them, in the same shop if possible so that the colours can be properly matched or contrasted; so that patterns in shirts and ties will look well with the new stripes in suits and, in short, so that the complete effect will be as it should, an unobtrusive but nevertheless well-planned turn-out.

THE LINCOLN



THE DIETRICH CONVERTIBLE SEDAN

A motor car, too, reflects its background

LINCOLN has used its unlimited resources to develop a motor that notably combines *strength* and *performance.*

In making this motor, operations that best can be done by hand are in the unhurried hands of fine craftsmen; whereas operations that are beyond the power of even the finest craftsman to perform . . . inhumanly delicate measurements and exquisite applications of tremendous force . . . are done by machines that are the wonder of the engineering world. Costly to maintain, these machines often slow up production; but there is no intention to produce the beautiful, luxurious Lincoln in large quantities.

Because the motor avoids periodic vibration, as soldiers avoid keeping step on a bridge, the excellent structures and precise alignments in the Lincoln are left undeteriorated throughout the years. Because the parts are related with such unparalleled precision, the powerful Lincoln needs no tedious breaking in . . . but is, from its first day of service, a quiet, steadily functioning possession for those who can afford to purchase anything they desire; yet who demand authentic value for their money.

GLYCINE
THE WATCH OF PERFECTION
Glycine is the aristocrat of watches. Each model is an exquisitely-rendered interpretation of the supremely and distinctively smart. Three-quarters of a century of precision craftsmanship have gone into the creation of this Watch of Perfection. The models illustrated are the last word in smart design for women and for men. See the newest Glycine models at your jeweler's. Write for the Glycine Book of Styles in Fine Watches. Address GLYCINE WATCHES, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
GA—Masculine 14 K white gold filled Wadsworth case, 15 jewels, luminous dial . . . $45
GC—Lovely 18 K solid white gold and platinum case, set with 4 emeralds and 12 diamonds, 15 jewels $200
GD—Charming 18 K solid white gold case, 15 jewel movement . . $70
GB—Dignified 18K solid white gold case, 17 jewels, solid gold raised figures, detachable strap and solid gold buckle $110
GE—Beautiful 18 K solid white gold case, 15 jewels $70

Prague, queen of Bohemia

(Continued from page 69)

their master, the Emperor, which was the origin of the Thirty Years War.

"Just the same, it's an extremely bad precedent," Masaryk, the present President, says, not without humour.

Bohemia has never furnished many statesmen to the monarchy of the double headed Eagle—unlike Hungary. On the other hand, she supplied excellent subordinate officials and functionaries, obscure but faithful, though rather rough and ready, marvelous cooks, and the best gardeners of all Central Europe. None the less many aristocrats who passed as Austrians were Czechs, like Schwarzenberg, Czernin, Lobkovitz, Fürstenberg, Viltchek and Clam-Gallas. In 1918, when Prague became the capital of a free country, the government requisitioned the property of all these great nobles. Many of them, to avert ruin, hastily sold their palaces in Prague to strangers. That is why the diplomatic corps there is more sumptuously housed than in any city in the world.

Palaces of Prague! Across the wrought iron balconies, Italian in design, over the double windows, one sees gilt figures; caryatids, bending under the weight of the building, are separated by an old door, crossed by iron bars, which opens upon gardens. For, remaining without industrial development until the last few years, Prague is a city of palaces and gardens.

Built on green hills, without suburbs, the whole city seems to be surrounded by woods and flowers. The great palaces, the French and United States legations, the palace of the Order of Malta, are islands of greenness and freshness, with their loggias, their allegories in stone, their grottos. Nearly all date from the 17th and 18th centuries, Prague having been destroyed by a conflagration in the 16th century. The Lobkovitz Palace, with its massive walls and its escutcheons in a lacy design, the Schwarzenberg Palace, with its diamond paned windows, the Czernin Palace, with its enormous façade of demi-columns, given up since the 18th century, the Sternberg, Straka, Yulsh, Buquoy, Fürstenberg, Kinsky, Hortitz palaces. . . .

Travelling in the interior is really arduous, but Prague itself is well on the way to becoming a great modern city. There scarcely anything but Czech, that strange tongue, is spoken; German has almost disappeared already. As land is becoming constantly more valuable, the gardens are vanishing, one by one. In the recesses the Madonnas, so characteristic of the older city, are replaced by the heads of deputies and other political heroes. The stone dolphins and tritons tend to crumple quickly in the terrible cold of the Central European winters, and they will not be replaced.

In the great, gilded rooms of the palaces ancestral figures, wearing horned helmets, look down, with an irate mein, from their portraits upon modern civilization, and there is no longer anyone to appease their spirits.

Czecho-Slovakia is especially proud

(Continued on page 96)

The enchanted coffer

(Continued from page 61)

room with the blackboard at which Anselm Mayer checked his accounts. Certainly there was nothing in this poor and barren interior to aid the imagination in reconstructing the astonishing and magnificent past of this man. But my visit was not ended.

My guide at length took me into a little side room at the rear of the house, away from the street, where there might have been, if not thieves, at least prowlers, or perhaps brawls and riots. There he showed me the coffer in which the first of the Rothschilds was wont to lock up his recently acquired possessions:—the handsome *florins* still redolent of the little country farms from which they had just come, correctly indorsed notes and drafts, receipts with reliable signatures, and without doubt some jewels and precious stones; everything and anything that had a value, and on which money could be loaned.

This solid, narrow iron coffer was not clamped to the ground. Two men might easily lift it. It was hardly larger than the trunk with which the modern woman travels. Nevertheless, what treasures have not come out of it?

While I looked at it curiously, there arose before my eyes palaces rearing their splendid façades in all the capitals of Europe; princely villas reflected in the still waters of lakes and rivers; lordly châteaux in shadowy parks; extensive hot-houses for the cultivation of orchids, roses, and rare plants; millions of pheasants, partridges, rabbits nourished for the shoots; race-horses galloping down turf and track. The most beautiful pictures in the world: Van Dyck, Memling, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Frans Hals and Watteau grouped themselves around this bare iron coffer; pearl necklaces and glittering rivers of diamonds overflowed its rough sides. Then Anselm Mayer, first baron of Rothschild, appeared in the shadow of the dim room, shabbily dressed like the peddler that he was. He had not forgotten his umbrella.

"My children's children will marry princes and dukes," he said in an emotionless voice, "but the blood of Anselm Mayer will be stronger than theirs, it will make itself known no matter what the name they bear. The kings will disappear; the elector princes that I have worked for, and who have made me rich; the Bourbons who are of the past already; the Bonapartes, the greatest of whom I have seen; the Hohenzollerns who are all-powerful in Prussia; the Hapsburgs, who ennobled me, and the Romanoffs who own half the earth. The dynasty that I have founded will survive them, and the spoils of their palaces will adorn the houses of my children."

"There is but one power in the world today. It is . . .

Anselm Mayer struck the iron coffer with his umbrella, and the coffer answered in a metallic, golden voice.

MODERN
and Gracious in Design

THIS recent modern silver of Reed & Barton is reminiscent of museum pieces of Early American and Irish design. It retains the quality of mellowness one associates with antiques. Your jeweler will gladly show you these Reed & Barton sterling candlesticks and service pieces 980, 250, and 255; knives, forks, and spoons in the French Antique pattern.

Linen, courtesy of Mosse, Inc.
Glass and China, courtesy of Mrs. Wiltbank

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE
TAUNTON, MASS. TRADE-MARK STERLING NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Minneapolis, Minn.	Toronto, Canada

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Art and the obvious

(Continued from page 64)

work of art. We are faced now with an unprecedented situation: the greater number of the more sensitive and accomplished artists of our time have rejected not merely external realism (for which we may be rather thankful), but even what I may call internal realism. They simply refuse to take artistic cognizance of most of the eternal facts of human nature. Disgusted by the excesses of popular art, they are haunted by a terror of the obvious, even of the obvious sublimities and beauties and marvels. Now, about nine tenths of life are made up precisely of the obvious. Which means that the majority of sensitive modern artists are compelled, by their disgust and fear, to confine themselves to the exploitation of only a tiny fraction of existence.

The most self-conscious of contemporary artistic centres is Paris and it is, as we should expect, in Paris that this strange new fear of the obvious has borne the most striking fruits. But what is true of Paris is also true of the other artistic capitals of the world. But advanced art in other countries is less deliberate and less thorough-going. In every country, but in France a little more clearly than elsewhere, we see the same fear of the obvious producing the same effects. We see the plastic arts stripped of all their 'literary' qualities, pictures and statues reduced to their strictly formal elements. We listen to a music from which almost every expression of a tragical, a mournful, a tender sentiment has been excluded—a music that has deliberately confined itself to the expression of physical energy, of motion. Both music and the visual arts are impregnated to a greater or less extent with that now topsy-turvy romanticism which exalts the machine, the crowd, the merely muscular body and despises the soul and solitude and nature. Advanced literature is full of the same romanticism. Its subject matter is arbitrarily simplified by the exclusion of all those great obviousnesses of everlasting human nature which were held in highest esteem by the men of earlier generations. This process is justified theoretically by a kind of philosophy of history which affirms—quite gratuitously and, I am convinced, quite falsely—that human nature has radically changed in the last few years and that the modern man or woman is, or at least ought to be, radically different from his ancestors. Nor is it only in regard to subject-matter that the writer's fear of the obvious manifests itself. He has a terror of the obvious in his artistic medium—a terror which leads him to make laborious efforts to destroy the gradually perfected instrument of language. Those who are completely and ruthlessly logical parade a total nihilism and would like to see the abolition of all art, all science and all organized society whatsoever. It is extraordinary to what lengths the fear of the obvious can drive its victims.

Almost all that is most daring in contemporary art, is thus seen to be the fruit of terror—the terror, in an age of unprecedented vulgarity, of the obvious. The spectacle of so much fear-inspired boldness is one which I find rather depressing. If young artists really desire to offer proof of their courage they should attack the monster of obviousness and try to conquer it, try to reduce it to a state of artistic domestication, not timorously run away from it. For the great obvious truths are there—facts. Those who deny their existence, those who proclaim that human nature has changed since August 4th, 1914, are merely rationalizing their terrors and disgusts. Popular art gives a deplorably beastly expression to the obvious; sensitive men and women hate this beastly expression; therefore, by a natural but highly unscientific process, they affirm that the things so hatefully expressed do not exist. But they do exist, as any dispassionate survey of the facts makes clear. And since they exist, they should be faced, fought with and reduced to artistic order. By pretending that certain things are not there, which *are* there, much of the most accomplished modern art is condemning itself to incompleteness, sterility, premature decrepitude and death.

Prague, queen of Bohemia

(Continued from page 94)

of its spas and of the steel made in its great Skoda factories, which is of such purity that England herself orders cannons from them. The famous Batya, the Czecho-Slovak Ford, turns out shoes by machinery, in the American fashion, and with so much efficiency that he has said he is sure of being able to shoe all Europe at prices that will defy all competition.

At the foot of the castle, set above the Schwarzenberg gardens, one must climb up, since Prague, on the evening of a national holiday, is illuminated by a thousand searchlights, which light the domes and the loveliest façades of an invisible mass, to the little cabaret where one drinks beer, while the famous sausages of the country are swallowed and Prague ham draws its pink tongue across little rolls. The orchestra plays the *Beautiful Blue Danube*. Strings of tri-coloured lamps. Pyramids of bocks. Flagons of beer. Heavy tables, made from the same fir of which coffins are made. Soldiers, their blouses unbuttoned at the collar. Students, drinking a decalitre at a draught, under pain of a forfeit, while a song is sung!

Very late, one returns to the deserted streets. One thinks of the evenings of the great winters, of the old stoves of rococo porcelain into which whole forests disappear, of Prague under the snow . . . of those silent Medieval nights in which only the candle of an alchemist making gold from base metal burned, the while from the German belfry of Prague the iron hours struck!

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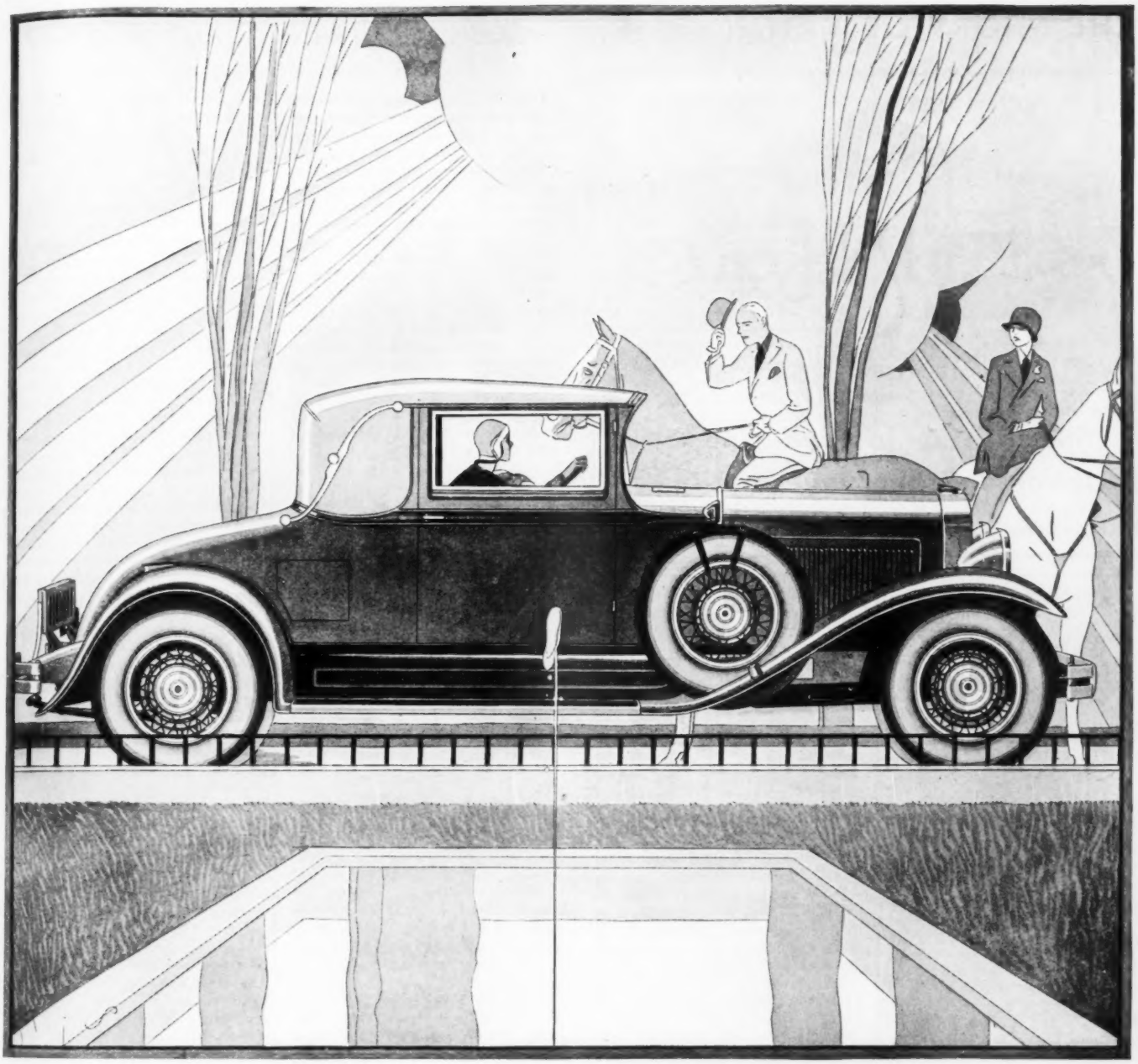

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Music and international amity

(Continued from page 55)

music that it is understandable by every nation, irrespective of language; and, as I have said, it was misfortune of the first order that just when the world, for one reason and another growing out of the Great War, was beginning to take an absorbing interest in America, that country should figure before the eyes of the world in general mainly under this aspect alone—that of a purveyor of the most dreary, the most brainless, the most offensive form of music that the earth has ever known. The average European unfortunately knows next to nothing of the better sort of American music. For him, the national American music is jazz, the appalling thing that is as likely as not to assail his ears and turn his stomach each time he enters a restaurant or switches on his radio.

It is true that in Europe the reign of jazz is virtually over. Apart from the dancers, everyone is thoroughly weary of it, weary of its incompetence, its inanity, its banality, its incessant harping upon the same half-dozen melodic and rhythmic formulae, the stereotyped instrumental tricks, and the whining eunuchs who add to the instrumental a vocal inbecility. But the mischief has been done. America has been identified with jazz, and jazz with America; and the desire to hear no more of jazz has become identified in many European minds with the desire to hear no more of America. That in itself, I admit, is also a manifestation of stupidity; every rational man knows that jazz is no more representative of the real America than the avarice of the French shopkeeper is representative of the fine civilisation of France, or the beer-swilling Münchener representative of the fine civilisation of Germany. But the fact that jazz speaks the universal language of sound has made it an almost inescapable part of the daily round.

The case as regards the spiritual is not quite so bad, though it is bad enough. Here again the new thing was welcomed at first because it was new. The spirituals were not of much musical account in themselves, but they had a certain naïve charm. It was undoubtedly an effort for English audiences to remain as serious as some of the singers were in face of words that had a strong flavour of the comic about them; but the effort was made, because it was recognised that, naïve as these songs were, they were sincere. The trouble developed when the commercial exploitation of the spirituals set in—a process that might be described as the exploitation of Uncle Tom. The spiritual as Uncle Tom may have sung it was one thing. The spiritual as maudlinised by hefty gentlemen on the concert platform, and as dished up by "arrangers", was another. The spiritual as a simple melodic flowering of a simple religious sentiment had the appeal that sincerity is always sure of making; the spiritual decked out in the harmonic commonplaces and clichés of the academic "arrangers" divided us between laughter and nausea. Once more we felt that we were being made the victims of an organised commercial "push"; and once more we resented it, and once more the plain man on my side of the water saw "America" in what was really only the activity of a few energetic Americans with an eye to business.

I am not justifying this general English and European confusion of American individuals and American business interests with "America". I am merely pointing out that it exists, and that while it exists it does not make for a sympathetic understanding of the real America. If the peace of the world is to be assured, let America, for heaven's sake, send us no more jazz and no more spirituals, but especially no more jazz. Do what you like with us, we say to you; raise your tariff walls till they touch high heaven, continue to spread the stereotyped fiction that England has a monopoly of rubber production, refrain from paying us a penny of what is owing by the defaulting Southern States while insisting on payment of our own debt to you; only send us no more jazz, and if possible take back what you have already sent, and all shall be forgiven.

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Make me love mother more

(Continued from page 47)

with whom they co-operated, on the other. The watchmaker slept in a tiny room behind the store, and when the gang appeared, he behaved most indecently. He telephoned to the police and fired a revolver and screamed and made a thorough nuisance of himself. With the consequence that the police had to do something about it and they came and were very officious. Luigi and the others got away safely. But it was little Piero who got it in the neck, or the knee-cap, rather. He lost a brand-new set of tools, too, which had been sent on approval. He had to pay for them, or at least the gang had.

The consequence of all this was that little Piero's fortunes were at a bad ebb, financially. He'd have to buy himself a new set of tools. Things were a little difficult.

And then his friend, Luigi, had the brilliant idea of this ball at Trotzheim's. For Luigi would do anything in the world for Piero. After his mother, little Piero was nearer to Luigi's heart than anyone living. (Luigi was married, of course. But he didn't seem to care much for the *signora*. He was often seen dragging her across the floor by the hair. But that, apparently, doesn't prove anything. For little Piero absolutely adored his wife, yet he too, used to try and drag her across the floor by the hair. But she was much bigger than Piero, and he couldn't drag her far. Luigi could beat him at the game by a good four yards.)

So Luigi, who loved Piero, organized this ball. As I said before, it was a very exclusive ball. The only people who were allowed to buy tickets were the store-keepers in that section of Third Avenue where Luigi and his Calabresi operated.

Of course there wasn't any question of disguising from the store-keepers that the main purpose of the ball was to provide a new set of tools for Piero, so that he could go and open up their stores and safes and things. There were one or two store-keepers who made some difficulty, at first, about buying tickets; but Luigi and the boys made it quite clear to them that their stores would receive attention, anyway. And it was all a question of a few odd revolvers going off in their teeth during the process, or no revolvers going off, and everything nice and orderly, as before.

The affair was a great success, socially, but it was at least as great, financially. Luigi had charge of all that side of it. He just shovelled the money in. It was a roaring good gate. Piero was a little light-headed, partly because it was all such a change after the slow time he'd been having up-country, and partly because he was, very properly, the hero of the evening, and every-one, store-keepers, or Calabresi, insisted on his having one with them. The other Calabresi were a bit gay, too, because, in a sense, the occasion gave the *cachet* to their social standing. Only Luigi kept a clear head. You have to, when you're in charge of the money.

And when everyone had sung how Piero was a jolly good fellow, and the guests had gone, and it was about time to check up, Piero and the other boys went round to the cloak-room where Luigi had been sorting out the dollar-bills. But Luigi wasn't there, or the dollar-bills either. They only found the Signora Luigi, lying on the floor, moaning fit to break her heart. For she loved Luigi, despite his habit of dragging her along the floor by the hair, and Luigi loved Piero. He had told her to let them know how he loved Piero—so deeply that his heart was breaking. He wept, the *poverino*, like a small child. But he loved *la mamma* more. So he was taking this opportunity to go back to *la mamma* in Calabria. There was a boat leaving for Naples that very night. There'd be no difficulty about that side of it. He was going back to *la mamma* and their little cottage among the vine-terraces above Catanzaro, and he would grow roses round the door, for they made him, he hardly knew why, love *la mamma* even more. But he loved Piero also. He bade his wife tell him so. He loved Piero dearly.

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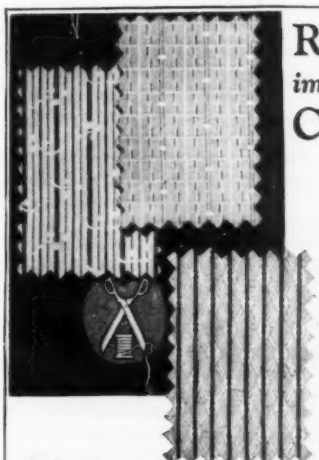

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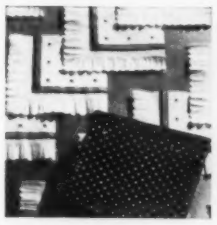

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Fragments from Oklahoma

(Continued from page 78)

vinced that he had found the ideal woman. Taking her home he hadn't touched her. He hadn't even kissed her goodnight. He didn't know how far he could go with Elsie.

That night when he got back, he sat down and wrote Elsie a love letter. Instead of writing her a regular love letter, he took a sheet of hotel paper and wrote on it,

Darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, darling, . . .

completely covering the page. Then he addressed an envelope to her, put the pageful of darlings in and went out that night and mailed it at the post-office.

The next morning Curtis Grey overslept and got down to breakfast late. It was eight o'clock and he should have had the telegraph office open at that time. He was waiting for his oatmeal.

At the next table Old Man Scott and Bill Slocum were eating slowly.

"You look like the Wreck of the Vespers this morning," Curt heard Bill Slocum tell Old Man Scott.

"Yeah? Well, I had a run-in with the li'l gal last night."

"You're losing your grip, Scottie. You better start looking up the Lost Manhood ads in the *Police Gazette*."

"No, it wasn't that. The way it was, she got on her ear about something up at the dance last night and when I went out to get a pint, why she went off with some boob in a Ford coop. But I drove on up to Red Arrow and got her out again. I didn't get back here till four o'clock this morning."

"What's the matter? Ain' you going to ea' your oatmeal?" shrieked Lizzie Clemmons, the waitress at The Kentucky Colonel.

"No," Curt said and he walked out of the dining room.

He went straight to the postoffice, where he tried to get the letter back. He described it to Postmaster Elder. The postmaster said that it had gone out on the 7:05 passenger north.

Curt sent the postmaster at Red Arrow a telegram. It was too late. Elsie got the letter.

Elsie thought that the love letter, a page covered with "darlings", was so cute she showed it to G. W. Scott when he came after her that evening. Scott read it and laughed and slapped his thigh.

"I'll take care of this," he said, and he put the letter in his coat pocket.

"No, give it back to me!" Elsie said.

"Le'go me before I slap your god dam jaws."

One noon, three days after he had sent the love letter, Curt heard a falsetto voice call to him out of the Economy Drug Store, "Oh, darling!" This was followed by a roar of laughter. When Curt made his next round of the block, instead of going past the drug store, he cut through the courthouse square and opened up the telegraph office fifteen minutes early.

Not long after that a crowd of the boys came in the telegraph office with Scott to send a night letter. When Curt took it across the desk to count it he found that it was to Elsie Shulingkamp at Red Arrow, and that all it was was fifty "darlings".

"I can't send this, Mr. Scott," said Curt. His voice was trembling.

"Why can't you send that?" said G. W. Scott belligerently.

The other men tittered.

Curt reached across the counter and got Scott's head in the crook of one arm. He began pounding the old man in the face. Scott, his eyes swelling, and his nose dribbling blood, reached over and picked up a big, heavy telegraph rate book. He cracked Curt in the back of the neck with it. The telegraph operator slumped down. He was out for a few minutes.

Pretty soon he got up and commenced to close up the telegraph office. Then he went to his room at The Kentucky Colonel and began getting his things together. He left town on the evening train. The telegraph office was closed for three days.

The descent of the Sultan of Khash

(Continued from page 44)

it, but later when she perceived what was to be she told the story thus, and the fact was recorded in the genealogies and written on parchment.

We investigate also the rumour, sometimes crossing our happy borders from foreign cities, that the moon is a world or land, and not capable therefore of parentage. But that so much rock could float with no support in the sky we find neither worthy of credence, nor proven by the magicians of foreign cities, who especially hold that the Earth attracts objects of weight to her centre, and with the same breath maintain that the moon is of weighty rock and yet floateth free.

Having now brushed away the cobwebs of idle rumour and the lazy dust of doubt, and established once again from accurate records the verity of the lineal and true descent of the Most Serene Translucency, the heaven-wise, the dawn-featured, the elephant-strong, the Sultan of Khash from the Moon, we recommend, for the perpetual stilling of doubt and for the discountenancing of doubters, that henceforth any that shall question this lineage shall have places hollowed out along the sides of their tongues and that in those hollows there be inserted the white dust of leprosy, that these may be naturally separate from the rest and the doubt may not spread.

"Our eyes are beads for His Most Serene Translucency to string as he will; our hearts are his food; may his dynasty endure as long as Mountains of Ching Ling Ling."

That the last words were but empty formalities was only too clearly shown a few years later, when the very four that composed this commission were most active in the revolt that dethroned the Sultan of Khash. But he still retains those papers, with their great Khashian seals, which he often shows to his friends, when they motor out to play a round of golf, in the grounds of his villa on the charming slopes above Cannes.

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We obey the conventions

(Continued from page 43)

perfectly willing to pay compliments to Madame X. but you do not really want to pay her outrageous compliments since if she took them at their face value you would find yourself in trouble with your wife for whom you have a solid affection. Madame X. is bored by your compliments as she has a tooth-ache poor thing and does not find you physically attractive. Monsieur X. for his part is delighted that you should occupy his wife's attention as he is fascinated by the saxophone and for the rest is feeling rather sleepy. And Baron Ploms doesn't count much anyway."

"Excuse me", he said and rose from the table. Clearly he had not been listening. He patted me on the shoulder as he pushed past my chair *"Quel original!"* he murmured friendlily. He was again dancing with Madame X.

Why do I tell this pointless story? It is not interesting or even instructive. It lives in my mind merely because the incident, although too ill-defined to be called an incident, left me with a deep depression. Was it an affectation on my part to have been rude to the Latvian Minister, to have looked upon his average male behaviour with disgust? I felt like the odd pig who has been unable to push his own snout into the trough. I felt as if none of my clothes fitted. You know the feeling. An uncertain, a detached feeling, a feeling of loose discomfort.

The next day I turned over a new leaf. I left cards upon Madame X. I took the underground railway to the suburb where she lived and deposited with the porter two oblongs of pasteboard which bore in neat block letters my name and my address. I then took the underground back to my office. I had executed a social duty. I was again comfortably one of the herd.

It was during that return journey that I made up my own mind about conventions. I came to the conclusion that I liked the conventions which I had myself adopted or which had been adopted by my immediate friends. On the other hand I disliked the conventions adopted by all societies, cliques, coteries, or nations which were not my own conventions. I recognised also that I was apt to manifest my dislike of the conventions of other people by what is called flying in their face. It was this flying process which had struck the Latvian Minister as affectation.

And what, if you please, is affectation? Not, as might be presumed, the adoption of attitudes which are not natural to you. It would be far more affected for me to proclaim a liking for polo than to proclaim a liking for Picasso. I find that the latter gives me sincere and constant pleasure: the former, on the few occasions when I have tried it, has filled me with nothing but anxiety, exhaustion and pain. And yet, were I to assume a passion for polo people would not think me affected. It is only when one is so foolish as to disclose one's artistic or intellectual tastes that the cry of affectation is raised. Here again it is evident that to dissociate oneself in any manner from the pleasures or the ineptitudes of the herd is an unpopular thing to do. But what is so strange about the matter is that whereas one is praised for aping a herd instinct, one is not merely abused for developing individual instincts but is considered to be insincere. I speak this time to the aged and parental. Do not deride your children for resisting the influences to which you yourself succumbed. Probably they *are* being slightly affected: they are striving to imitate attitudes which they are not old enough to acquire: but you yourselves acquired conventions, which are second hand clothes, and which you considered honourable merely because they were not noticeable. My heart goes out to the young men and women who are hide-bound by the conventions of their elders: my heart also goes out to the young men and women whose hides are not bound at all. For the heresies of one generation are the conventions of the next. The only thing that is important is to keep moving, to keep moving, not to allow the slime to gather on one's pond.

And if unconventionality is in truth an affectation, then surely affectation is the most sublime of virtues. It appears to me as a young man rising from the sea. Uncertain and immodest he walks out onto the sand: and then, having dried himself a little, he dons his plus fours and goes off into the interior stretches. And why not? If we were really ourselves we should become intolerable. The best we can aim at is to be approximately ourselves.

The dance of disillusion

(Continued from page 53)

"I told myself that too, when my parents advised me not to marry *M.* Andelot because he had been divorced. Now—I'm not so sure!" she said, tapping the floor with her foot.

"Be careful—some one might see you," he urged, in a low tone.

"Oh, I know—" Lucile remembered that she was at a party. "I was silly to do what I've done this evening. My curiosity was ridiculous. I was happy. Now—I don't know."

"Neither do I," he said, with a sigh. "Shall we dance this one?" he asked her, to create a diversion as much for himself as for her.

Lucile laughed, mirthlessly.

"Yes. Let's dance—by all means!"

He put his arm about her, and they swung into the rhythm of the music. No longer did they feel any hostility toward each other. On the contrary, a kind of sympathy, the sympathy of mutual confidence united them. They shared the sad but thrilling secret of a mutual sorrow, of the obscure resentment that they both felt toward the man and the woman in whose hearts they had secured only second place—to whom they were, perhaps, only a consolation. Dancing, they brooded upon it, and a vague desire for revenge was born in each of them. Daniel held her a little more closely in his arms . . . and Lucile abandoned herself a little more to his embrace.

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Is there no Devil?

(Continued from page 82)

the recurrence of such an occasion for his services demands it—an eventuality which, judging from present conditions, would not be uncommon.

There would not, of course, be any absolutely set form for the victims' expiatory departure. The foregoing is a mere suggestive outline; the underlying idea lends itself to innumerable mutations and variations. It might be more effective to have the blunderer, instead of slowly sinking, yanked heavenward in a rush of wind, amid the discordant keening of harpies, so that he should dissolve in the core of a brilliant pyrotechnical display. The only truly essential requirements for the proper functioning of the ceremony are suddenness, solemnity, and drama.

But there are other cases worth citing which call for prompt relief by means of devil-hire. One is the plight of those, who, speaking loudly on account of surrounding clatter, have the closing words of a sentence catapulted on the air without context by the sudden treacherous cessation of the very din which occasioned the stentorian tones. For example. A young woman, attending a reception in honor of the Peruvian ambassador is recounting, through a deafening palaver of conversation, her travels through Peru. One of her sentences closes approximately as follows: ". . . we met the most awful man. All the time we were in Lima he made it a point to be rude to the Peruvians. When he found one that spoke English, he'd say 'Listen, you; I'm from the U.S.A., and I want to tell you' "—at this point all other conversation unaccountably ceases—" 'that I CAN'T STAND DAGOS!' "

The last four words, are of course, instantly taken to represent the sentiments of the unfortunate girl, and their loudness is charitably conceived to imply an emphasis dictated by violent feeling on the subject.

On this occasion the demon would appear, before the Peruvian diplomat had finished coughing into his cocktail, and make swift use of his technique. Rather than sinking through the floor, it might be better, in the case of gently-nurtured women, to have them simply wrapped in a cloud of rose vapor and wafted softly away, to the sound of harps and treble voices.

A male Valkyr might be a good idea —why not?—a sort of Rudy Vallée designed by Michelangelo, who would swoop down, gather the trapped one in his strong arms, and away with a beat of wings, blowing his brazen trump.

And there are other, one might say, auxiliary, uses to which the wizard could be put. The socially unsuccessful would find in him a source of unfailing aid. For example, a nice young couple from Michigan who knew no one in New York could go through the Social Register picking out all the best names, and then engage a sorcerer to cast a spell over those selected which would disable them from refusing any invitation the young couple might extend. Think what a help to the business of the young husband this would be! Or, when a counted-on fourth failed to show up for bridge, the demon could be dispatched into the streets to find a substitute. The first passer-by would do; consequently there would be no delay. By a few magic passes or abracadabras, the stroller would be transformed into an immaculately dressed young man-about-town with a thorough knowledge of bridge. In this instance, the passer-by could scarcely complain; on the contrary, he might thus become the envy of his friends overnight. The demon could even impersonate the host or hostess, or both, should either wish to be elsewhere.

(The economic aspect of the matter, the fearful prices which the best practitioners would immediately begin charging, is not within the province of this discussion. We are but making suggestions, in the wistful hope that someone may know of a formula for raising old fashioned hundred-percent, results-producing devils.)

It is idle to expatiate further. Anyone, in the space of fifteen minutes, could think handily of a thousand and one uses for a reliable professional wizard. However, as the powers of such a being are admittedly boundless, and not limited by our earthly natural laws, we run the danger, in excessive exposition, of being dubbed "fanciful" or even "whimsical." And that, for one who is seriously attempting to remedy a crying social ill, would be too much.

Remember, however, if anything comes of it, that it's my idea.

Un chaste poète

(Continued from page 62)

porterait plutôt trop bien. . . .

—Je ne comprends pas.

—Es-tu curieuse! Et le secret professionnel? Enfin, puisque tu veux savoir. . . . Seulement, tu es assez bégueule, et le sujet est délicat. . . . Et je ne voudrais pas froisser ta modestie. . . . Oh! rien de terrible. . . . Enfin voilà: le jeune homme est chaste . . . chaste à l'âge des passions. Il nourrit ses désirs de rimes et de métaphores. Ce n'est pas assez. Que diantre, pour être poète, on n'en est pas moins homme. . . . L'amour—que veux-tu, c'est la triste réalité—l'amour, à vingt-quatre ans, est pour ainsi dire . . . une mesure d'hygiène. . . .

—C'est un médicament?

—Oui.

—Quelle horreur!

—Bref, je l'ai examiné, confessé, et je lui ai conseillé de consacrer moins de temps à la littérature et les arts . . . et de prendre une petite amie. . . . D'ailleurs, il s'était rendu compte de son état et il m'a dit: "Je cherchais quelqu'un déjà."

—Auguste! Assez, je vous prie!

Le docteur Angoulevant regarda profondément Yvette. Il constata que quelque chose s'éteignait dans ses yeux charmants, et il en conçut une joie véhémente. Puis:

—Mange donc, dit-il, pourquoi ne manges-tu pas?

Elle répondit avec une vague grimace de dégoût:

—Merci. . . . Je n'ai plus faim.

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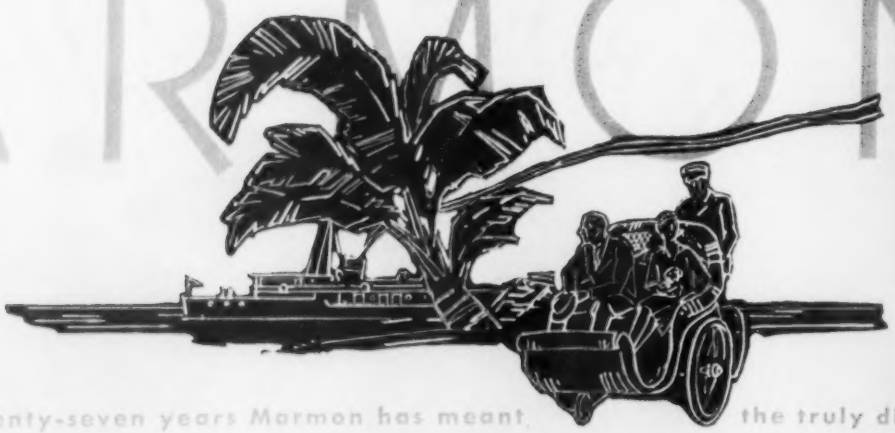

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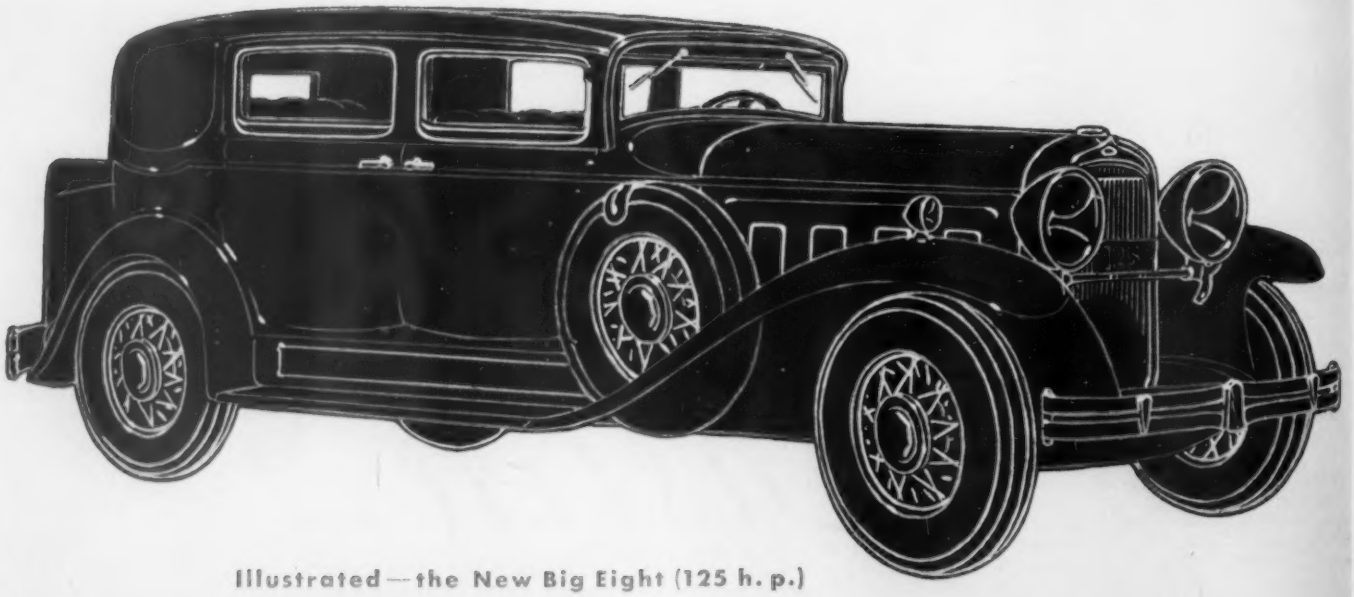

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Critics behind bars

(Continued from page 70)

set himself and his own views atop a pedestal by keeping the critics in the future out of his theatre. And there are other producers like him in this respect. These are, as I have observed, generally the worthwhile men in our theatre.

But, even so, it seems to me that there are grounds on which a critic—the word in this case should be enclosed in quotation marks—may properly be barred from a theatre by a disgusted, reputable producer. Why such a producer should be expected to continue to allow any immature, artistically inexperienced and generally incompetent young man either regularly to denounce or to flatter his productions, I cannot see. The whole point about the justice or injustice of barring a critic lies in the question of the critic's capabilities. If he is generally recognized to be a capable critic, whatever his prejudices, any manager who bars him is open to the suspicion of being an artistic faker, a vainglorious posturer, a mountebank and a cheap coward. But if the self-styled critic is simply a pretender to the critical craft and one whose passport to the theatre is simply a critical falseface, the manager who bars him is not only doing a service to himself and to the art of the theatre and drama, but is also doing a service to criticism in general. The manager, however, sometimes fails to discriminate between the two species of critics and so makes a caricature of himself.

Every intelligent man, whatever the field of his activities, has certain prejudices and it is therefore only reasonable to expect even the most intelligent critic to have certain prejudices along with the rest of his fellow artists. If these prejudices are born of experience, education and taste, they are, whatever you or I may think of them, the critic's right to hold and to maintain. A critic without prejudices, presuming him to be a critic of some standing, is merely a useless piece of soft soap. Prejudice is often synonymous with experience and the test which that experience has provided a critic. Against such prejudice, based upon training, culture and sound discrimination, no manager or producer is justified in taking issue at the door of his playhouse. There are always the public prints in which any such issue may be resorted to; the public prints display a considerable hospitality to both manager and producer in this direction. But where prejudices are based upon matters apart from drama, where they are founded not upon a producer's, playwright's or an actor's work but upon some thing or things dissociated from what are properly the critic's concern, then the manager and the producer are entirely justified not only in keeping the offending writer out of their theatres but in giving him a swift kick into the bargain.

Again, however, the trouble with certain managers and producers is that they sometimes go out of their ways to read personalities into criticisms that, though they must inevitably mention names, are anything but personal. It is a well-known fact that the first thing that pops out of a printed page at the reader is the mention of his own name. And the moment a manager or producer suffers this pop he is in the habit of expecting the worst. He looks for the worst and, even when it is not there, somehow feels that at least a *Schnitzel* of it is concealed somewhere about the premises. He craves personal mention; he will do anything to get it; yet he is not sure of himself when he does get it. The least derogation of his talents and he looks upon the critic with a baleful and suspicious eye. The critic may whang the life out of the producer's playwright, his scene designer, his actors or anyone else, but let him so much as register a doubt about the producer himself and the latter's blood begins to boil. So long as criticism is directed against others, the producer does not often mind. But the moment it gets near his own skin, a critical eczema sets in.

When you hear of a critic who has been barred by a producer or manager, accordingly, it is generally a safe bet that the barring is the result of the critic's having touched upon the producer or manager himself. There are exceptions, of course. There is, for example, the case of Mr. Edgar Selwyn's brother, Mr. Archie Selwyn, who not long ago excluded me from reviewing an English revue called "Wake Up and Dream" simply because I had found his previous production, Noël Coward's so-called operetta, "Bitter-Sweet", to be overly pretentious and quite empty stuff. Of Mr. Selwyn I said, in my review, nothing. In fact, I did not even mention his name, which, it is conceivable, may have been the offending point. But the failure to invite me to review his subsequent production came about nevertheless. Just why Mr. Selwyn did not invite me, I do not know. Mr. Charles B. Cochran, who produced "Bitter-Sweet" originally in London, not only personally requested me to review it there, which I did, but took not the slightest issue with me when I subsequently reported that it struck me as being extremely feeble both as to book and music. Mr. Ziegfeld, who was Mr. Selwyn's partner in the local production, has not excluded me from any of his presentations since first I began reviewing and apparently has no intention of changing his mind. Mr. Selwyn, by his own confession, is not a musician and knows little of music; Mr. Ziegfeld, son of a musician, doubtless knows something more about it than Mr. Selwyn does and hence doubtless resented less my criticism of Coward's attempts at it.

The whole business of critic-barring may be summed up thus: *1.* Any manager or producer is perfectly within his rights in barring any critic he elects to; *2.* Some so-called critics should be barred by any manager or producer who has the best interests of drama, the theatre and criticism at heart; *3.* But the exclusion of any reputable and capable critic by a manager or producer is simply a confession of that manager's or producer's own shortcomings.

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Some practical hints on putting

(Continued from page 77)

attention to chipping and putting than to all other departments of the game combined, and I suppose it took me longer to acquire proficiency there than in any of the others. Form in golf varies greatly from day to day in every respect, from the driving on down, but I think it is harder to putt consistently well than it is to do anything else in the game.

The main thing is to be comfortable, thoroughly relaxed, with no hint of strain. This is highly important. There is nothing more important than a smooth, evenly accelerated stroke. There must be a firm crisp contact, of course, but the sharpness of the blow must not be obtained by quickening the motion of the club too suddenly. This is exactly what happens if the backswing be too short. Even the necessity for the slightest extra effort will infallibly produce a jerky, uneven stroke and swing the ball off line. The hole is such a small target to shoot at from thirty or forty feet that the slightest mis-hit is very apt to cause an expensive error. I think more good putters have been ruined by attempting to duplicate another man's method, than by any other single factor. By the time they can place themselves in a position which they think resembles the attitude of the other man they find themselves so cramped and strained that a smooth, rhythmic stroke is impossible.

There are two things which I continually do wrongly on the putting green: first, to allow myself too short a backswing and, second, to look up before I hit the ball. Whenever my putting goes wrong these are the first places to which I look to find the trouble.

The looking up habit makes the putts stop short of the hole.

It will be noticed that most of the really fine putters in the game today favor the old iron putter, and most of them use the goose-neck variation. This variation is supposed to have been suggested by an untoward accident to Willie Park's favorite putter when a heavy wagon passed over it. There is one thing, however, which applies to every man, no matter what putter he chooses. He should know his club and never discard it if he can avoid doing so. When he has an off day he should remember the days when he has putted well with it and realize that the putter will likely perform as well again if handled as skillfully. Sometimes when confidence has been shaken, it helps to use a new putter for a round or two, until a few putts begin to drop and the player's morale has improved. But in the long run the old horse is the best.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of a series of golf articles by Robert T. Jones, Jr., and is published with the consent of the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

The People's Joyce

(Continued from page 73)

to remember to tell about marrying Egbert and him buying me all those things—but the most important thing is that *I married George!* George is one of the richest men in Boston, and he is tall and dark and has blue eyes.

Second, I have divorced George and married Bobbie. I am *wild* over him and we are on the Paris express for our honeymoon. Bobbie thinks I am the most wonderful woman in the world, he has given me the loveliest tiara and perfume and other trinkets and we are going to be very happy together.

Third, there is the nicest man I ever saw sitting right across the compartment from me, he is tall and dark with blue eyes and his face is vaguely familiar, and while Bobbie was getting a drink of water he leaned across and took my hand all trembly and he said: Babe, I want you to be my wife, will you?

Fourth, I have decided to divorce Bobbie.

Isn't it *marvelous?*

The honeymoon with Bobbie pursues its usual course, and Peggy is divorced when they arrive in Paris. Note that the girl is still but sixteen, sweet and unspoiled. At this juncture there occurs an event which is to color her entire view of men.

Biarritz, Friday: I hate men, I hate them, I hate them, and I am through with them forever. Oh, how I hate them!

I think I shall go into a convent.

After I got my divorce from Bobbie I was married right away to the blue-eyed stranger across the aisle, and after we had spent a couple of beautiful days in Biarritz I asked him his name.

My name is Hostetter, he said. What is your name, Babe?

Oh you brute, I wailed, my name is Peggy, and *you were my first husband.*

Not the same Peggy, he exclaimed, sweet God.

Well, I was perfectly furious at having wasted three whole days, I said to him, Look here, life is too short for me to be always marrying the same man over and over. I'm having trouble enough marrying each man *once* without accommodating repeaters.

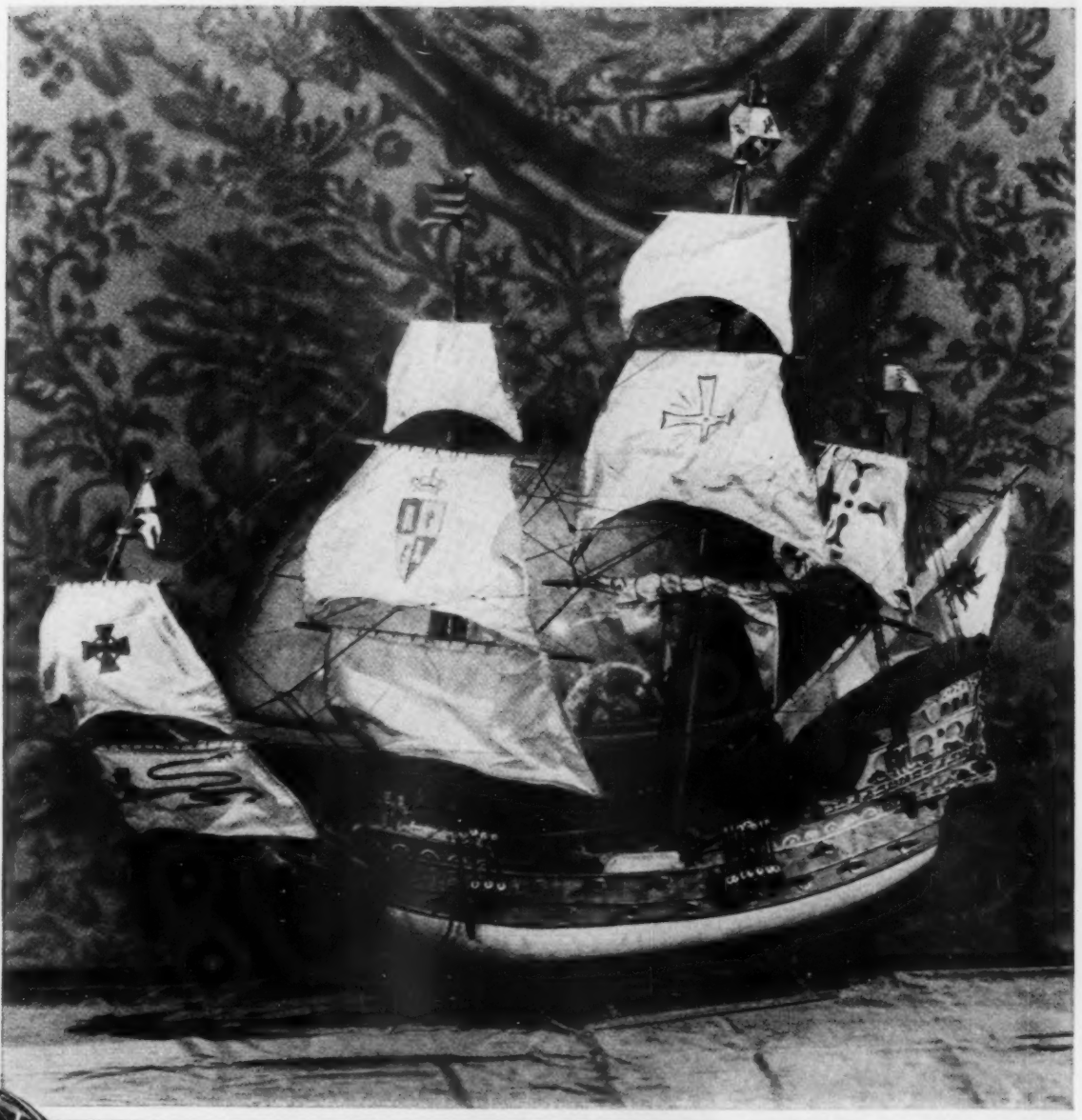
But I didn't recognize you until just now, apologised Mr. Hostetter, when I happened to glance up and notice your face.

Well, if a man can't remember who he's married, I said, I don't see how you can expect the girl to. I've never been so insulted in all my life.

So I got up then and there and ran out into the aisle of the train and married the conductor.

Later: I have just found out that the conductor is Harry.

I wonder if they have any good convents with garage and running water?



THERE is a true art in the thing made perfectly for its purpose. To that rare measure the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire conforms. Built, without regard to cost, to be the finest tire the world had ever seen, the Double Eagle remains not alone the model but the aspiration of the industry it adorns. It has been resembled, copied, imitated. Still it stands apart and alone. As is the case with the authentic masterpiece, attempts to pattern it have served only to emphasize the solitary excellence of the original.

The Double Eagle *by*

GOODYEAR

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by The Goodyear Tire &
Rubber Co., Inc.

Eleven years elapsed between the painting of the two Pierce-Arrow portraits on this page.. both by the same artist, both the same scene, both portraying America's Finest Motor Car.

The Tyranny *of* Tradition

ONLY the stern mandate of very great pride .. and no lesser legislation on earth .. may command always the finest a man or an organization has to give. Such is the tradition which governs the creation of *America's finest motor car*.

No rules ever conceived could be more exacting than the set of ideals which freely operate in every phase of Pierce-Arrow manufacture.

There is in Pierce-Arrow precincts an always-burning fire of determination never to depart from a principle which puts *fineness eternally first*.

In every car of this patrician line is expressed a courage which scorns the accepted standards of excellence as commonplace, compared with Pierce-Arrow's own.

And there is ever present a pardonable disdain of any process less fine than the hand-craftsmanship which has always distinguished Pierce-Arrow motor cars.

It would be far easier to build Pierce-Arrows of average quality, and infinitely more profitable to produce them in greater numbers. But the tyranny of tradition forbids.

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$2695 to $6250.. *at Buffalo*

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THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY • BUFFALO, N.Y.

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These are the new, authentic colors for men's Felt Hats . . . ranging from a misty, grey blue to a definite Coventry Blue — a color named after the town in England where cloths of true Coventry blue were made as early as the twelfth century.

Flanul Felts are for sale at B. Altman, Fifth Avenue, New York and Exclusive Shops throughout the country. Manufactured by Hodshon-Berg, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York — also makers of Sunfast Hats, Hodshon Hats, Berg Crest Hats, and Berg Hats. $7.50 to $20.00.

This dark cloud has *no* silver lining

QUITE the contrary, in fact. For when a young man tries to be extra-polite to a young lady, he should first be sure that his coat of chivalry is lined with Earl-Glo. For a torn lining can more than overcome the good effects of perfect manners. And Earl-Glo...the guaranteed and modern rayon lining...superior in texture, pattern and lustre...will present a sunny countenance to all the world...as long as the suit or coat be worn. Earl-Glo is proof against perspiration....and against all other forms of wear. It is the silver lining every garment you possess deserves!

THIS LINING GUARANTEED EARL-GLO FOR THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

Rayon Lining Fabrics

Superior in texture, appearance and durability to more expensive fabrics—fast to perspiration—in a variety of smart colors and patterns—the modern lining material—guaranteed for the life of the garment.

EARL-GLO

EARL-GLO IS INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE GARMENT'S QUALITY

N. ERLANGER, BLUMGART & CO., INC., 354 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The conjugal speakeasy

(Continued from page 49)

The Truckee is a jokester, too.

Part of the town smiles for comfort and bears respectability like a banner; but wolf-breeds stand on the street corners, the alleys puff out the hot smell of beer, next to Ye Beauty Shoppee is a window piled with guns and black-jacks and along with your Guerlain lipstick you can buy drugs more dubiously come by in other places. Down the main street and along the banks of the river are strong coloured lights, red, blue, green and yellow to make at night, a cheap carnival of mountain snows.

Outside the town, touching it, are the ranches and the ranges, cattlemen and sheep-men, the rough life of western lands, the hills, the miners and the mines. A very new country this, still primitive, brooding on old quiet yet stirring with new life. Most of the new life centers in Reno, that brittle, off-hand town. "The greatest little city in the world" says the big sign down by the railroad tracks. Whoop it up! Turn on the lights! Come on girls—do your time. This is the cure! New husbands for old. Why, you can't bear the tears for the jazz-bands. Down in the bars they are serving *Tom and Jerry* and George Hart will sing you *Frankie and Johnny*. We don't hate our husbands, but if they get nasty, we have something on them too, you know. In the meantime, *vingt-et-un* is a paying game and the dice are mother's little helpers. Three months to wait? Don't be silly! Three months to spend!

And all the while the Elks are having a meeting tonight, the Boosters an annual ball and the Woman's Club reads papers on Edna St. Vincent Millay, Hurray! But this is not two towns, built in one, it is an entity. It has a population of twenty thousand, and two hundred lawyers, so the business, which is divorce, and the people are knit too closely for separation. They are hard to understand, the good family men who built this town. It must be that they are puritans of the machine-age, descendants of pioneers, in turn decendants of those Protestants who prayed on Sunday and sold wooden nutmegs on Monday.

"You women who come here for three months," says the native of Reno, "know nothing of the real life of the town. We are plain, law-abiding people, descendants of pioneers, hard workers and decent. We don't raise whoopee in night-clubs, we leave that to eastern visitors. But we have the only licensed red-light district in the United States. Accepting that condition, as every city must, we control it."

In the meanwhile there is a deal of good, rough fun current, the pungent humour of the mining camp and the ranch with nothing high-faluting about it, its feet in the dirt and its guffaw breaking the pressure of great spaces and high hills.

The floating population laughs too. Women come from the East leaving behind their friends, their occupations, their clubs. Intimacies grow fast, but what have the intimates to do but laugh? Even if it is a nervous laughter.

They find no sedatives here, the very air is so clear and brisk that it seems to jerk at the nerve filaments with sharp fingers. Everything is alive. Walk across a carpeted floor and touch a damp sponge—(anyhow walk across a floor and touch a damp sponge if you like that kind of thing). In Nevada this is not a waste of time. Here a damp and soapy sponge is so violently charged with electricity that it can knock a good-sized woman at least ten feet, without half trying. After that, a great mystery of nature will be fully understood. It is easy to see how dramatic is a sponge's sex-life. They are fairly vibrant with *joie de vivre* in the proper atmosphere! There was one sponge, brought out from New York, that had always been a quiet, even meek, little party until it hit the West, when it was henceforth known as Lily Damita.

Naturally this climate and this human material breed humour. There is a judge in Reno, the favourite lawmaker of the eastern ladies, a man with soft, silvered hair and a gentle face, at once ascetic and tolerant. It is said that he once studied for priesthood with the Jesuits.

"Judge," said one young woman to him, smiling and relaxed now that her decree was safe in her hand, "tell me something. You've given out thousands of decisions. Have you got them pretty well regulated? I mean, does it always take you just so many minutes for a certain type of case, just so many for another?"

"Well, yes my dear, it does."

"Well then, how long is the usual length of time necessary to decide on a judgment in a case of mental cruelty?"

"About four minutes."

"And for habitual intoxication?"

"Let us say six."

"And how long does it take you for adultery?"

The judge looked at her and smiled gently, "Madame, I'm an old man and that is none of your business."

But not only humour breeds in this air, fresh and strong as the breath of a Norse Goddess. There is developed a divine clarity as well, an acceptance of facts, an intolerance of affectation. The grim purpose of residence combined with the mountain wind engineers some swell common sense.

Consider the young lady of whom this story is told. Normally she was not a particularly penetrating person, but she had been in Reno for many weeks and the magic had worked on her. One day she was at a tea-party, wholly feminine, where her friends had fallen to talk in a high, romantic manner. One of them said during the course of conversation that she thought to be cast away on a desert island with the man she loved would be the most beautiful experience imaginable. The company agreed with her.

"Tell me then," she asked her friends, "out of all the world, if you could choose any man you liked, who would you rather be cast away with?"

John Gilbert got some votes and John Barrymore a few, and one girl who set up for literature chose George Bernard Shaw; but the heroine of this anecdote, smitten with sudden but piercing intelligence answered quietly, "An obstetrician."

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A Tragedy of Creeping Underwear

His favorite hole! Here he was surely going to pick up strokes! But there was his underwear creeping up on him—grabbing him at the top of his swing—cramping his follow-through . . . .

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For Active Men in Every Field

Made by the makers of the famous Lewis Union Suits

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR That Gives NEW FREEDOM

Hoover's "remote control"

(Continued from page 41)

tickertape, it was really an integral part of a carefully devised plan to solidify commercial support for Executive policies. And finally there is the mopping-up squad of publicity experts in every government department, not only those who prepare press releases and glad-hand the newspaper boys, but those who analyze results. Every day the White House receives detailed analyses of newspapers, both news stories and editorials, foreign and domestic, bearing on Presidential policies. Such fine points as position, headlines and the political affiliation and daily circulation of the paper displaying them are included. From day to day, Mr. Hoover is able to chart the advancing lines of his drive on public opinion. It is a thoroughly scientific process.

And it works. Three separate incidents illustrate its efficacy in relation to naval disarmament, tariff reduction and last, but not least, the renomination in 1932. At the time, the Shearer investigation looked foolish, like killing flies with a 16-inch gun. The little naval propagandist for the ship-builders may not have been "the man who wrecked the Geneva Conference"; there can be no question that he was butchered to make a naval holiday. The result of Shearer's brutal clubbing by the experts of a Senatorial investigation was to brand in advance all opposition to disarmament as propaganda for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Admirals, Daughters of the American Revolution, veterans and even unprofessional patriots had to shut up after Shearer had been shorn. Better still, the pacifists were likewise in terror of an investigation and collapsed in obsequious silence at the feet of Mr. Hoover and his strong-arm squad. Check.

Next. The original Hoover purpose was to play the Senate against the House high-tariff rates, just as he had previously played the House against the Senate on farm relief. Unfortunately, Senator Smoot tried to enact the Himalayas into the tariff law, so Hoover fell back on his next line of defense. Borah swallowed the bait offered by the Shearer lobby inquiry and set about investigating tariff lobbies. This was splendid. The wicked industrial lobbies were unmasked, also the virtuous agricultural lobbies. The investigation backfired. The public got an idea that high duties meant high prices and pop went the weasel. For three weary months the Senate has been eating its words. If you watch the votes you'll find that whether the "Coalition", the "Old Guard" or the "Young Turks" win, the result is nearly always a lower duty. Check and double-check.

The third illustration is deceptively simple. Hiram Johnson naturally hates to see a fellow-Californian in the White House. Johnson controls California state politics and through them the delegates to the next Republican convention. Johnson has staked his political life on Boulder Dam. It's his strongest card. His weakest card is the Governorship. The Hoover crowd are trying to take the Governorship away from Johnson's man. If they succeed, they can get the delegates for Hoover in 1932; if not, Hoover (whom the Old Guard hopefully call "a one-term President") will have hard sledding. Neither side wishes to draw the sword first but matters approached a show-down at Christmas when Johnson justified support of his Governor on the ground that the latter had "stood by his pledges on Boulder Dam". Thereupon, Senator Smoot introduced a bill to change the name of Boulder Dam to "Hoover Dam". A variation of the old idea that so long as you can write a nation's songs, its laws won't be enforced. This is a neat stroke of publicity, which has turned Johnson's best weapon against him.

Hoover's goal, of course, is 1932. A President's first duty is to get himself reëlected. The Old Guard love him about as much as they would strict prohibition enforcement in the District of Columbia. "Anything to beat Hoover!" is still their war song and Calvin Coolidge is the man who knows how the chorus goes. He has frankly admitted that he does not think the Third Term convention applies to him, he has publicly expressed his admiration of and gratitude for the Senate and he has carefully evaded all attempts to put him in the Senate. Charlie Hughes has been railroaded into the Supreme Court, Dwight Morrow has been persuaded to represent New Jersey in the upper house, but Calvin believes in political predestination and may quite possibly choose to run in 1932.

The Senators don't like Hoover in the White House. They wouldn't like the Archangel Gabriel in the Executive Mansion. They resent the publicity mumbo-jumbo by which Hoover's remote control over their legislative activities forces them to do what he has made the public think it wants done. Their turn is coming. They too control public opinion, of a local nature, but sufficient for their purposes; they control local State machines and, through them, the delegates who will select a candidate in 1932. If Hoover can persuade the newspaper readers and the commercial interests that he is the right man, he has the renomination in the bag; but if he confuses news interest with public approval and editorials with public opinion, he is due for a discovery that government by head-lines is no substitute for government by hand-shaking, that people are more interested in watching a fight than in cheering a winner, that the Senate delights in nothing so much as to give a strong man the *coup de grâce*, and that the more aloof and scientific he is, the keener will be their appetite for Hoover goulash.

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Write for the catalogues of a few of the schools that attract your attention. And if you have difficulty in making a choice, turn to Vanity Fair for any advice or information you may need.

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Two-time

(Continued from page 57)

present, Jacques!" she was saying. "You have given me so many beautiful things, and there's nothing I want now, except . . ."

"Except? Except?" The plump, neat contours of Jacob Rice trembled with eagerness, and his voice poured thickly from his throat like honey from a spoon. "Whatever it is, you shall have it, then. For is it not thirty-one years ago to-morrow that my blossom was born?" He sat back and clasped his hands romantically.

Mona allowed herself a moment of acute, private distaste; then she smiled. "Well, it's only that I know of a dealer in very rare jewels who has a marvelous bargain, a diamond necklace. I've seen it—and of course, if you *were* to buy it for me, Jacques, I could tell my husband it wasn't real, or something—that part could be easily arranged. But—" She paused, and permitted a gentle, selfless melancholy to dwell briefly in her eyes.

"His name?" Jacob Rice was holding a fat gold pencil briskly above a memorandum pad.

"Jacques, you mustn't!"

"Nonsense! You want this necklace. I want to buy it for you. I will go to-morrow morning."

"No," she said hastily. "I'd go in the afternoon, if I were you. I believe," she added slowly, "that he is seldom in before noon."

"Afternoon, then." He wrote the name she gave him on the pad, and put it in his pocket. "To-morrow night you dine with me, and I will give it to you."

Mona hesitated. "I don't think I ought to dine with you two nights in succession," she objected, remembering George, "but I can lunch with you day after to-morrow. You can give it to me then."

It was with something less than her usual aversion that she watched him drink romantically out of the glass where her lips had touched it.

Mona Venneris sat alertly, next morning, in the office of Mr. Loewenstein the jeweler. On the desk between them the diamond necklace sparkled, debonair in the morning sun.

"You understand perfectly, Mr. Loewenstein?" she was saying. "You are to sell this necklace to Mr. Jacob Rice, who will call this afternoon—and to no one else. He will pay you thirty thousand dollars for it. Of this amount, I am to have twenty thousand dollars—you are to keep the rest. I have," she added, smiling prettily, "no way of proving to you my perfect right to do this, unless you take my word that the necklace is mine to sell."

The sympathetic eye of the jeweler dwelt briefly upon the slim lines of caracul that lay tranquil upon her narrow shoulders. He bowed.

"I should like you, of course, to give me a receipt for the necklace. And, of course, it will not be necessary to mention my name in the transaction." She rose, pulling the mink collar high about her chin.

Jacob Rice, alone in his room six hours later, watched the necklace tremble and shine in the glow from a lamp sleek with amethyst quartz and amber silk. The necklace was his—he had paid Loewenstein thirty thousand dollars for it. But the delight in Jacob's light blue eyes was not only the joy of possession, nor even the delicate privilege of pleasing Mona. It was the excitement of having made a good bargain. For, upon leaving Loewenstein, he had stopped shrewdly at another jeweler's to have the diamonds appraised; and had been told that they were worth sixty-five thousand dollars. So now, his heart closed warm and tight over the delicious secret of his bargain, he brooded happily over the diamonds as he dressed for dinner. Around him the room lay complacent in a rich design of tapestries, silver and mahogany the colour of wine, and its air was faintly traced with pungent odours from the kitchen. It had never seemed curious to Jacob that his home, impeccable on Park Avenue, should always smell definitely of good meat and fresh vegetables cooking. He liked it, as he liked the laconic and comfortable presence of his wife.

It occurred to him, as he placed the necklace carefully in a drawer, to regret that he could not, under the circumstances, tell Jenny about it.

Mona, at luncheon with Jacob Rice the next day, was no longer deprecating. She was eager, now, and very charming.

"My birthday present, darling?" she suggested, when she had taken off her gloves and lit a cigarette. "Have you got it?"

"Of course, I have got a birthday present! Would I forget a birthday present for the most beautiful girl in all the world?"

She looked up sharply, through a thin spray of cigarette-smoke. "*A* birthday present? But surely, you bought the necklace for me?"

His hands curved in a vast gesture of distaste. "That necklace was not suitable to my little flower—too, flashy, too vulgar. . . ."

"But you *did* buy it! Loewenstein told me—" she stopped abruptly.

"Well, yes . . . I bought it." Jacob hesitated, then leaned confidentially across the table. "I will tell you the truth, Mona, because you are so good and so honourable yourself that I know you will understand it. I got to thinking, Mona, after I brought the necklace home last night . . . about my wife. I have neglected her." His plump hand fell heavily, contritely upon the table-cloth. "I have not given her all I could, and she has been a good wife. She has never complained. And I got to thinking, Mona, about the necklace, that it would be a good investment for her if—well, if anything happened. And then she had black bean soup for dinner, just for me because I like it, and so . . . I gave her the necklace, Mona."

Black bean soup . . . through the panic of Mona's mind, the ludicrous phrase ran shrieking like a thin hot wire. Jacob was smiling now, and searching in his pocket.

"But I have for my blossom a birthday present as delicate and fine as herself. For her tiniest finger, a pinky-ring . . . so!"

And tenderly, he slipped upon her finger a platinum ring, set with a fairly good pearl.

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Telephones in important parts of the house simplify the direction of the domestic establishment . . . yet from them you can call other homes, other cities, other countries.

* * *

THE HOUSE that is managed with a minimum of effort is pleasant to live in, or to visit. And telephone convenience within the home plays a large part in this scheme of things. It enables women to give all of their household directions for the day within a few minutes' time. To make sure, with no unnecessary bother, that domestic affairs are progressing smoothly. And to keep fresh their energies for the varied activities of their interesting lives.

This household administration is conducted over the regular Bell telephones . . . the same instruments with which you call friends across the street, or in other cities, or even in other lands.

At moderate cost you can have telephone service in all parts of your home. Even in smaller houses, enough telephones add enormously to the efficiency of household affairs . . . to your ease in calling friends, or in receiving service from the outside.

Your local Bell Company will be glad to help plan the arrangements which will give you the greatest satisfaction. Just call the Business Office today.

Conversations with the cook or maid can be so conveniently carried on by telephone from your bedroom or your living-room. The day's routine can be arranged in no time at all . . . meals planned, orders given . . . and without one unnecessary step. And all this over your regular Bell telephones, which you use to call friends across the street, or across the continent. Telephone convenience is a mark of the modern home . . . as important to the smaller household as it is to the larger.

Calls to the butler's pantry . . . before luncheon, while you are dressing for dinner . . . assure the smooth functioning of your household and save time, effort and trouble

Telephones located in all parts of your home . . . the laundry, the maid's room, the garage . . . play their important part in the ease and efficiency of modern housekeeping.

"COMING EVENTS
cast their shadows before"
(Thomas Campbell 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

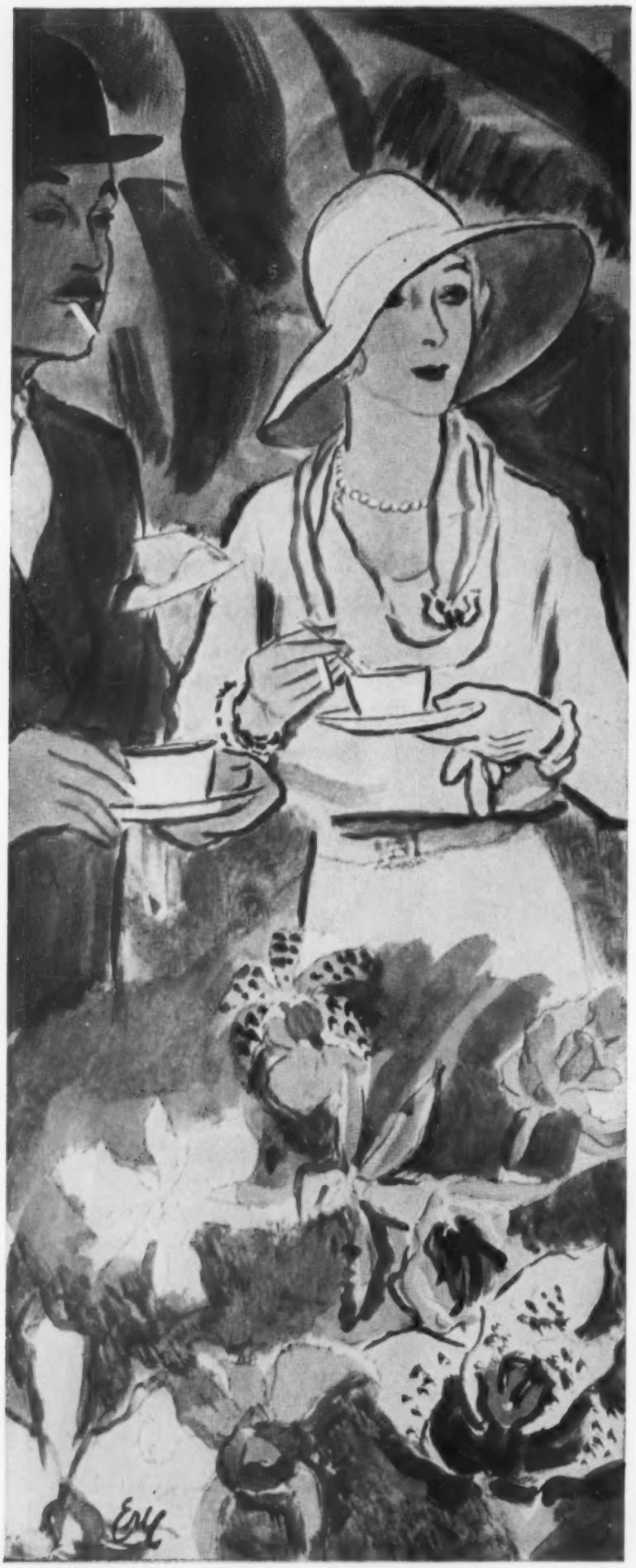
by refraining from over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.

When Tempted
Reach for a
LUCKY
instead

"It's toasted"

©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



Charming

No one has ever successfully analyzed the quality of charm in a woman . . . and no one can adequately describe the deep satisfaction to be found in a really good cigarette. And it may well be that the two have something in common, since so often they occur together . . . for in surprising proportion you will find Camels the acknowledged favorite of women of poise and charm.